

Oh come let us sing unto the Lord.

SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY

S. C. APPLETON

MILNERS & GUNES

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✓
Songs for the Sanctuary:

OR,



H Y M N S A N D T U N E S

FOR

Christian Worship.

by
✓
Charles S. Robinson



A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

1874.

SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

EDITIONS.

HYMNS AND TUNES. The complete work, recently enlarged, with Indexes of Subjects, Texts, Authors, etc. Separate editions for Presbyterian, Congregational, and Baptist Churches. 8vo.

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A. S. BARNES & CO.,
PUBLISHERS OF CHURCH MUSIC-BOOKS, Etc.,
111 & 113 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THE HISTORY and purpose of the following Collection of Hymns and Tunes may be sufficiently set forth in a few words. It has been prepared by a PASTOR; for the use, primarily, of the Church to which it is his privilege to minister, in their public and private worship of Almighty God. The book is offered to the Christian public, in the thought that what has thus been compiled for one congregation may, perhaps, be found acceptable and made useful in others like it.

The PLAN here adopted has had for its purpose the settlement, in some measure, of that annoying difference of opinion, which holds place in many quarters, concerning artistic and congregational singing. A compromise has been attempted on this point. About two-thirds of the Hymns are set to music, the remainder left free. It is proposed that in each service two Hymns shall be given out among those accompanied with Tunes, and one among the others. This one, not occurring in any fixed place, but given at will for opening, closing, or elsewhere, the Choir are expected to adapt to any music in this Collection or out of it, at their own pleasure, and sing without interference or help. The remaining Hymns they are expected to lead the Congregation in singing to the Music which is in sight. All the people are cordially invited to take unrestrained part in this portion of Divine Worship.

In most cases, a choice of Tunes is presented. A known or old piece has been printed near a fresher or new one. It does not, therefore, follow that a Hymn is always to be sung to the Tune under which it exactly stands. Mere mechanical reasons may have forced its location there, when, perhaps, the fitter music for its sentiment will be found across on the opposite page.

The compiler presents the humble result, of what has been to him very serious labor, to his own beloved people, and to the Church at large, with unaffected pleasure, in the simple hope that it may be used by our Divine Redeemer in building up His chosen in the most holy faith; and that it may be so accompanied by the grace of His Spirit—would that it might be even so honored!—as to be as the sound of silver bells calling those who know not our Lord to His most joyful feasts of love. So may it advance, in its own measure, the worship of our KING, till our eyes shall see Him in His beauty, and behold the land that is very far off!

BROOKLYN. N. Y., *March 1st, 1865.*

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

Thus much was written as an Introduction to this Hymn and Tune Book seven years ago.

During most of the intervening time, I have been away from my own country, in Christian work over the sea. Perhaps no surprise has been to me on my return more wonderful than to find that nearly *two thousand* Churches were already employing, in the offices of divine worship, the Collection I had so unostentatiously issued. The distribution of upwards of *two hundred thousand* copies all over the land has been without even my personal observation.

Such success is unmistakable; and for so extraordinary a welcome I am truly grateful to God and to his people.

It seemed to me that the least I could do was to put the pages at once into as fresh a form as possible. The electrotype plates were quite worn with nearly a quarter of a million impressions. These I have made new from beginning to end.

Two hymns only I have ventured to add, the last on the list. The names of all the known authors have been given. Forty or more pieces of excellent music have been inserted. These are all the changes I could make, without destroying the uniformity of the editions. In practical use, no difference will be perceived. Some pages are altered in numbers; but the Indexes follow not pages, but hymns.

A new edition has also been prepared for Chapel use; more portable, and more familiar in the selection of music. It contains six hundred hymns only. This I have been able to enrich with some of the favorite tunes, which employ choruses and refrains. The advantage of having a Manual for singing the same in general form for the Sanctuary and the Lecture-room, must be apparent to all.

Once more I commit the work of my hands to the kindness and charity of my brethren. Twenty years ago, I used to repeat to myself a little verse of Robert Burns:

“Ev’n then a wish—(I mind its power)—
A wish, that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast;
That I, for poor auld Scotland’s sake,
Some usefu’ plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang, at least!”

But I had no dream, when I threw together these hymns and tunes for dear old and new friends to sing, that God’s good Providence was opening the way for the fulfilment of my early desire, in some measure, and would accept my work for his own people in his own worship.

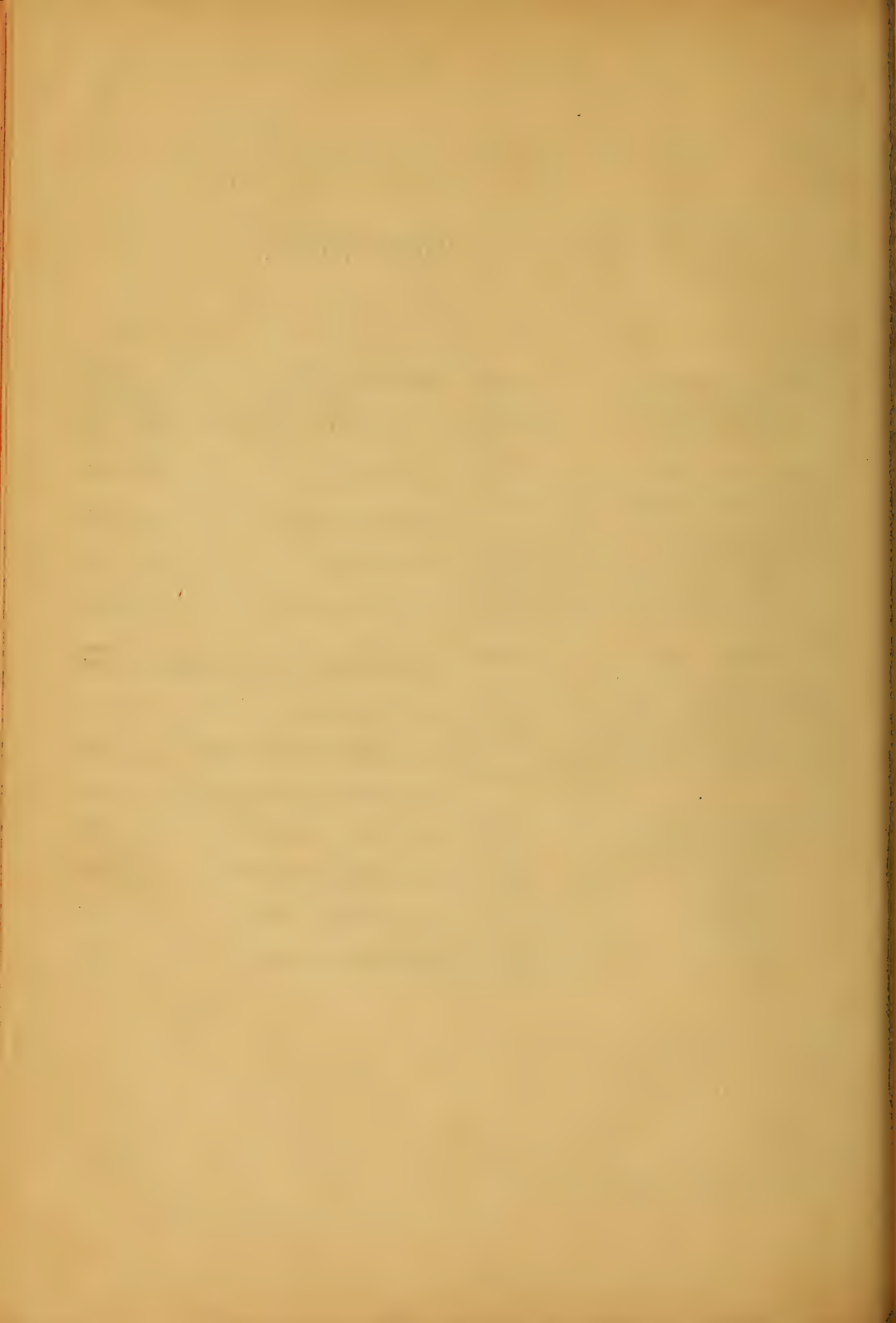
“Peace be within thy walls, O Jerusalem, and prosperity within thy palaces! For my brethren and companions’ sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee!”

CHAS. S. ROBINSON.

MEMORIAL CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY, }
September 15th, 1872. }

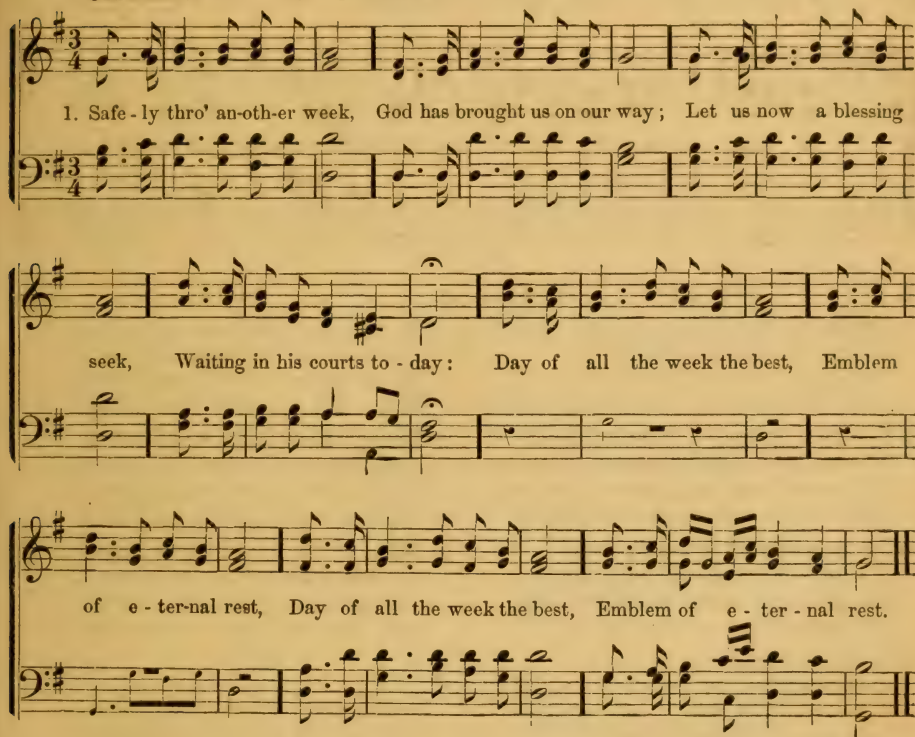
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SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.



1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

I *Isa. 58 : 13.* NEWTON.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,—
May we rest this day in thee.</p> | <p>3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.</p> <p>4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let thy victories abound,—
Unrepenting souls subdue:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.</p> |
|---|---|

SPOHR. L. M.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful hope and strong de-sire.

2

Heb. 4: 9.

DODDRIDGE.

- THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.
- 3 *Eph. 3: 19.* WATTS.
COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length
Of thine eternal love and grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

4

Ps. 5: 3.

ANON.

- My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.
- 3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.
- 5 *Phil. 4: 7.* EDMESTON.
SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 2 The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.
- 4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

MIGDOL. L. M.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

6

Ps. 92.

WATTS.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!

How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

7

Ps. 84.

WATTS.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

8

Ps. 116: 7.

STENNETT.

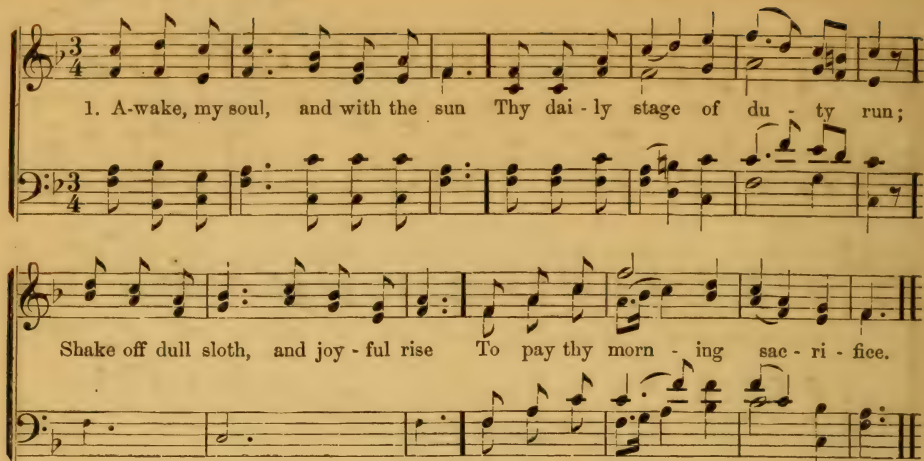
ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 Oh, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

LOWRY. L. M.



9

Ps. 5.

KEN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

IO

Ps. 84.

WATTS.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

II

Ps. 57.

WRANGHAM.

ETERNAL God, celestial King!
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

- 2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God!
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

- 3 Awake, my tongue! awake, my lyre!
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
Let songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

- 4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

ROLLAND. L. M.

1. My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

I 2 *Ps. 145.* WATTS.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

I 3 *Ps. 34: 8.* DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh, give to every human heart
To taste, and see how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

I 4 *Ps. 95.* TATE & BRADY.

Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

I 5 *Ps. 106.* TATE & BRADY.

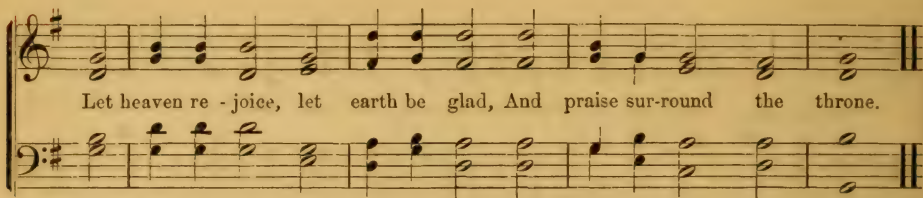
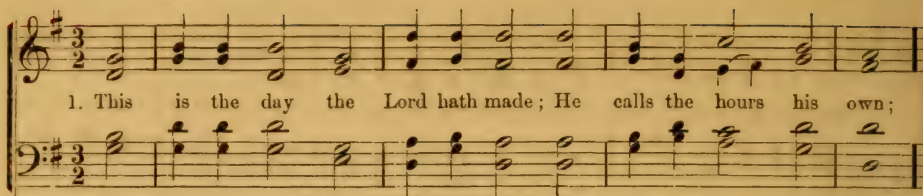
Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

MARLOW. C. M.



16

Ps. 118.

WATTS.

- THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

17

Ps. 68.

WATTS.

- EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit fains away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

18

Matt. 28: 7.

WATTS.

- BLEST morning! whose young dawning
rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

CHURCH. C. M.

1. My soul, how love - ly is the place, To which thy God re - sorts!

'Tis heaven to see his smil - ing face, Tho' in his earth - ly courts.

19

Ps. 84.

WATTS.

My soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

20

Ps. 84 : 20.

COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!

Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

21

Lev. 19 : 30.

BROWNE.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;—

5 Where we in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

WARWICK. C. M.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ;

To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

22

Ps. 5.

WATTS.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

23

Ps. 122.

LYTE.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace ! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below ;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

24

Ps. 36 : 9.

WESLEY.

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in thy light, oh, may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

4 On me thy promised peace bestow,
The peace by Jesus given ;—
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

AVONDALE. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes ;

Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him that rules the skies.

25

Ps. 3 : 5.

WATTS.

- ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

26

Ps. 122.

WATTS.

- How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say :
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest !

- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

27

Ps. 84 : 2.

STEELE.

- COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known ;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.
- 4 Oh, for the day, the glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN. C. M.

1. Come, thou de-sire of all thy saints! Our hum-ble strains at-tend,
While with our prais-es and com-plaints, Low at thy feet we bend.

28

Hag. 2: 7.

STEELE.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

29

Ps. 132: 8.

WATTS.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

30

Luke 24: 1.

ANON.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most
bright,
The first, the best of days,
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

BEMERTON. C. M.

1. Lord, when we bend be-fore thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-lore.

3 I *Ps. 66 : 18.* CARLYLE.

LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart :
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

32 *Acts 2 : 3.* HEBER.

SPIRIT of truth ! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power
decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, and hope, and love.

33 *Rev. 5 : 12.* WATTS.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

34 *Luke 24 : 29.* ANON.

GOD of the sun-light hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,—
If aught were dark to thee !

2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy love depart.

3 But, tho' the gathering gloom may hide
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in thy house abide,
Shall ever share thy smile.

4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright ;
On thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

35

Ps. 95.

WATTS.

- COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

36

Ps. 48.

WATTS.

- GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion, God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

- 4 Oft have our fathers told,—
Our eyes have often seen,—
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

- 5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

37

Ps. 63.

WATTS.

- MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

STATE STREET. S. M.

1. Now let our voi - ces join To raise a sa - cred song;

Ye pil-grims! in Je - ho - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass a - long.

38

Ps. 76 : 2.

DODDRIDGE.

- Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

39

Isa. 6 : 6.

MONTGOMERY.

- O THOU above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear thy holy name,
And laud, and magnify!
- 2 Oh, for the living flame
From thine own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

40

1 John 4 : 8.

JERVIS.

- With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

41

Acts 17 : 24.

BULFINCH.

- LORD, in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.
- 2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.
- 3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of thine eternity.
- 4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

42

Jas. 5 : 13.

WATTS.

- COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

43

Ps. 84.

WATTS.

- WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3

One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

44

Rev. 15 : 3, 4.

HAMMOND.

- AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

WRIGHT. S. M.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing.

To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grate-ful off'rings bring.

45

Ps. 92.

AUBER.

- SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing ;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

46

Ps. 19.

WATTS.

- BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

47

Ps. 117.

WATTS.

- THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands :
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more.

48

Ps. 63 : 2.

STENNETT.

- How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

LISCHER. H. M.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest ! }
 I hail thy kind return ; Lord, make these moments blest ; } From the low train Of mortal toys,

I soar to reach Im-mor-tal joys ; I soar to reach Im - mor-tal joys.

I soar to reach Im-mor - tal joys.

49

Ps. 132 : 8.

HAYWARD.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest ;
 I hail thy kind return ;—
 Lord, make these moments blest :
 From the low train I soar to reach
 Of mortal toys, Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
 And fill his throne of grace ;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face :

Let sinners feel And learn to know
 Thy quickening word, And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours :

Then shall my soul Nor Sabbaths be
 New life obtain, Enjoyed in vain.

50

Acts 7 : 49.

COTTERILL.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake !
 And hail this sacred day ;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay !
 Come bless the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose ;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquished all our foes ;
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !

Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth in humbler strains
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign !

51

Ps. 84.

WATTS.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are !

To thine abode With warm desires,
 My heart aspires, To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest ;
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest :

My spirit faints To rise and dwell
 With equal zeal, Among thy saints.

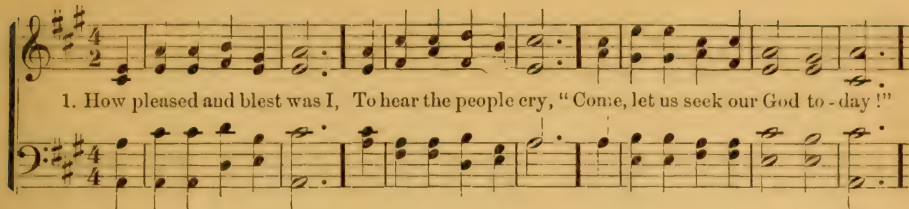
3 Oh, happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 Oh, happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ; That love the way
 And happy they To Zion's hill.

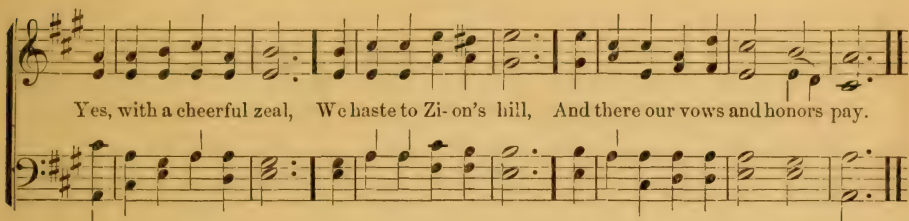
4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :

Oh, glorious seat, Shall thither bring
 When God our King Our willing feet !

DALSTON. S. P. M.



1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"



Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

52

Ps. 122.

WATTS.

How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion—thrice happy place—
Adorned with wondrous grace,
While walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

53

Rev. 5: 11.

J. SWAIN.

'Tis heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where his name is known:
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before his throne!

2 When we adore him there,
We shall be void of fear,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need:
Love will absorb us quite,
Love, in the midst of light,
On God's eternal love shall feed.

3 Oh, what sweet company
We then shall hear and see!
What harmony will there abound!
When souls unnumbered sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!

4 With everlasting joy,
Such as will never cloy,
We shall be filled, nor wish for more;
Bright as meridian day,
Calm as the evening ray,
Full as a sea without a shore.

5 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home;
And may I never thence remove,
Till from the church below
To that on high I go,
And there commune in perfect love.

HENDON. 7s.

1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our
suit dis-dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

54

Gen. 32 : 26.

HAMMOND.

- LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

55

Ps. 23.

MERRICK.

- To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

- 4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

56

Ps. 29 : 2.

MONTGOMERY.

- To thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
'We have walked with God to-day.'

MOZART. 7s.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Sons of men, and angels, say; Raise your joys and triumphs high! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply! Sing, ye heav'ns! and earth, re - ply!

57

Luke 24 : 34.

C. WESLEY.

- CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
- 58 *1 Pet. 1 : 18, 19.* MADAN.
- Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your sinful fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.
- 4 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of the Lord's redeeming love.

59

Phil. 4 : 4.

KELLY

- JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the seasons be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.
- 2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee our Saviour, thee our King!
- 3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.
- 4 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Every blessing comes from thee—
All we have, and hope to have,
All we are, and hope to be.
- 5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

1. { Now from la - bor and from care Eve - ning shades have set me free; }
 { In the work of praise and prayer, Lord, I would con - verse with thee: }

Oh, be - hold me from a - bove, Fill me with a Sav - iour's love.

60

Ps. 141 : 2.

HASTINGS.

Now, from labor and from care,
 Evening shades have set me free;
 In the work of praise and prayer,
 Lord ! I would converse with thee :
 Oh ! behold me from above,
 Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
 Wither all my earthly joys ;
 Naught can charm me here below,
 But my Saviour's melting voice ;
 Lord ! forgive—thy grace restore,
 Make me thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quickening power,—
 Grateful notes to thee I raise ;
 Oh ! accept my song of praise.

61

Gen. 2 : 3.

ELLIOTT.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
 Risen with gladness in thy beams !
 Light, which not of earth is born,
 From thy dawn in glory streams ;
 Airs of heaven are breathed around,
 And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator ! who this day
 From thy perfect work didst rest ;
 By the souls that own thy sway
 Hallowed be its hours and blest ;
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day given to heaven alone !

3 Saviour ! who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb ;
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom :
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin, and live to thee.

4 Blesséd Spirit ! Comforter !
 Sent this day from Christ on high ;
 Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
 All thine influence shed abroad,
 Fill me with the peace of God.

62

2 Pet. 1 : 19.

C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high, be near,
 Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If thy light is hid from me ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, radiant Sun divine !
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

HULLAH. 7s. 6 lines.

1. On thy church, O Power di - vine, Cause thy glo - rious face to shine,
D. C. Till her sons, from zone to zone, Make thy great sal - va - tion known.

Till the na - tions from a - far Hail her as their guid - ing star ; D. C.

63

Ps. 67.

AUBER.

- On thy church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star ;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make thy great salvation known.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

64

Zech. 14 : 9.

HASTINGS.

- In this calm impressive hour,
Let my prayer ascend on high ;
God of mercy ! God of power !
Hear me, when to thee I cry :
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son.
- 2 With the morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart :
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.
- 3 Oh, what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth ;"
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Send thy Gospel-heralds forth ;
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

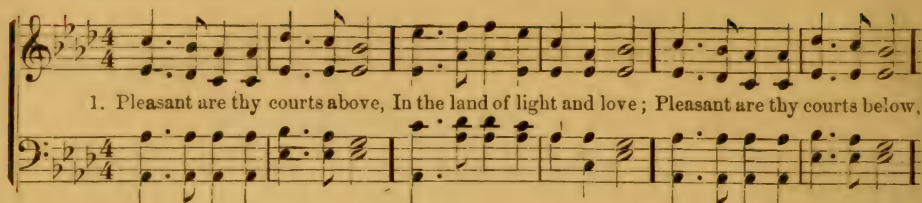
65

Ps. 67.

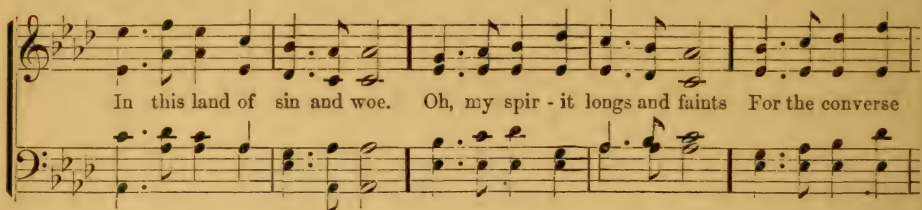
LATTE.

- God of mercy, God of grace !
Show the brightness of thy face
Shine upon us, Saviour ! shine ;
Fill thy church with light divine ;
And thy saving health extend
To the earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord !
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord !
Earth shall then her fruits afford :
God to man his blessings give ;
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.
- 66
- Ps. 42.* MONTGOMERY.
- As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, oh, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole ;
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

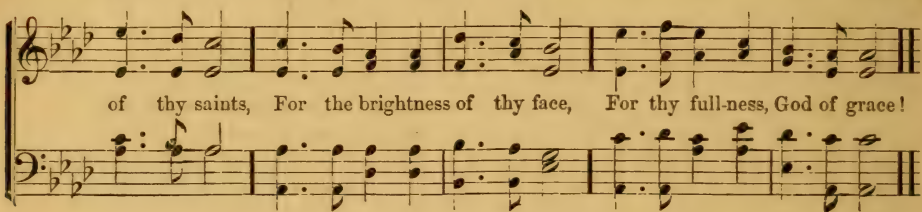
MESSIAH. 7s. D.



1. Pleasant are thy courts above, In the land of light and love; Pleasant are thy courts below,



In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the converse



of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, For thy full-ness, God of grace!

67

Ps. 84.

LYTE.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shed, oh, shed them, Lord, on me.

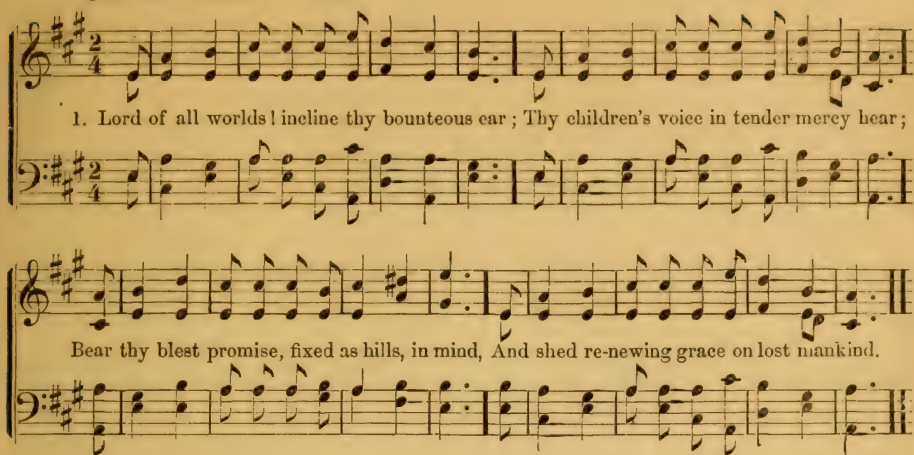
68

John 1:4.

C. WESLEY.

- LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart;
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.
- 2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

SAVANNAH. 10s.



1. Lord of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear; Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind, And shed re-newing grace on lost mankind.

69

Isa. 49 : 16.

DWIGHT.

LORD of all worlds! incline thy bounteous ear;
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn;
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

70

Gen. 2 : 3.

MASON.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

71

Ex. 20 : 10.

BROWN.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee, the high and lowly,

Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.

72

Isa. 58 : 13, 14. WORDSWORTH.

- O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth :
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.
- 3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

73

Ps. 100 : 4.

RAY PALMER.

- THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see ;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee !
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw ;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.
- 2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day ;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay !
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

74

Heb. 4 : 9.

DAVIS

- FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die ;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.
- 2 What though we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go ?
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above ;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

NELSON. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. God Al - migh - ty and All - see - ing! Ho - ly One, in whom we all

Live, and move, and have our be - ing, Hear us when on thee we call;

Fa - ther, hear us, Fa - ther, hear us, As be - fore thy throne we fall.

75

Jas. 1 : 17.

PIERPONT.

- GOD Almighty and All-seeing!
 Holy One, in whom we all
 Live, and move, and have our being,
 Hear us when on thee we call;
 Father, hear us,
 As before thy throne we fall.
- 2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
 Weak and wandering ones are we;
 Then forever, yea, forever,
 In thy presence would we be;
 Oh, be near us,
 That we wander not from thee.

- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before;
 Full enjoyment,
 Full and pure forevermore.

77

Heb. 10 : 25.

ANON.

76

Heb. 12 : 1.

KELLY.

- In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
 Speak, and let thy servants hear;
 Hear with meekness—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till thy glory
 Without cloud in heaven we see.

- WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
 Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
 Far from earthly scenes retreating,
 In your blessings we would share;
 Sacred seasons,
 In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be thou near us, blesséd Saviour,
 Still at morn and eve the same;
 Give us faith that cannot waver;
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
 Blesséd Saviour,
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
 Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
 When the song of praise is flowing,
 Let that song thine impress bear;
 Holy Spirit,
 Let that song thine impress bear.

ADMAH. L. M. 6 lines.

1. Great God! this sa - cred day of thine De - mands the soul's col - lect-ed powers;
 With joy we now to thee re - sign These sol - emn, con - se - crat - ed hours:
 Oh, may our souls a - dor - ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne.

78

Isa. 57 : 15.

STEELE.

- GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
 Demands the soul's collected powers;
 With joy we now to thee resign
 These solemn, consecrated hours:
 Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
 Where God resides appear no more;
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore;
 Oh, may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
 Oh, may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine:
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

79

Ps. 19.

MONTGOMERY.

THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare;
 The firmament displays thy skill;
 The changing clouds, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm thy word fulfill;
 Day unto day doth utter speech,
 And night to night thy knowledge teach.

- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
 Well known the language of theirsong,
 When one by one the stars appear,
 Led by the silent moon along,
 Till round the earth, from all the sky,
 Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 While these transporting visions shine,
 Along the path of Providence,
 Glory eternal, joy divine,
 Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
 My soul thy goodness longs to see,
 Thy love to man, thy love to me.

80

Ps. 84 : 3.

HEBER.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
 Forth from the world its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here;
 Weary and weak thy grace we pray;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care;
His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.

81

Ps. 23.

ADDISON.

82

Ps. 74 : 16, 17.

MOORE.

- THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage
crowned;
And streams shall murmur all around.

- THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

83 L. M. *Gen. 28 : 17.* RAFFLES.

BLEST hour ! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour ! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour ! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour ! for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are given ;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven !

84 7s. *Col. 3 : 16.* BURDER.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet !
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet ;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

85 S. M. *Matt. 21 : 13.* TAYLOR.

COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there—
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

86 C. M. *Isa. 56 : 7.* NEWTON.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display ;
We bow within thy house of prayer ;
Oh ! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
To aid our feeble praise.

87 C. M. *Isa. 60 : 1.* BARBAULD.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Dispers the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom !
Oh, what a sun which broke this day
* Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand voices join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

88 8s, 7s & 4. *Hab. 2 : 20.* MONTGOMERY.

God is in his holy temple ;
All the earth keep silence here ;
Worship him in truth and spirit ;
Reverence him with godly fear ;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear !

2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat ;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble ;
Each prepare his God to meet ;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet.

89 C. P. M. *Ps. 122.* MERRICK.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore !
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
Ev'n now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms—a glorious train—
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring ;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

90 C. M. *Ps. 11 : 1.* MOORE.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

2 But high she shoots, thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serenest air,
To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

91 C. M. *Ps. 51 : 16, 17.* BARBAULD.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay ?
How spread his praise abroad ?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice ?

3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

92 L. M. *Gen. 28 : 16.* J. WESLEY.

Lo, God is here !—let us adore !
And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts ! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill !
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

93 S. M. *Eph. 2 : 10.* LYTE.

SING to the Lord our Might,—
With holy fervor sing !
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

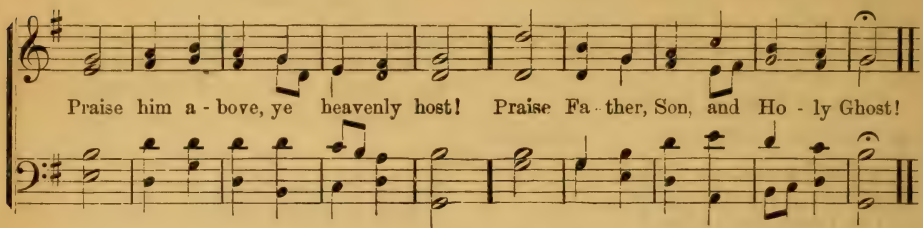
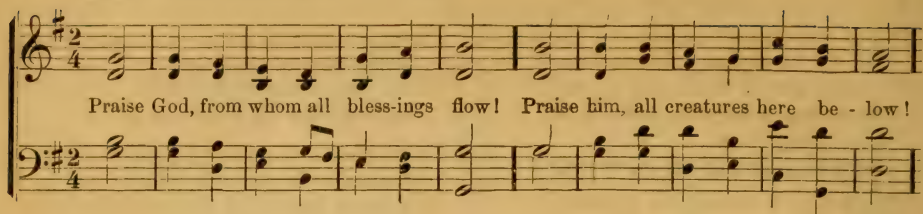
2 This is his sacred house ;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given ;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 And we, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness ;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill ;
And he that Israel then supplied,
Will keep his Israel still.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



94

Ps. 100.

WATTS.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

95

Ps. 39.

WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face,
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join,
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

96

Ps. 117.

WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

97

Ps. 100.

KETHE.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

LONG. L M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him a-bove, ye
heaven-ly hos-! Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost! Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!

98

Ps. 148.

WATTS.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures
dwell!

Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

- 2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 3 Jehovah—'t is a glorious word!
Oh, may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

99

Isa. 51 : 9.

SHRUBSOLE.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone."
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

100

Ps. 104.

WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord! What tongue can
frame,

An honor equal to his name!
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise!

- 2 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word;
And clouds, and storms, and fire obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway.
- 3 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine;
Thy praise shall still our breath employ
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

101

Ps. 29.

WATTS.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
O'er all the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood;
The Thunderer reigns forever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 4 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts:
Amid the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

WARE. L. M.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue!

Ho - san - na to th' e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

I02

Heb. 1 : 2.

WATTS.

- Now to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
 Hosanna to the eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
 The brightest image of his grace!
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
 Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.
- 4 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

I03

Ps. 36.

WATTS.

- High in the heavens, eternal God!
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep:
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent thy grace!
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

- 4 From the provisions of thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There, mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.

- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

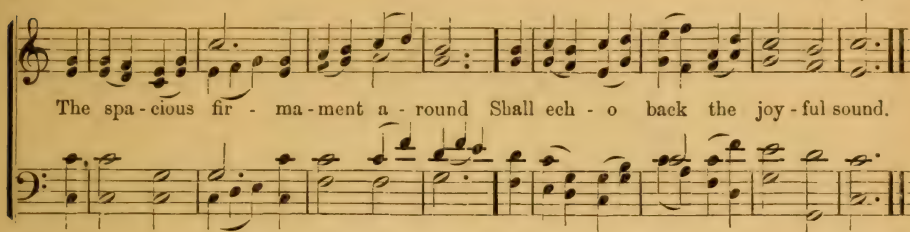
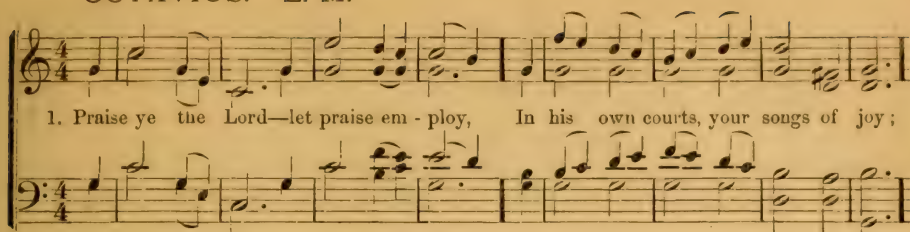
I04

"Te Deum."

ANON.

- LORD God of Hosts, by all adored!
 Thy name we praise with one accord;
 The earth and heavens are full of thee,
 Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
 Angels and seraphim proclaim;
 Eternal praise to thee is given
 By all the powers and thrones in heaven.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
 The prophets aid to swell the song,
 The noble and triumphant host
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast.
- 4 The holy church in every place
 Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
 Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
 Thou Father of eternity!
- 5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honor thee;
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end, forevermore.

OCTAVIUS. L. M.



105

Ps. 150.

STEELE.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they
shine !
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord !

106

Ps. 103.

WATTS.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad :
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess ;
Let all the earth adore his grace :
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

107

Rev. 19 : 6.

CONDOR.

THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King !

2 The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care ?
Holy and true are all his ways :
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King ! exalt your strains,
Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns !
One Lord, one empire, all secures :
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,—
The Lord omnipotent is King !

108

Heb. 1 : 1.

NEEDHAM.

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing :
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

3 But in redemption, oh, what grace !
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace !
Here wisdom shines forever bright :
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

109

Ps. 27.

WATTS.

- THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation, too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires,
Oh! grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

110

Isa. 40: 9.

WARDLAW.

- LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades
of death,
To realms of endless day.

III

Ps. 23.

SCOTCH.

- THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

1. Sing we the song of those who stand A - round th' e - ter - nal throne,

Of ev - 'ry kin - dred, clime, and land, A mul - ti - tude un-known.

I I 2

Rev. 5 : 12. MONTGOMERY.

- SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrims' throng ;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.
- 4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save !
Henceforth, O Death ! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave !"

I I 3

Ps. 148.

WATTS.

- PRaise ye the Lord, immortal choir !
In heavenly heights above,
With harp and voice, and soul of fire,
Burning with perfect love.
- 2 Shine to his glory, worlds of light !
Ye million suns of space ;
Ye moons and glistening stars of night,
Running your mystic race.

3 Shout to Jehovah, surging main !

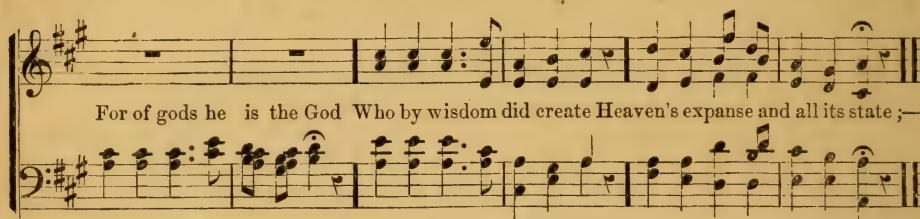
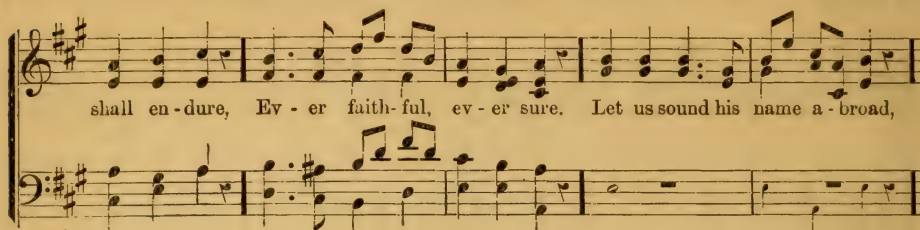
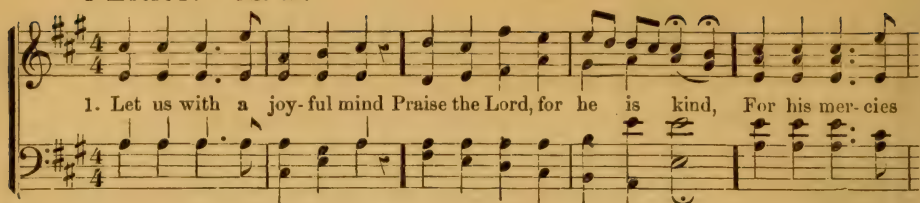
- In deep eternal roar :
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.
- 4 Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
Wild winds that keep his word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.
- 5 And round the wide world let it roll,
Whilst man shall lead it on ;
Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.

I I 4

John 15 : 15. HEGINBOTHAM.

- COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love ;
Soon shall we join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.
- 2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends ;
Calls us his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.
- 3 My Father, God ! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear ?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.
- 4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

PERRY. 7s. D.



II 5

Ps. 136.

MILTON.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;—

2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
Caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

II 6

Isa. 6 : 3.

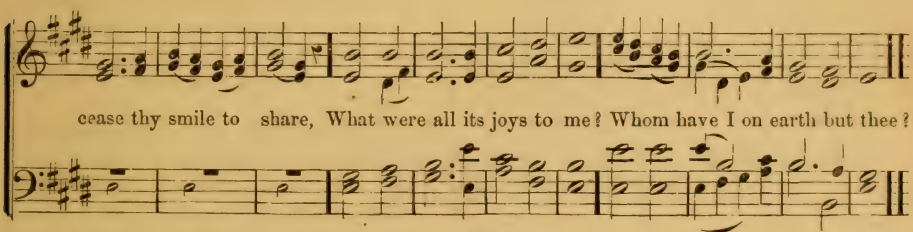
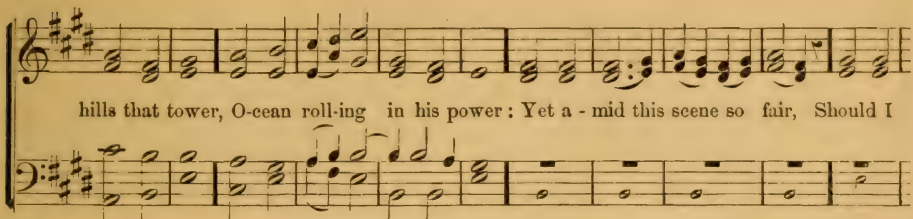
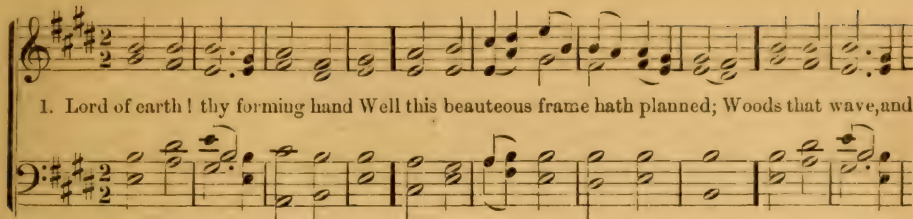
MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

ONIDO. 7s. D.



II 7

Ps. 73 : 25.

GRANT.

- LORD of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?
- 2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again:
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
- 3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest:
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child:—

Oh! should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

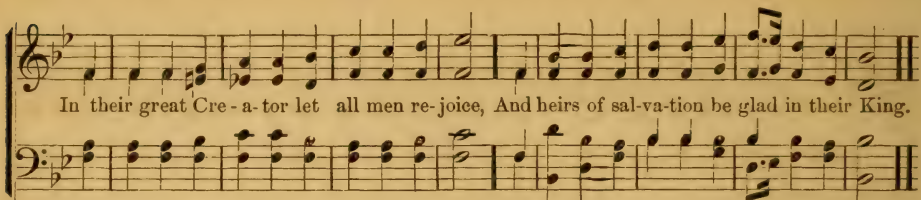
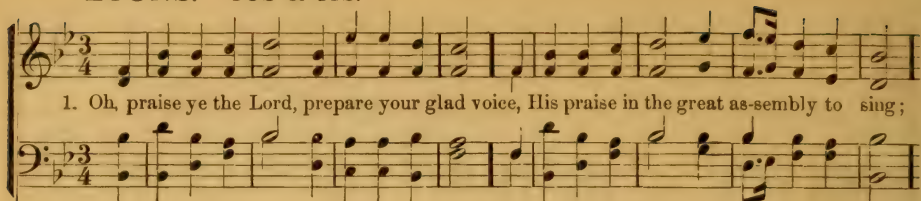
II 8

Ps. 65 : 1.

BARBAULD.

- PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.
- 2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.

I 19 *Ps. 111.* TATE & BRADY.

Oh, praise ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

I 20 *Ps. 18 : 11.* GRANT.

Oh, worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can re-cite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

I 21 *Rev. 7 : 10.* C. WESLEY.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;

The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
 Father! all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.

I 22

1 John 5: 7.

MADAN.

- COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness!
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!
- 4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

I 23

Acts 17: 28.

HASTINGS.

God of the morning ray,
 God of the rising day,
 Glorious in power!

In thee we live and move,
 And thus we daily prove
 Thy condescending love
 Each passing hour.

- 2 God of our feeble race,
 God of redeeming grace,
 Spirit all-blest!
 Our own eternal Friend,
 Thy guardian influence lend,
 From every snare defend—
 In thee we rest.

I 24

Ps. 150.

GOODE.

- PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
 Praise through his courts proclaim;
 Rise and adore;
 High o'er the heavens above,
 Sound his great acts of love,
 While his rich grace we prove,
 Vast as his power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Sounds of triumphant praise,
 Wide as his fame;
 There let the harp be found;
 Organs, with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around,
 Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise you sing,
 Shake every sounding string;
 Sweet the accord!
 He vital breath bestows;
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose;
 Praise ye the Lord.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a-dore him, Praise him, an-gels in the height;
Sun and moon, re-joice be-fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!

I 25

Ps. 148.

MANT.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!
- 2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim:
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

I 26

1 Chron. 29: 10-13. ONDERDONK.

- BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty forever!
Ever be thy name adored.
- 2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

- 4 Lord, to thee, thou God of mercy,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise!

I 27

Matt. 6: 10.

E. OSLER.

- WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old, their thanks expressing,
Join thy goodness to proclaim:—
- 2 As the hosts of heaven adore thee,
We, too, bow before thy throne;
As the angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

I 28

Jude 24.

R. W. P

- CEASELESS praise be to the Father,
By whose power and grace we live;
Who, our wayward souls to gather,
Did his Well-beloved give.
- 2 To the Son be praise unending,
Who, our ruined souls to save,
From his heavenly throne descending,
Hasted to the cross and grave.
- 3 To the Holy Spirit render
Grateful, everlasting praise;
Who, long-striving, patient, tender,
Waits our souls from death to raise
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One Jehovah, we adore!
May we all thy peace inherit,
Saved by thee forevermore.

TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s.

1. Praise the Lord—his power con-fess; Praise him in his ho-li-ness;
Praise him as the theme in-spires,— Praise him as his fame re-quires.

I 29

Ps. 150.

WRANGHAM.

1 PRAISE the Lord—his power confess;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires,—
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord of righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

I 30

"Te Deum."

MILLARD.

GOD eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall:
All the world doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.

2 All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

3 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
With thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine.

4 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.

5 All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own!

I 31

Ps. 113.

CONDER.

ALL his servants, join to sing
God our Saviour and our King;
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

2 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

3 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

4 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the meanest high in power.

5 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name, forever praise.

I 32 7s & 6s. *Ps. 150.*

TOPLADY.

PRaise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show !
Praise him for his noble deeds ;
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name ;
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
The Prince of peace proclaim !
Praise him, every tuneful string ;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King :
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven, on earth adored ;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

I 33 8s & 7s. *Ps. 107 : 31.*

FAWCETT.

PRaise to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father ! source of all compassion !
Pure, unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine !

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high !

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

5 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

I 34 S. M. D. *Ps. 118.*

WATTS.

SEE, what a living stone
The builders did refuse :
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

2 The work, O Lord ! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine :
This day did Jesus rise.
This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made :
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the church be glad.

3 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints !—he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer, on thine altar, Lord !
Our sacrifice of praise.

I 35 11s. *Rev. 19 : 16.*

ANON.

OH, join ye the anthems of triumph that
rise
From the throne of the blest, from the
hosts of the skies ;
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains,
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent
reigns !

2 He gave to the light its beneficent wings ;
He controlleth the councils of senates
and kings ;
From his throne in the clouds the light-
nings are hurled,
And he ruleth the factions that rage
through the world.

3 Rejoice, ye that love him ; his power
cannot fail ;
His omnipotent goodness shall surely
prevail ;
The triumph of evil will shortly be
passed,
The omnipotent King shall conquer at
last.

I 36 L. M. *Ps. 100.*

WATTS.

- BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful
songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise ;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

I 37 115 & 88. *Ps. 100.* MONTGOMERY.

- BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the
earth ;
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear ;
Exult in his presence with music and
mirth ;
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all ;
And we are his people, his sceptre we
own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving
and song ;
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise with melodious accordance
prolong,
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

I 38 78. *Col. 3 : 16.* MONTGOMERY.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he,
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

I 39 S. P. M. *Ps. 93.* WATTS.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned ;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er re-
move ;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear
And sing thine everlasting love.

I40 115 & 88. *Ps. 145 : 3.* ANON.

THE Lord is great ! ye hosts of heaven,
adore him,

And ye who tread this earthly ball ;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great ; his majesty how
glorious !

Resound his praise from shore to shore ;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made
victorious,

He rules and reigns forevermore.

3 The Lord is great ; his mercy how
abounding !

Ye angels, strike your golden chords ;
Oh, praise our God, with voice and harp
resounding,

The King of kings and Lord of lords !

I41 115. *Ps. 29.* MONTGOMERY.

GIVE glory to God in the highest ; give
praise,

Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord ;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his
ways ;

In the beauty of holiness worship the
Lord.

2 At the voice of the Lord the strong
cedars are bowed,

And towers from their base into ruin
are hurled ;

The voice of the Lord, from the dark-
bosomed cloud,

Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er
the world.

3 The voice of the Lord, through the calm
of the wood,

Awakens its echoes, strikes light through
its caves ;

The Lord sitteth king on the turbulent
flood ;

The winds are his servants,—his servants
the waves.

4 The Lord is the strength of his people ;
the Lord

Gives health to his chosen, and peace
evermore ;

Then throng to his temple, his glory re-
cord ;

But oh, when he speaketh—in silence
adore !

I42 78. *Ps. 92.* SANDYE

THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move !
Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song !

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows ;—

3 Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise ;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

4 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise !
Who thy wonders can declare ?
How profound thy counsels are !

5 Warm our hearts with sacred fire ;
Grateful fervors still inspire ;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

I43 H. M. *Ps. 93.* WATTS

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his perfect work,
Surprising wisdom shines ;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs ;
Strong is the arm—and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend !
I love his name, I love his word ;
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord !

I44 C. P. M. *Ps. 96.*

WATTS.

- LET all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless his holy name :
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
His saving grace proclaim.
- 2 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there :
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties, how divinely bright !
His dwelling-place, how fair !
- 3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
All nations fear his name :
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,—
His saving grace proclaim.

I45 L. M. 6l. "In Excelsis."

ANON.

- LET glory be to God on high :
Peace be on earth as in the sky ;
Good will to men ! We bow the knee,
We praise, we bless, we worship thee ;
We give thee thanks, thy name we sing,
Almighty Father ! Heavenly King !
- 2 O Lord, the sole begotten Son,
Who bore the crimes which we had done ;
Son of the Father, who wast slain
To take away the sins of men ;
O Lamb of God, whose blood was spilt
For all the world, and all its guilt ;—
- 3 Have mercy on us, through thy blood ;
Receive our prayer, O Lamb of God !
For thou art holy ; thou alone,
At God's right hand, upon his throne,
In all his glory, art adored,
With thee, O Holy Ghost, ONE LORD.

I46 L. M. *Ps. 29.*

MARCH.

- ETERNAL God ! Eternal King !
Ruler of heaven and earth beneath !
From thee our hopes, our comforts spring ;
In thee we live, and move, and breathe.
- 2 Thy word brought forth the flaming sun,
The changeful moon, the starry host ;
In thine appointed course they run,
Till in the final ruin lost.

3 Thy sway is known below, above,
And full of majesty thy voice ;
And as it speaks, in wrath or love,
The nations tremble or rejoice.

4 The final, awful hour is near,
Time paces on with ceaseless tread,
When opening graves that voice shall
hear,
And render up the sleeping dead.

5 Oh, in that great decisive day,
May we be found in Christ, and stand,
While flaming worlds shall melt away,
Accepted, owned, at thy right hand !

I47 L. M. *John 4 : 21-23.*

WARE.

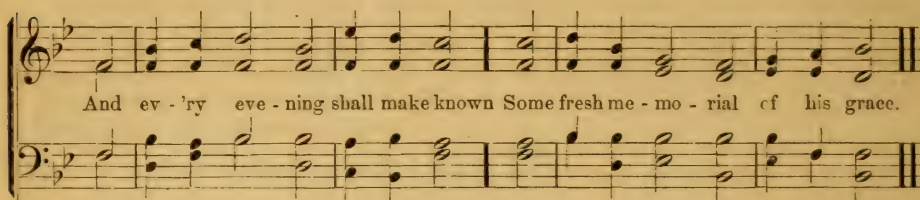
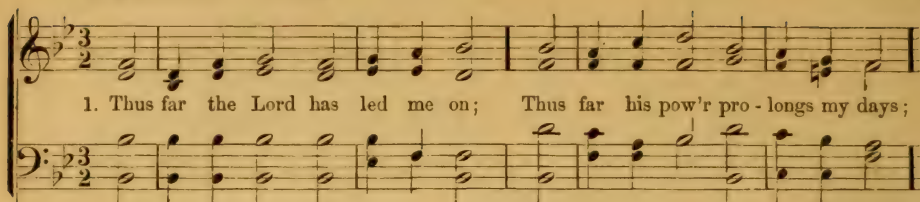
- O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue !
- 2 Not now, on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell ;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophets' harp was strung !
To thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

I48 S. M. *Ps. 99.*

WATTS.

- THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 In Zion stands his throne ;
His honors are divine ;
His Church shall make his wonders
known,
For there his glories shine.
- 3 How holy is his name !
How fearful is his praise !
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

HEBRON. L. M.



I 49

Ps. 4 : 8.

WATTS.

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

I 50

Eph. 5 : 19.

HEBER.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteous-
ness;

Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

I 51

Jer. 3 : 15.

HART.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

I 52

Ps. 19 : 14.

ANON.

WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

I 53

Jas. 1 : 27.

ANON.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh! may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as a constant guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be-neath thine own al - mighty wings.

I 54

Ps. 17 : 8.

KEN.

- GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous
make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Be thou my guardian, while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 6 Lord, let my soul forever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

I 55

Phil. 4 : 7.

NEWTON.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

- 2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

- 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I 56

Ps. 35 : 18.

MONTGOMERY.

- MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions, this day, before thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.
- 2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath, all round the world, to keep.
- 3 From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, when evening stretched her
shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh:
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.
- 5 Yet one prayer more!—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

BRADEN. S. M.

1. The swift de - clin - ing day, How fast its mo - ments fly!

While eve - ning's broad and gloom-y shade Gains on the west-ern sky.

I 57

Ecc1. 9 : 10.

DODDRIDGE.

- THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

I 58

Jude 24, 25.

WATTS.

- To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
- 2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.
- 3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

I 59

Luke 24 : 29.

NEALE.

- THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

I 60

Rom. 16 : 27.

E. T. FITCH.

- LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.
- 3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.
- 4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. Once more, be - fore we part, Oh, bless the Sav - iour's name;

Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.

161

Hos. 6 : 3.

HART.

- ONCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

162

Matt. 13 : 8.

ANON.

- God of the prophets' power!
God of the gospel's sound!
Move glorious on,—send out thy voice
To all the nations round.
- 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news,
Which our glad ears have heard.
- 3 Oh, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear.

- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.
- 5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy
At heaven's great harvest-home.

163

Matt. 6 : 9-13. MONTGOMERY.

- Our Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

164

Ps. 4 : 8.

DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

165

Isa. 26 : 3.

NEWTON.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 Then if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

166

Ps. 121 : 4.

ANON.

Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

- 2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.
- 3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

167

1 Cor. 2 : 4.

KELLY.

FATHER, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call,
Let thy people grow in love.

- 2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine:
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Father, bid the world rejoice,
Send, oh, send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it and return to God.
- 4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WEBER. 7s.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;
Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.

I 68

Phil. 4 : 7.

S. F. SMITH.

- SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

I 69

Ps. 36 : 9.

ANON.

- FATHER of our spirits! hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal;
Let us now the answer feel.
- 2 Life of all that lives below!
Let thy Spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

I 70

Heb. 13 : 20.

NEWTON.

- Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night!
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

I 71

Heb. 13 : 14, 15.

MONTGOMERY.

- FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!
- 2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.
- 3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D. C. Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil - der - ness.

Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: *D. C.*

I 72 *Phil. 1 : 11.* SHIRLEY.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

I 73 *1 Cor. 3 : 6.* EVANS.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

I 74 *2 Pet. 3 : 11.* KELLY.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go!
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

I 75 *Ps. 18 : 35.* HASTINGS.

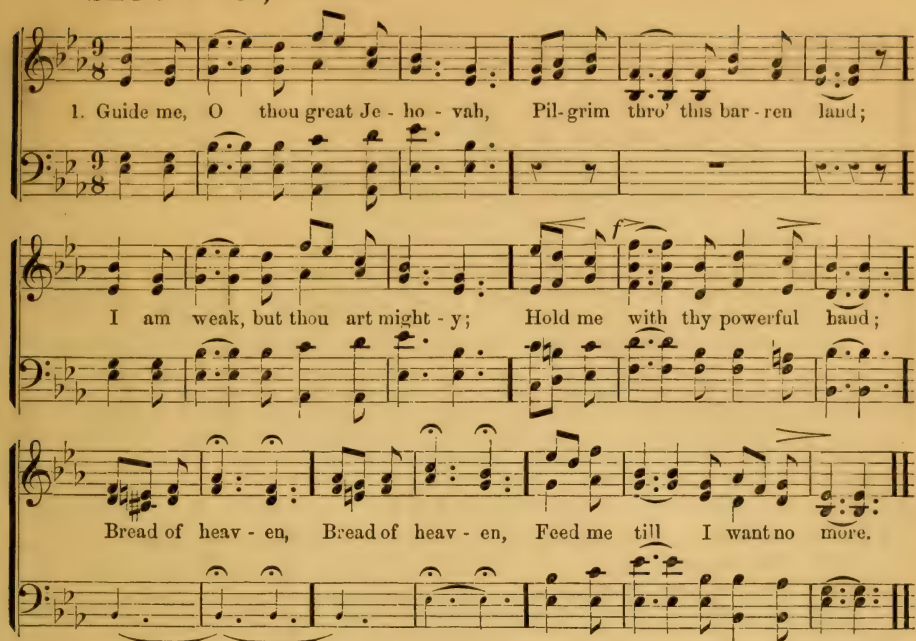
GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes thou' st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s.



1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but thou art might - y; Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

176

Ex. 14: 19.

W. WILLIAMS.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thou provided, Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

178

Ps. 91: 11.

ANON.

Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

177

1 Cor. 3: 21.

EDMESTON.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, feed us, keep us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

179

Ps. 4: 8.

EDMESTON.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

180

Jer. 3: 15.

SMYTH.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

- 2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
- 3 Praise the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

181

Ps. 23: 2.

BICKERSTETH.

HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

182

2 Cor. 13: 14.

NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

183

Ps. 139: 12.

ROBBINS.

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light!

- 2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing!

LAST BEAM. P. M.

HYMN 184

ANON.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in heav - en! the
 2. Fa - ther in heav - en! oh, hear when we call, Hear, for Christ's sake, who is

day is de - clineing, Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Tempta - tion and
 Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in thy might, In doubting and

dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
 dark - ness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per

chime, Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have
 burns, Wake in thy arms when morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, &c.

mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

I 85 C. M. *Matt. 13 : 8.* CAWOOD.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ or man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Oft as thy precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

I 86 8s & 7s. *Ps. 29 : 11.* ANON.

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day ;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

- 2 Have we wandered ? oh, forgive us ;
Have we wished from truth to rove ?
Turn, oh, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us thee to love.

I 87 C. M. *Matt. 13 : 8.* HEBER.

O God ! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed,
Whose word, like manna showered from
heaven,
Is planted in our breast,—

- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do thou thy grace supply ;
That truth, in earthly furrows sown,
May ripen in the sky.

I 88 L. M. *1 John 1 : 5.* ANON.

O God, the Light of all that live,
Unmoved, who dost all motion sway ;
The times and seasons who dost give,
And thro' its changes guide the day !

- 2 At eventide let there be light ;
So may our souls no sunset see,
And death to us the portal bright
To an eternal morning be.
- 3 This grace on thy redeemed confer,
O Father blessed, who, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Forever reignest, Three in One !

I 89 8s, 7s & 4. *Luke 11 : 13.* COLESWORTHY.

WHILE we lowly bow before thee,
Wilt thou, gracious Saviour, hear ?
We are poor and needy sinners,
Full of doubt and full of fear ;
Gracious Saviour,
Make us humble and sincere.

- 2 Fill us with thy Holy Spirit ;
Sanctify us by thy grace ;
Oh, incline us more to love thee,
And in dust our souls abase.
Hear us, Saviour,
And unvail thy glorious face.
- 3 None in vain did ever ask thee
For the Spirit of thy love ;
Hear us, then, dear Saviour, hear us ;
Grant an answer from above ;
Blesséd Saviour,
Hear and answer from above.

I 90 C. M. *Ps. 89.* WATTS.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

191 L. P. M. *Ps. 19.* WATTS.

I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 2 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

192 H. M. *Isa. 55 : 10, 11.* ANON.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By Providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more."

193 C. M. *Ps. 119 : 9.* WATTS.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

- 2 This volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies,
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

194 7S. *Ps. 119 : 105.* BURTON.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am;—

- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art to guide and guard
Mine to punish or reward;—
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;—
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Oh, thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure thou art mine!

195 L. M. *2 Pet. 1 : 21.* WATTS.

'Twas by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they
wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. God, in the gos-pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal coun - sels known,

Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.

196

2 Cor. 4 : 3.

BEDDOME.

- GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here, shines the light which guides our
way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 4 Oh ! grant us grace, almighty Lord !
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

197

Ps. 19.

WATTS.

- THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

198

Ps. 19.

WATTS.

- GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light !
Thy gospel makes the simple wise :
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven :—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

199

Ps. 19.

GRANT.

- THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.
- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.
- 3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky ;—
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

WILLINGTON. L. M.

1. I love the sa - cred book of God! No oth - er can its place sup - ply ;

It points me to his own a - bode ; It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

200

Rev. 10 : 2.

KELLY.

I LOVE the sacred Book of God!
No other can its place supply ;
It points me to his own abode ;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern
The very image of my Lord ;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay ;—
Dear Lord, oh, when wilt thou appear,
And bear thy prisoner away ?

4 While I am here, these leaves supply
His place, and tell me of his love ;
I read with faith's discerning eye,
And gain a glimpse of joys above.

5 I know in them the Spirit breathes
To animate his people here ;
Oh, may these truths prove life to all,
Till in his presence we appear !

201

1 Thes. 1 : 5.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring ;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here what delightful truths I read !

Here I behold the Saviour bleed ;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace ;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, oh, let my song,
Thro' endless years, thy praise prolong ;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

202

Ps. 138 : 2.

BOWRING.

UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar ;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

KNOX. C. M.

1. How precious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given!

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

203

Ps. 119.

FAWCETT.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

204

Titus 2: 11.

STEELE.

Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

205

Ps. 119.

WATTS.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

YORK. C. M.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ry shines?
For - ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

206

Ps. 119. 7.

STEELE.

- FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

207

Ps. 119.

WATTS.

- Oh, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

208

Ps. 119.

COWPER.

- THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
It's truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

JUDGMENT. L. M.

1. Fa - ther of heaven, whose love pro-found A ran - som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore thy throne we sin - ners bend ; To us thy pard'ning love ex - tend.

209

Trinity.

COOPER.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah !—Father, Spirit, Son !—
Mysterious Godhead !—Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

210 Unsearchableness.—*Job 11 : 7.* ANON.

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown !
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God ! to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
The eternal, uncreated mind ?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side ;
Oh ! may thy wisdom be our guide !
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

211

Faithfulness.

WATTS.

Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith !
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

2 Then, should the earth's foundations
shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

212

Omniscience.—*Ps. 139.*

WATTS.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me
through :

Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God :

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh ! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

SEASONS. L. M.

1. What fi - nite power, with ceaseless toil, Can fath - om the e - ter - nal Mind?

Or who th' al - might - y Three in One, By search - ing, to per - fec - tion find?

213 Unsearchableness.—*Job 11 : 7, 8.* E. SCOTT.

WHAT finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who the almighty Three in One,
By searching, to perfection find?

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
The laboring tho't sinks down, oppress,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of his ways to sing;
And mingling with his meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

214 Trinity. EASTBURN.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim!

2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit! from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring thro' earth and heaven!

4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

215 Sovereignty.—*Rom. 9 : 20.* WATTS.

MAY not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

2 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?

3 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust!

4 But, O my soul! if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

216 Long-suffering.—*Luke 13 : 6.* ANON.

GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand
Upheld and fostered by thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, At-tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;

But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What mor-tal verse can reach the theme?

217 Glory.—*Ps. 104 : 2.* BLACKLOCK.

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song!

218 Majesty.—*Ps. 68.* WATTS.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

- 3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

219 Omnipresence. STERLING.

THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's
height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
Oh, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!

- 2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.

- 3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being, save by thee!

220 Mystery.—*Ps. 46 : 10.* BEDDOME.

WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

- 4 Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

LOUVAN. L. M.

1. Lord, how mys-te-rious are thy ways! How blind are we! how mean our praise!

Thy steps, can mor-tal eyes ex-plore? 'Tis ours to won-der and a-dore.

221 Incomprehensibleness. STEELE.
 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
 How blind are we! how mean our praise!
 Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore?
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I would not ask to see
 What in my coming life shall be;
 Enough for me if love divine,
 At length through every cloud shall shine.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below,
 That Christ be mine;—this great request
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

222 Perfections.—Ps. 103. WATTS.
 THE Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
 How firm his truth! how large his grace!
 He takes his mercy for his throne,
 And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
 The starry heavens above our head,
 As his rich love exceeds our praise,
 Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
 The rising morning from the west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
 On swifter wings salvation flies:
 Or, if he lets his anger burn,
 How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 His everlasting love is sure
 To all his saints, and shall endure;
 From age to age his truth shall reign,
 Nor children's children hope in vain.

223 Omnipresence. HOLMES.
 LORD of all being; throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 Star of our hope, thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
 Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
 Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
 All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 Before thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
 Till all thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame!

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.

1st. 2d.

1. { While thee I seek, pro- tect- ing Power! Be my vain wish- es stilled ;
And may this con- se- crat- ed hour [Omit.....] With

bet- ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of tho't bestowed ; To thee my tho'ts would

soar : Thy mer- cy o'er my life has flowed ; That mer- cy I a- dore.

224

Providence.

WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled !
Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

- 2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

225

Providence.

ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise :
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise !

226

Beneficence.

ANON.

228

"Our Father."

HEGEBOTHAM.

WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks, with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dew away,
Bright tear-drops of the night—
My heart, O Lord! forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

2 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still, to my Father and my Friend,
My wishes are addressed.
Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
And bid my pleasures flee,
Thou reign'st where grief cannot annoy;
I will be glad in thee.

3 And ev'n when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.
I dream of that fair land, O Lord!
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

2 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

3 Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
Then may I close my eyes in death,
Redeemed from anxious fear;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou art with me there.

227

In Nature.

MONTGOMERY.

229

Watchful Care.—*Ps. 107.* ADDISON.

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
He bows the heavens; the mountains stand
A highway for our God;
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

2 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.
In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health.

3 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

2 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

3 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

1. The Lord, our God, is full of might, The winds o - bey his will ;

He speaks,—and, in his heaven - ly height, The roll - ing sun stands still.

230 Almighty Power. H. K. WHITE.

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine ;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

231 Omnipotence.—Isa. 12 : 4. WATTS.

THE Lord, how fearful is his name !
How wide is his command !
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe ;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

4 On angels, with unvail'd face
His glory beams above ;
On men, he looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

232 Providence. WATTS.

KEEP silence, all created things !
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God ! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh ! may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Great God! how in - fi - nite art thou! What worth-less worms are we!

Let the whole race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

233 Eternity.—*Ps. 90 : 1.* WATTS.

- GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

234 Majesty.—*Isa. 6 : 3.* PATRICK.

- O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee, all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway!
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

235 In the Universe. WATTS.

- ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and
seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 How wide thy hand hath spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.
- 4 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

MANOAH. C. M.

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing;
The might - y works, or might - ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.

236 Faithfulness.—Ps. 36 : 5. WATTS.

- BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

237 Providence. COWPER.

- GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

238 Lord of All. H. K. WHITE.

- THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.
- 3 He smiles, we live! he frowns, we die!
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.
- 4 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

1. Ho-ly and rev-erend is the name Of our e - ter - nal King;

Thrice ho - ly Lord! the an - gels cry; Thrice ho - ly! let us sing.

239 Holiness.—*Ps. 111 : 9.* NEEDHAM.

- HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.
- 240 Perfections.—*Ps. 77 : 11-14.* WATTS.
- I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

- 4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

- 5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

- 6 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

241 In the Winds.—*Isa. 27 : 8.* DODDRIDGE.

- GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

DOWNS. C. M.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your thoughts a - bove:
Let ev - ery heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that "God is love."

242 Love.—1 John 4 : 8. BURDER.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

243 Grace.—Isa. 61 : 10. WATTS.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace:
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

244 Mercy.—Ps. 116. WATTS.

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blesséd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.

BEMERTON. C. M.

1. In all my vast con-cerns with thee, In vain my soul would try
To shun thy pre-sence, Lord, or flee The no-tice of thine eye.

245 Omnipresence.—*Ps. 139.* WATTS.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!

Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

247 Mystery.—*1 Cor. 13: 12.* FAWCETT.

Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 As, through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

246 Omniscience.—*Ps. 139.* THOMSON.

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

4 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

248 C. M. Eternity.—*Ps. 90.* WATTS.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

249 C. M. Nature and Grace. WATTS.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

- 3 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—

- 4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

- 6 Oh! may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

250 C. M. 6l. Omnipresence. CONDER.

BEYOND, beyond the boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God! art nigh:—

- 2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after thee in vain—
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain;
Thy messenger—the stormy wind;
Thy path—the trackless main.
- 3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth thy praise—
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways;
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the noon-day blaze.

- 4 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

- 5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth his Spirit rest:
Oh, come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

251 L. M. Eternity. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

- 2 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

- 3 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;—

- 4 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

VARINA. C. M. 6 lines.

1. Beyond, beyond the boundless sea, A-bove that dome of sky, Further than thought itself can flee,

Thy dwelling is on high: Yet dear the aw-ful thought to me, That thou, my God! art nigh.

NOEL. C. M.

1. Fa-ther! how wide thy glo-ry shines! How high thy won-ders rise!

Known through the earth by thou-sand signs, By thousand through the skies.

FAVORITE CHANT. L. M.

1. Great Form-er of this va-rious frame, Our souls a-dore thine aw-ful name,

And bow and trem-ble, while they praise The An-cient of e-ter-nal days.

SUTHERLAND. H. M.

To him... that

1. { To him that chose us first.... Be - fore the world be - gan; }
 { To him that bore the curse.... To save re - bel - ious man; }

formed Our hearts a - new,

him... that formed Our hearts a - new, Is end - less praise And glo - ry due.

HADDAM. H. M.

1. Oh, for a shout of joy, Worthy the theme we sing; To this di-vine em-ploy Our hearts and voices

bring; Sound, sound, thro' all the earth a - broad, The love, th'e - ter - nal love of God.

ZEUNER'S. S. M.

1. O Lord, our heaven - ly King, Thy name is all di - vine; Thy

glo - ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.

252 H. M. Love.—*Eph. 3 : 17.* YOUNG.

OH, for a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing ;
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring ;
Sound, sound, thro' all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there ;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery,—
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

253 S. M. Condescension.—*Ps. 8.* WATTS.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms ?

3 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

4 How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways ;
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

5 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

254 H. M. Trinity.—*John 15 : 16.* WATTS.

To him that chose us first,
Before the world began ;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man ;
To him that formed | Is endless praise
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues ;
Our lips address | With equal praise
The Spirit's name | And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One ;
Thus heaven shall | When earth and
raise | time
His honors high, | Grow old and die.

255 C. M. D. In the Seasons.—*Ps. 147.* WATTS.

With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains
crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

256 L. M. Trinity. BAKER.

- BLEST Trinity ! from mortal sight
Vailed in thine own eternal light !
We thee confess, in thee believe ;
To thee with loving hearts we cleave.
- 2 O Father ! thou most Holy One !
O God of God ! Eternal Son !
O Holy Ghost ! thou Love Divine !
To join them both is ever thine.
- 3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father he is one ;
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.
- 4 Eternal Father ! thee we praise ;
To thee, O Son ! our hymns we raise ;
O Holy Ghost ! we thee adore !
One mighty God forevermore.
- 257 C. P. M. Love. MOORE.
- Mr God, thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thy eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distill !
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile in every vale.
- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude,
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good !

258 7s. In Creation.—Ps. 148. MONTGOMERY.

- HERALDS of creation ! cry,—
“ Praise the Lord—the Lord most high ! ”
Heaven and earth obey the call,
Praise the Lord—the Lord of all.
- 2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,—
Spirits perfected in love !
Sun and moon ! your anthems raise ;
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.
- 259 L. M. Being.—Heb. 11 : 6. STEELE.
- THERE is a God !—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;
See ! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him, and adore.
- 260 C. M. Majesty.—Ps. 18. STERNHOLD.
- THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase ;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.
- 5 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone ;
Give worship to his majesty,
Upon his holy throne.

261 S. M. Grace.—2^{ds}. 103. MONTGOMERY.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind:
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole!
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy
days;
Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!

262 C. L. M. In Nature. MÜHLENBERG.

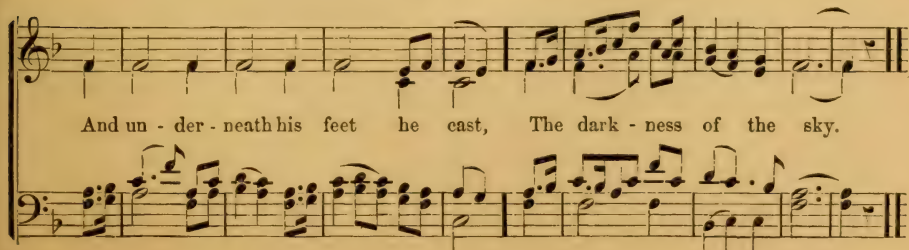
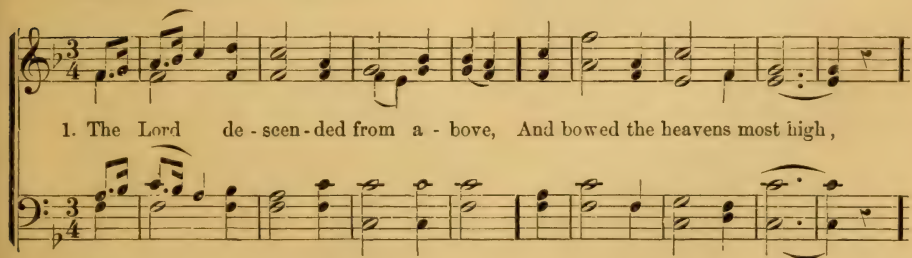
SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light!
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung, like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun, at noonday hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What, then, the Day where thou dost shine!

4 Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

ELLEVER. C. M.



CEPHAS. L. M. D.

1. { The spacious fir - ment on high, With all the blue e - thereal sky, }
 Aud spangled heavens, a shining frame, [Omit.] } Their great O -
 rig - i - nal pro - claim; Th' unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's
 power display; And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al - might - y hand.

263

C. M. In Nature.

KEBLE.

- THERE is a book that all may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,—
 Pure eyes, and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and
 small
 In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace;
 It steals in silence down,
 But where it lights, the favored place
 By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Thou, who hast given us eyes to see,
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give us a heart to find out thee,
 And read thee everywhere.

264

L. M. D. In Nature.—*Ps. 19.* ADDISON.

- THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,—
 "The hand that made us is divine."

FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heaven ; Earth is with its ful-ness stored ; Un-to thee be glory
 giv - en, Ho-ly, ho - ly holy Lord ! Heaven is still with anthems ring-ing : Earth takes
 up the angels' cry, Ho - ly, ho-ly, holy, singing, Lord of hosts thou Lord most high.

265 8s & 7s. Holiness.—Rev. 4 : 8. MANT.

- LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 While our thoughts his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite :
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.
- 3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most high !

266 8s & 7s. Grace. S. F. KEY.

- LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
 For the bliss thy love bestows ;
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows :
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;
 This dull soul to rapture raise ;
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away ;
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express :
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless ;
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise ;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

267 C. M. Omnipresence.—*Ps. 139.* WATTS.

LORD! where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown!
 In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
 In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath
 To shun the wrath divine,
 Thy voice would break the bars of death
 And make the grave resign.

3 If winged with beams of morning light,
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee:
 Oh, may I ne'er provoke that power
 From which I cannot flee!

268 H. M. Truth.—*Num. 23: 19.* DODDRIDGE.

The promises I sing,
 Which sovereign love hath spoke;
 Nor will the eternal King
 His words of grace revoke:

They stand secure	Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still;	Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
 When once the Judge appears,
 And sun and moon decay,
 That measure mortal years;

But still the same,	The promise shines
In radiant lines	Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
 Through my attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground
 And dissipate the spheres;
 Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
 Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

269 C. M. In Nature. STEELE.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine;

Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence has shone
 With gentle smiling rays;
 Oh, let my lips and life make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
 Oh, teach me to improve
 Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
 And crown them with thy love.

270 8s & 7s. Perfections. BOWRING.

God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above:
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

271 C. M. Trinity. WATTS.

FATHER of glory! to thy name
 Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
 And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son
 Who makes thine anger cease;
 Our lives he ransomed with his own,
 And died to make our peace.

3 To thine almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory given,
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,
 And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men with their united voice
 Adore the eternal God;
 And spread his honors and their joys
 Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
 One general song to raise;
 Let saints in earth and heaven combine
 In harmony and praise.

272 7s.

(See p. 813)

BONAR.

- HOLY Father, hear my cry;
 Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
 Holy Spirit, come thou nigh:
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
- 2 Father, save me from my sin;
 Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

- 3 Father, let me taste thy love;
 Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
 Spirit, come my heart to move:
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
 One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All thy grace within me now;
 Be my Father and my God!

CLAREMONT. H. M.

1. We give im-mor-tal praise For God the Fa-ther's love, For all our
 com-forts here, And bet-ter thoughts a-bove: He sent his own e
 e-ter-nal Son To die for sins
 ter-nal Son To die for sins that we had done.

273

H. M.

Trinity.

WATTS.

- WE give immortal praise
 For God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above:
 He sent his own eternal Son
 To die for sins that we had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe:
 And now he lives and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live:
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 The great and glorious One:
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails and love adores.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
 ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And
 And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

274

Ps. 98.

WATTS.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

275

Ps. 96.

WATTS.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,

Ye tribes of every tongue;

His new-discovered grace demands
 A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son;

His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;

Joy through the earth be seen;

Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise

The islands of the sea;

Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
 Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless

The nations, as their God,

To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,

And bid the world draw near,

How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their Judge appear!

NEWBOLD. C. M.

1. An-gels rejoiced and sweetly sung At our Re-deem-er's birth; Mortals! a-

wake; let ev-ry tongue Proclaim his matchless worth, Proclaim his matchless worth.

276

Luke 2: 14.

HURN.

ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

- 2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!
- 3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.
- 4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might.

277

Isa. 61: 1-3.

DODDRIDGE.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And, on the eyes long closed in night,
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

278

Luke 2: 14.

E. H. SEARS.

- CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an-gel
of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.

279

Luke 2.

TATE.

- WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

280

Isa. 35.

LOGAN.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

- 2 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.
- 3 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

281

John 1:14.

STEELE.

- AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 5 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

1. Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un - to us a Sav-iour's born;
See how the an - gels wing their way, To ush - er in the glo - rious day!

282

Luke 2 : 14.

ANON.

WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music, what a song.
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

283

John 1 : 1.

WATTS.

BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God!
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
The eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When in his eyes the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

284

Luke 2 : 11.

CAMPBELL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through
the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light;

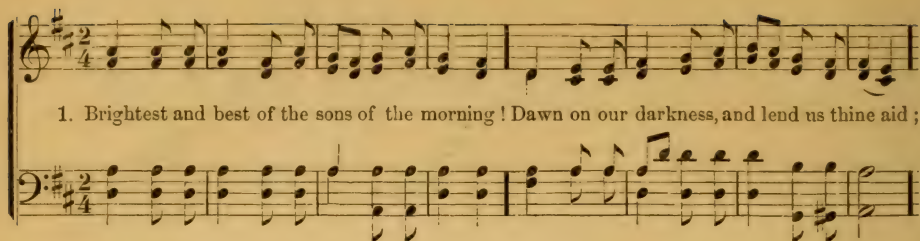
2 Hark! from the midnight hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps, and
sung:

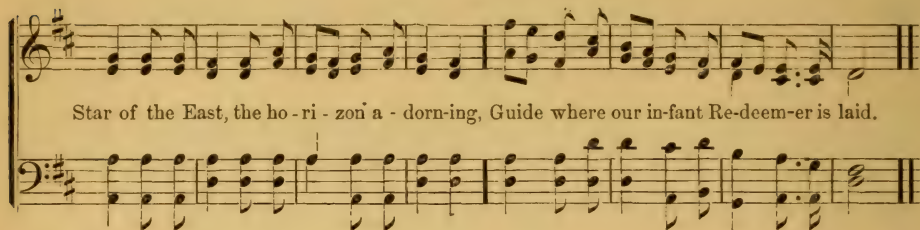
4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
Renewed, creation smiles again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s.



1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning ! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;



Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

285 11S & 10S. *Matt. 2 : 10, 11.* HEBER.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall :

Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favors secure :
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

286 H. M. *Luke 2 : 10.* ANON.

HARK ! what celestial sounds,

What music fills the air !

Soft warbling to the morn,

It strikes the ravished ear ;

Now all is still ; | In tuneful notes,

Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet and shrill.

2 The angelic hosts descend,

With harmony divine ;

See how from heaven they bend,

And in full chorus join :

"Fear not," say they ; | Jesus, your King,

"Great joy we bring : | Is born to-day.

3 "He comes, your souls to save

From death's eternal gloom ;

To realms of bliss and light

He lifts you from the tomb :

Your voices raise, | Your songs unite

With sons of light ; | Of endless praise.

4 "Glory to God on high ;

Ye mortals, spread the sound,

And let your raptures fly

To earth's remotest bound ;

For peace on earth, | To man is given,

From God in heaven | At Jesus' birth."

AYRSHIRE. L. M. D.

1. When, marshaled on the night - ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,

One star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye.
D. S. But one a - lone the Sav - iour speaks,— It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks From ev - ery host, from ev - ery gem ;
D. S.

287 L. M. D. *Matt. 2 : 9.* H. K. WHITE.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem !

3 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,
 And through the storm and danger's thrall
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

288 8s & 7s. *Luke 2 : 14.* CAWOOD.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

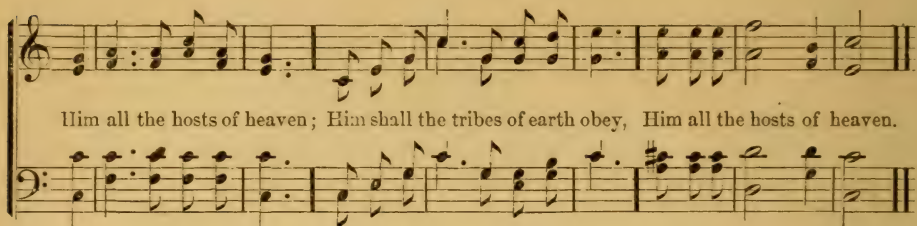
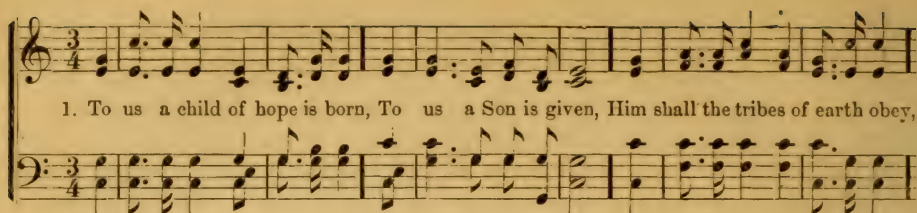
2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Hear them chant in hymns of joy :—
 "Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most high !

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven !
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing !
 Oh, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him ;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him—
 'Glory be to God most high !'

ZERAH. C. M.

289 C. M. *Isa. 9:6.*

BRUCE.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

290 3s & 6s. *Matt. 2:11.* MRS. ALEXANDER.

THE wise men to thy cradle-throne,
O infant Saviour! brought of old
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh and shining gold.

2 Shine on us too, bright eastern star,
Thine own baptized Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand.

3 Till we have brought the fine gold rare
Of zeal, that giveth all for love;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above.

4 Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err;
Worship, and love, and sorrow, met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

5 All meet for thee, our own Adored!
Our suffering Saviour, God and King!
Accept the gold and incense, Lord,
Accept the myrrh we bring!

291 H. M. *Heb. 1:6.* A. REED.

HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear—bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and

mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con-ciled." 2. Joy-ful, all ye na - tions, rise;

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th' an - gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in

Beth - le - hem," With th' an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."

292 7s. *Luke 2: 13, 14.* C. WESLEY.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled."
 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With the angelic hosts proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 [Mild he lays his glory by;
 Born that man no more may die;

Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.]

4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 5 Let us then with angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled!"

TRENT. C. M.

1. Be - hold, where, in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine !

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est ra - diance shine.

293

Col. 1 : 19.

ENFIELD.

- BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine !
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He meek and patient stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,—
"Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear ;
Oh ! may we tread his holy steps,—
His joy and glory share.

294

Heb. 13 : 13.

BONAR.

- A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour passed ;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave ;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

- 3 Such was our Lord ; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn ?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn ?

- 4 No ! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

295

1 Pet. 2 : 21-23.

ANON.

- WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below ;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee !
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord ! with thee.

HELENA. C. M.

1. Je - sus! thy love shall we for - get, And nev - er bring to mind

The grace that paid our hope - less debt, And bade us par - don find!...

296

Luke 22 : 42.

MITCHELL.

- JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?
- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?
- 3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony;
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?
- 4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!
- 5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

297

Luke 9 : 23.

GURNEY.

- LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

- 4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

298

John 14 : 6.

DOANE.

- Thou art the Way : to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
Grant us to know that Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. My dear Re - deem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;

But in thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

299

Rom. 8 : 29.

WATTS.

- My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

300

Rom. 12 : 2.

STEELE.

- MAKE us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee !
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be !
- 2 To do thy heavenly Father's will
Was thy employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through thy life divinely bright.
- 3 But ah ! how frail ! how weak we are !
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

301

1 Tim. 1 : 15.

WATTS.

- Nor to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word ;
Trust in his mighty name, and live :
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

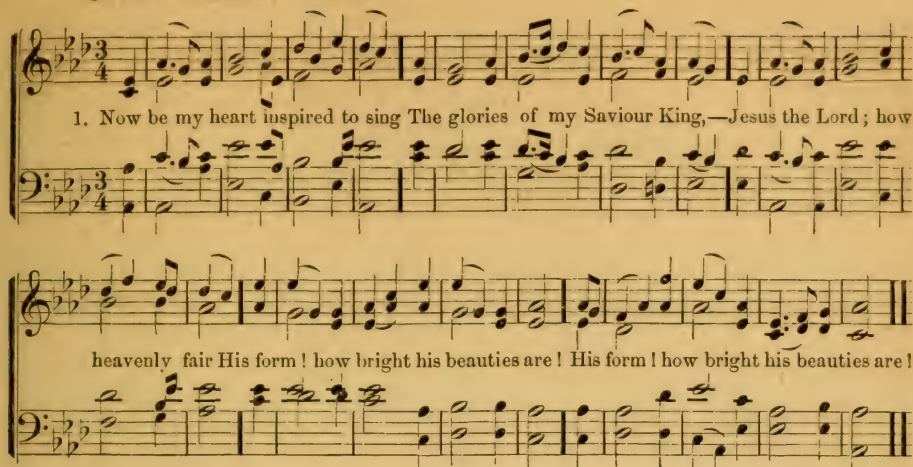
302

Matt. 11 : 28.

BOWRING.

- How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered
round,
And joy and gladness filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest :"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !
- 4 Decay then, tenements of dust ;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay :
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

CRAWFORD. L. M.



303

Ps. 45.

WATTS.

Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,—
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace:
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

304

Heb. 7: 26.

A. C. COXE.

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

305

Matt. 4: 23, 24. MONTGOMERY.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

SOLITUDE. L. M.

1. 'Tis midnight—and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone :

'Tis midnight— in the gar - den now The suf - fer - ing Saviour prays a - lone.

306

Luke 22 : 43.

TAPPAN.

'Tis midnight ; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone :
'T is midnight ; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight ; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight ; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight ; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

307

Ps. 69.

WATTS.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul !

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove :
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for crimes which we had done.

3 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live !
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

308

Matt. 26 : 38.

BULFINCH.

O SUFFERING Friend of human-kind !
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear !

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Onward, like thee, thro' scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast the path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

309

John 19 : 30.

STENNETT.

" 'T is finished ! "—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died :
" 'T is finished ! "—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'T is finished !—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old ;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'T is finished !—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'T is finished !—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round :
'T is finished !—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

HAMBURG. L. M.

1. From Cal-va-ry a cry was heard—A bit-ter and heart-rend-ing cry;

My Saviour! ev-ery mourn-ful word Be-spoke thy soul's deep ag-o-o-ny.

310

Matt. 27 : 46.

CUNNINGHAM.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespoke thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep dis-
grace—
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

311

Isa. 53 : 4-6.

BONAR.

JESUS, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me:
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

312

Gal. 6 : 14.

WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

AVON. C. M.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov-ereign die?

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

313

Matt. 27 : 45.

WATTS.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

314

Matt. 27 : 50-53.

WESLEY.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine!

315

Gal. 5 : 24.

WATTS.

Oh! if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

MANOAH. C. M.

1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood ;

Who fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.

316

Luke 22 : 61.

NEWTON.

- I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood ;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look :
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas ! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain !
- 4 A second look he gave, that said,
“I freely all forgive :
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die that thou may'st live.”
- 5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too !

317

Rom. 5 : 8.

XAVIER.

- THOU, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace ;—
- 2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself ; and all for one
That was thine enemy !

- 3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well ?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;—
- 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as thyself hast-loved me,
O ever-loving Lord !
- 5 Ev'n so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing ;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

318

Rom. 5 : 7, 8.

WATTS.

- How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion, like a God—
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

1 **319** 78, 61. *Matt. 11 : 29.* MONTGOMERY.

- Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear him cry;—
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen;—he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!
- 320** C. L. M. *Matt. 26 : 36-46.* MRS. HEMANS.
- HE knelt: the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
- 2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
The skies might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow him!
That he who gave man's breath might
know
The very depths of human woe.
- 3 He knew them all; the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darkened round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;—
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.
- 4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:

But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

- 5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way?
How but thro' him, that path who trod?
Save or we perish, Son of God!

321 L. M. *John 19 : 5.* ANON.

- BEHOLD the Man! How glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unawed,
And without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.
- 2 Behold the Man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes,
His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the Man! he stands alone;
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.
- 4 Behold the Man! So weak he seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he who now blasphemés
Before his judgment-seat appear.
- 5 Behold the Man! Though scorned below
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.
- 322** 88, 78 & 48. *John 19 : 30.* J. EVANS.
- HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and vails the sky:
"It is finished!"—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished!"—oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"—
Saints! the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

323 L. M. *Matt. 14 : 27.* J. E. SMITH.

WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said—
“Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”

2 Blest be the voice that breathes from
heaven,

To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled—
“Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”

3 And when the last dread hour is come,
While shuddering nature waiteth doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead—
“Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”

324 P. M. *Isa. 53 : 5.* ANON.

DARKLY rose the guilty morning
When, the Prince of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem :
See the Christ, his cross up-bearing !
See him, mocked and stricken, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem !

2 Not the crowd, whose cries assailed him,
Not the hands, that rudely nailed him,
Slew him on the curséd tree ;
Ours the sin, from heaven that called him !
Ours the sin, whose burden galled him,
In the sad Gethsemane !

3 In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection,—
Make us thine eternally !

325 P. M. *Matt. 27 : 26.* F. H. HEDGE.

'T WAS the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the dreadful cross ;
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall, and Eden's loss !

2 Haste, prepare the bitter chalice !
Gentile hate and Jewish malice
Lift the royal Victim high ;
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the prophet once uplifted,
For a sinful world to die.

3 Conscious of the deed unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his light denied ;
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled, when the Just One died.

4 It is finished, Man of sorrows !
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus :
While exalted there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,
Sufferer victorious !

5 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred symbol be ;
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to thee.

326 L. M. *Psa. 22.* WATTS.

Now let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry—
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high,
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

327 L. M. *Luke 24 : 46.* WATTS.

HE dies !—the friend of sinners dies ;
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree :
The Lord of glory dies for men ;
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

5 Say—live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save !
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting ?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave ?

LENOX. H. M.

1. Come, ev-ry pi-ous heart, That loves the Saviour's name! Your noblest powers ex-
 ert To cel-e-brate his fame: Tell all a-bove, And
 Tell all a-bove, And all be-low, Tell
 all be-low, Tell all a-bove, And all be-low, The debt of love To him you owe.
 all a-bove, And all be-low, The debt of love To him you owe.

328

Acts 1: 11.

STENNETT.

COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate his fame:
 Tell all above, The debt of love
 And all below, To him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 What he endured, To save our souls
 No tongue can tell, From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose—
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led;
 Up through the sky And reigns on high,
 The conqueror rode, The Saviour-God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come—
 His chariot will not stay—
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see And ever be
 His lovely face, In his embrace.

329

Ps. 148.

WATTS.

YE tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise:
 Ye holy throng In worlds of light,
 Of angels bright, Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
 And moon, that rul'st the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light:
 His power declare, And clouds that fly,
 Ye floods on high, In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand;
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command:
 He spake the word, From nothing came,
 And all their frame To praise the Lord!

4 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love:
 While earth and sky His saints shall raise
 Attempt his praise, His honors high.

330

Luke 4 : 19.

C. WESLEY.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow !
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonement Lamb !
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through every land, proclaim :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell !
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace :
 Ye happy souls, draw near ;
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mourning souls be glad :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

331

Luke 24 : 34.

DODDRIDGE.

Yes, the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High raised his conquering head :
 In wild dismay, Fall to the ground,
 The guards around And sink away.

2 Lo ! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet :
 Joyful they come, From realms of day,
 And wing their way, To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear :
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say : Hath left the dead ;
 " Jesus who bled He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell :
 Transported cry : Hath left the dead,
 " Jesus who bled No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God !
 With thee we rise, And empires gain
 With thee we reign, Beyond the skies.

332

Phil. 4 : 4.

C. WESLEY.

REJOICE ! the Lord is King—
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven,
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given ;
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice :
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope !
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

BENNINGTON. L. M. D.

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are
cap-tive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky. There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels
chant the sol- emn lay: "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye everlasting doors, give way."

333

Ps. 24.

C. WESLEY.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, forever blessed.

334

Rev. 5:12.

SHIRLEY.

WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.
Higher, still higher, swell the strain;
Creation's voice, the note prolong;
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

335

Rev. 1:5, 6.

WATTS.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?
Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groaned and
died,
Worthy to rise and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

2 Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dy - ing love,
Be humble hon - ors paid be - low, And strains of no - bler praise a - bove.

336 *Rev. 1 : 5-7.* WATTS.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his precious blood ;
'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed !
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold ! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our sins we pierced him once,
He now displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day ;
Come, Lord ! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

337 *Rev. 5 : 9-13.* MONTGOMERY.

COME, let us sing the song of songs,—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs :
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain !"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain !"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be :
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain !"

4 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might :
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain !"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign :
This song, our song of songs shall be :
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain !"

338 *Phil. 2 : 6.* WATTS

BRIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God !
Our spirits bow before thy feet :
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who, among those sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?

3 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored ;
His praise let every angel sing
And all the nations own the Lord.

CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

339

Phil. 2 : 10, 11.

PERRONETT.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

340

Rev. 5 : 6-10.

WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head!
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

341

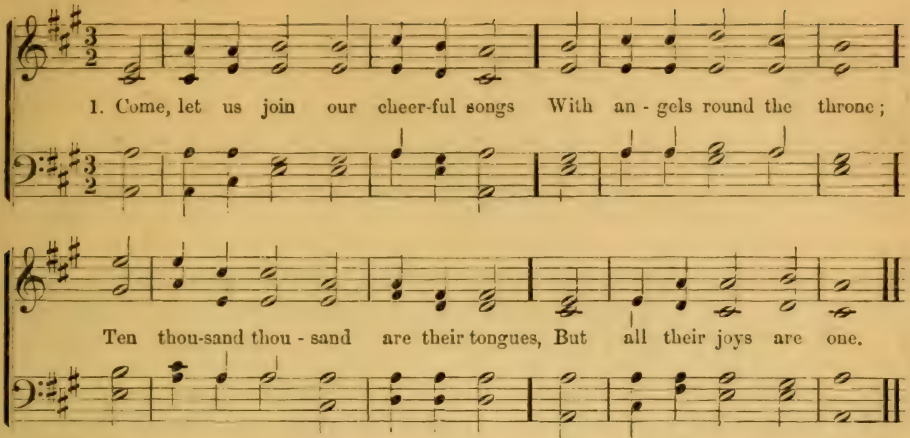
Eph. 4 : 8.

WATTS.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

- 2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 4 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

DENFIELD. C. M.



1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne ;

Ten thou-sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

342

Rev. 5 : 12.

WATTS.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"
"Worthy the Lamb !" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine !
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

343

Heb. 2 : 9.

KELLY.

- THE head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right ;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright ;—

- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him ;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

344

Acts 1 : 9, 10.

WATTS.

- OH ! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King :
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high ;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honor sing ;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1. Ma-jes - tie sweetest sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

345

Cant. 5 : 10-16.

STENNETT.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

346

1 Tim. 1 : 15.

STEELE.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

347

Matt. 1 : 21.

C. WESLEY.

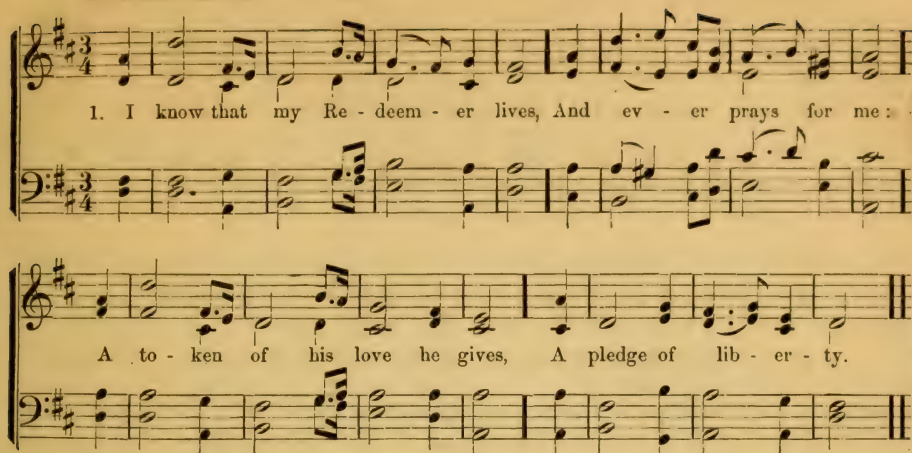
Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

BRADFORD. C. M.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me:
A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.

348

Job 19 : 25.

C. WESLEY.

- I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

- 3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me,
He surely shall fulfill.

- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

349

Heb. 10 : 12.

NEWTON.

- HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on the eternal throne,
The Lord of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey his sovereign will.
- 3 While harp sunnumbered sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

- 4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

- 5 How glorious he—how happy they,
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

350

Heb. 4 : 14-16.

ANON.

- COME, let us join our songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.
- 2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.
- 3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Whom he himself o'ercame.
- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervor of his love;
For us he died in kindness here,
For us he lives above.
- 5 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to bear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
Our lips his praise proclaim.

BENJAMIN. S. M.

1. "The Lord is risen in-deed!" Then is his work performed; The mighty Cap-tive
now is freed, And death, our foe, dis-armed, And death, our foe, dis-armed.

351

Luke 24 : 34.

KELLY.

- "THE Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then is his work performed;
The mighty Captive now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Then hell hath lost its prey:
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed!"—
Attending angels! hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs!
To sing our risen Lord.

352

Acts 1 : 11.

EMMA TOKE.

- Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
- 2 But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed:
Lord! send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest!

- 3 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.
- 4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee!
- 5 Thou art gone up on high:
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
- 6 Oh, by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high!

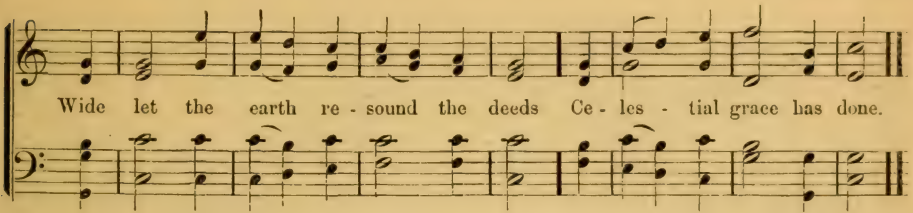
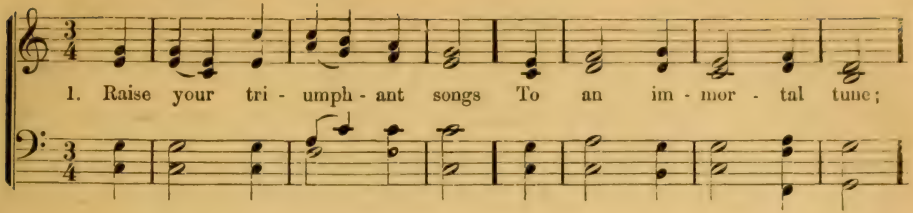
353

Rev. 5 : 9-13.

JUDKIN.

- ENTHRONED is Jesus now
Upon his heavenly seat:
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.
- 2 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.
- 3 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

FERGUSON. S. M.



354

John 3 : 17.

WATTS.

- RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Wide let the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

355

1 Tim. 3 : 16.

TURNER.

- BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light
Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Around him angels fair
In countless armies shine ;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, Prince of life !" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love,
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."

- 4 And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 5 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness veiled the skies,
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.
- 6 They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne ;
Then swept their golden harps and
sung,—
"The glorious work is done."

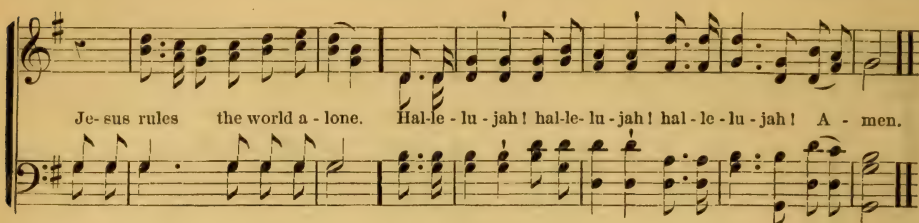
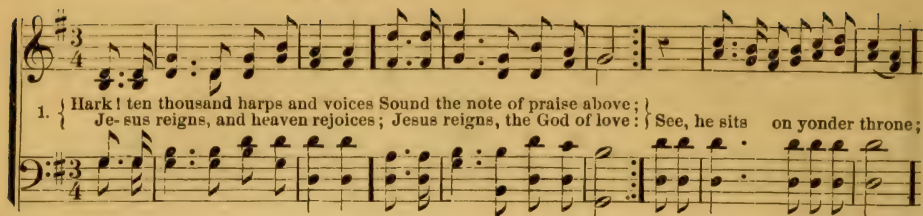
356

Jude 24.

WATTS.

- To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.



357

Heb. 1:6.

KELLY.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine
own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

358

Rev. 19:12.

BAKEWELL.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;

All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

359

Heb. 12:2.

KELLY.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

2 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Mighty God! while angels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name? Lord of men, as well as angels!
D. S. Sounded thro' the wide creation,

Fine. *D.S.*

Thou art every creature's theme; Lord of ev- 'ry land and nation! Ancient of e-ternal days!
Be thy just and awful praise.

360

Heb. 1 : 3.

ROBINSON.

- MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness
wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blesséd be thy gentle reign.
- 3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise, forever flow:

Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!

Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

361

Mat. 21 : 9.

GOOD.

- CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.
- 2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.
- 3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

CARTHAGE. 8s & 7s.

1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal, strong to save!

To thee, Death, by death de - feat - ed, Tri - umph high and glo - ry gave.

362

Heb. 7 : 25.

ANON.

CHRIST, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To thee, Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone, where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain;
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee,
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord! with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace implored,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock shall stand before thee,
Owned forevermore as thine.

363

Heb. 1 : 3.

KELLY.

JESUS comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the victor's seat;
Lo, the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him;
All obey his sovereign word.

364

Ps. 90 : 17.

CROSS.

LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, of light, and glory,
Guard thy church, thou heavenly King.

3 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

365

Rev. 11 : 17.

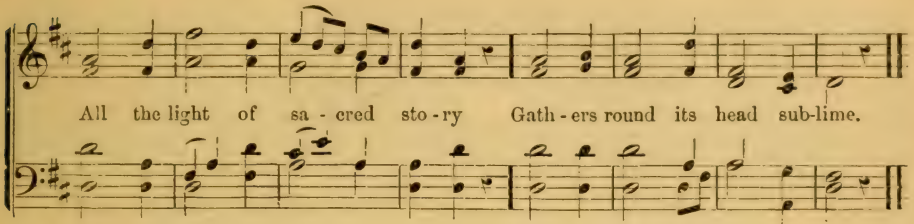
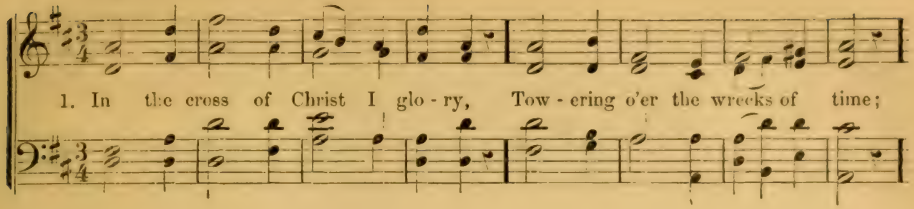
ANON.

O THOU Sun of glorious splendor!
Shine with healing in thy wing,
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name.

3 Take thy power, almighty Saviour!
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



366

Gal. 6 : 14.

BOWRING.

- IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

367

Rom. 10 : 20.

ROBINSON.

- SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

368

Prov. 8 : 17.

GUYON.

- I WOULD love thee, God and Father !
My Redeemer, and my King !
I would love thee ; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.
- 2 I would love thee ; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne :
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.
- 3 I would love thee ; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye :
I would love thee ; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.
- 4 I would love thee ; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes !
I would love thee ; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.
- 5 I would love thee, I have vowed it ;
On thy love my heart is set :
While I love thee, I can never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

RIGHINI. 6s & 4s.

1. Let us a-wake our joys, Strike up with cheerful voice, Each creature sing—Angels be-
gin the song, Mor-tals, the strain prolong, In accents sweet and strong, "Jesus is King."

369

Mat. 6 : 13.

KINGSBURY.

- LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame :
What wonders done !
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let all the earth resound,
"Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."
- 3 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way
Lo, he shall come !
While they who pierced him wail,
His promise shall not fail ;
Saints, see your King prevail :
Great Saviour, come.
- 370 *Dan. 12 : 3.* KELLY.
- SOUND, sound the truth abroad !
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world ;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.
- 2 Ye, who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign ;

Soon will your work be done ;
Soon will the prize be won ;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

371

Rev. 5 : 6.

BRYDGES.

- RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise ;
Into thy native skies,—
Assume thy right :
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light !
- 2 Victor o'er death and hell !
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train :
Praises all heaven inspire ;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain !
- 3 Enter, incarnate God !—
No feet but thine, have trod
The serpent down ;
Blow the full trumpets, blow !
Wider yon portals throw !
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take thy crown !
- 4 Lion of Judah—Hail !
And let thy name prevail
From age to age ;
Lord of the rolling years ;—
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage !

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply, "Praise ye his name!"

His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing loud forevermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"

372

Rev. 5 : 12.

ALLEN.

- GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing loud forevermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name,—
 Ye who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name;
 To him our songs we bring;
 Hail him our gracious King;
 And, through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

Jesus, who reigns above,
 Object of angels' love,
 Jesus, whose grace we prove,
 Jesus, our King.

- 2 Rich is the grace we sing,
 Poor is the praise we bring,
 Not as we ought;
 But when we see his face,
 In yonder glorious place,
 Then shall we sing his grace,
 Sing without fault.

374

Rev. 5 : 12.

BODEN.

- COME, all ye saints of God,
 Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame;
 Tell what his love hath done;
 Trust in his name alone;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
 Dry up your mournful tears;
 Swell the glad theme:
 To Christ, our gracious King,
 Strike each melodious string;
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Hark! how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on his name!
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

373

Rev. 14 : 3.

KELLY.

Sing, sing his lofty praise,
 Whom angels can not raise,
 But whom they sing;

375 C. L. M. *Matt. 28 : 6.* HASTINGS.

How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom !
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here !"
The tomb is all unbarred :
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend ;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend :
Once by the law, your hopes were slain
But now in Christ, ye live again.

376 75, 61. *Ps. 24 : 7.* KELLY.

GLORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath his head ;

Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus, risen from the dead ;
Jesus, conqueror o'er the grave
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the victor's praise they sing ;
"Open now, ye heavenly gates !
'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face !
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace !
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory to our King !"

377 L. M. *Luke 24 : 34.* BREVIAIRY.

THE morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high,
The shining angels as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed !"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,
While Roman guards kept watch and
ward ;
Majestic from the spoilt tomb,
In pomp of triumph, he has come !

3 When the amazed disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were
stirred ;
Their Lord's beloved face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His pierced hands to them he shows,
His face with love's own radiance glows ;
They with the angels' message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed !"

5 O Christ, thou King compassionate !
Our hearts possess, on thee we wait :
Help us to render praises due,
To thee the endless ages through !

378 75, D. *Matt. 28 : 2.* GIBBONS.

ANGELS ! roll the rock away ;
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey ;
See ! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hark ! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
Heaven unfolds its portals wide !
Mighty Conqueror ! through them ride ;
King of glory ! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

3 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres ;
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

379 L. M. *Ps. 45.* WATTS

THE King of saints,—how fair his face !
Adorned with majesty and grace,
He comes, with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen, arrayed in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 Oh! happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.

4 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescension of his love.

380 7s. *Mark 16 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

381 L. M. *Col. 2 : 9.* WATTS.

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

3 Oh, let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines, and reigns, the incarnate God.

382 C. M. *Ps. 68 : 18.* LYTE.

ARISE, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth—from shore to shore,
Confess the Almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud—wide echoing round,
The ascending God proclaim;
The angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour:
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

383 7s. *Hos. 13 : 14.* ANON.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Lo! he claims his native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God forever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day;
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

384 C. M. *John 14 : 3.* ANON.

The golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
Forevermore in thee!

WIMBORNE. L. M.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the won - ders of thy grace;

Thy pow'r conveys our bless - ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.

385

John 16 : 13.

WATTS.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace :
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to-day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

386

Gal. 4 : 6.

CASWALL.

COME, O Creator Spirit blest !
And in our souls take up thy rest ;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter ! to thee we cry ;
O highest gift of God most high !
O fount of life ! O fire of love !
Send sweet anointing from above !

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

387

John 14 : 16.

BEDDOME.

COME, blessed Spirit ! source of light !
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes, display
The glorious truth thy word reveals ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

388

John 14 : 26.

BURDER.

COME, Holy Spirit ! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God ;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire ?
Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see ;
Oh ! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1. Sure the blest Com - for - ter is nigh, 'Tis he sus - tains my faint - ing heart;

Else would my hopes for - ev - er die, And ev'ry cheer - ing ray de - part.

389

John 14 : 26.

STEELE.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

- 2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?
- 3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,—
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

390

Ps. 51 : 11.

C. WESLEY.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;
- 3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest!
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

391

Ps. 72 : 6.

RIPPON.

As when in silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

- 2 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

392

Rom. 8 : 14.

BROWNE.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!

STEPHENS. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove! With all thy quickening powers,
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

393

John 16: 7.

WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

394

1 Cor. 2: 10.

REED.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

- 2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

- 5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

395

John 14: 16.

TATE.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
- 3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.
- 4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

DOWN'S. C. M.

1. Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther be, Glo - ry to God the Son,
 Glo - ry to God the Ho - ly Ghost— Glo - ry to God a - lone!

396

1 John 5 : 6-10.

J. MASON.

GLORY to God the Father be,
 Glory to God the Son,
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost—
 Glory to God alone!

2 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God, my Saviour and my God;
 I hear his joyful voice.

3 I need not go abroad for joy,
 Who have a feast at home;
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The Comforter is come!

4 Down from on high the blesséd Dove
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness God's eternal love;
 This is my heavenly feast.

5 Glory to God the Father be,
 Glory to God the Son,
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost—
 Glory to God alone!

397

Acts 2 : 3.

KEBLE.

WHEN God, of old, came down from
 heaven,
 In power and wrath he came;
 Before his feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
 He came in power and love;
 Softer than gales at morning prime,
 Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light a glorious crown
 On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
 Winged with the sinner's doom;
 But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
 Proclaiming life to come.

398

Eph. 4 : 30.

ANON.

O HOLY Ghost, the Comforter,
 How is thy love despised,
 While the heart longs for sympathy
 And friends are idolized.

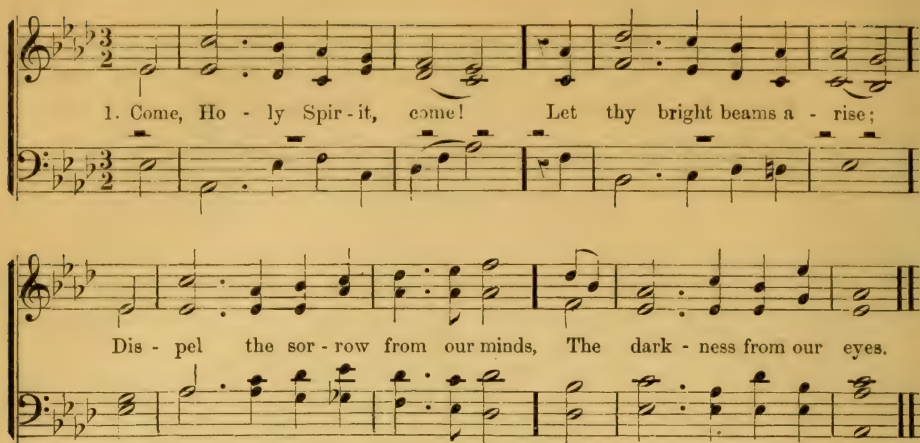
2 O Spirit of the living God,
 Brooding with dove-like wings
 Over the helpless and the weak
 Among created things!

3 Where should our feebleness find
 strength,
 Our helplessness a stay,
 Didst thou not bring us strength, and help,
 And comfort, day by day?

4 Great are thy consolations, Lord,
 And mighty is thy power,
 In sickness and in solitude,
 In sorrow's darkest hour.

5 Oh, if the souls that now despise
 And grieve thee, heavenly Dove,
 Would seek thee, and would welcome
 thee,
 How would they prize thy love!

HAYDN. S. M.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise;
Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.

399

John 14 : 26.

HART.

3 Like mighty rushing wind

COME, Holy Spirit, come !

Let thy bright beams arise :

Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin ;

Then lead to Jesus' blood,

And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,

Our doubts and fears remove,

And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,

To sanctify the soul,

To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;

Our minds from bondage free ;

Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

400

Acts 2 : 4.

MONTGOMERY.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost !

In this accepted hour,

As on the day of Pentecost
Descend in all thy power !

2 We meet with one accord

In our appointed place,

And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire

With wisdom from above ;

And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of truth, be thou

In life and death our guide !

O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

401

1 Cor. 2 : 10.

SIGOURNEY.

BLEST Comforter divine !

Let rays of heavenly love

Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,

From every sinful way,

And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath

Make every cloud of care,

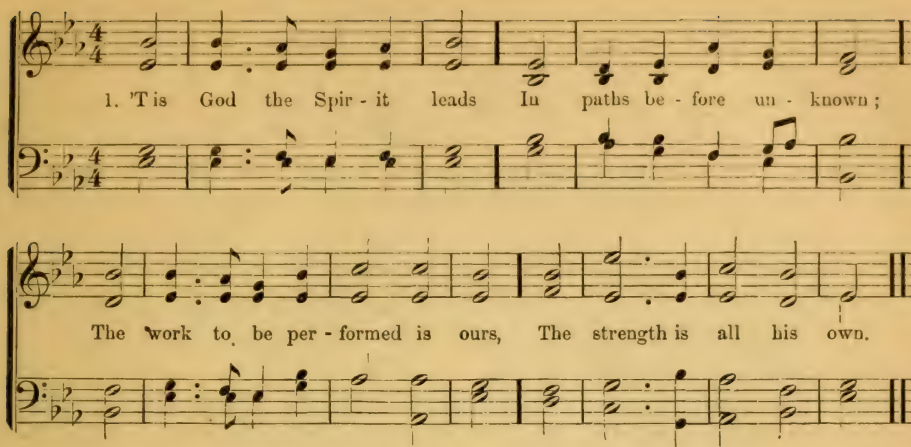
And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh ! fill thou every heart

With love to all our race ;

Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

OLNEY. S. M.



1. 'Tis God the Spir - it leads In paths be - fore un - known ;
The work to, be per - formed is ours, The strength is all his own.

402

Phil. 2 : 13.

ANON.

- 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way ;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

403

Eph. 4 : 30.

ANON.

- THE Comforter has come,
We feel his presence here,
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.
- 2 This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power,—
'Tis heaven descending from above,
To fill this favored hour.
- 3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.
- 4 No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray,
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away !

404

2 Cor. 1 : 21, 22.

ANON.

- COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined ;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.
- 2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal ;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.
- 3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.
- 4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread thy beams abroad ;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

405

John 16 : 7.

BEDDOME

- COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine ;
And on this poor benighted soul ;
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 Oh ! melt this frozen heart ;
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise ;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

HORTON. 7s.



1. Gra-cious Spir - it, Love di - vine! Let thy light with-in me shine;
All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with thy heaven-ly love.

406

2 Cor. 1 : 22.

STOCKER.

- GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! forever thine.

407

John 14 : 16.

LYRA CATH.

- HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From thy clear celestial height,
Come, thou Light of all that live!
Thy pure beaming radiance give!
- 2 Come, thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure;
Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast.
- 3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe;
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

- 4 Light immortal! light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.

- 5 Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 6 Give us comfort when we die;
Give us life with thee on high;
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give us joys which never end.

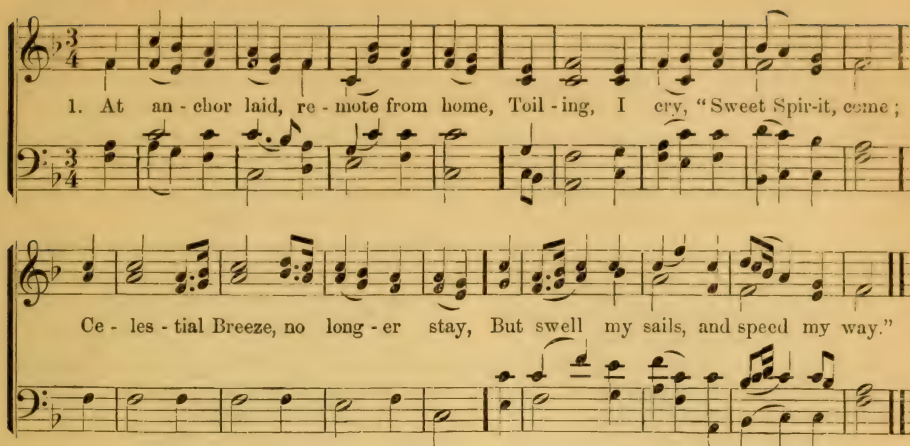
408

Luke 11 : 13.

REED.

- HOLY Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.



409

Gal. 4 : 6.

TOPLADY.

At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come ;
Celestial Breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread my sail ;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious
gale."

410

Gen. 1 : 2.

DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind.

2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,—
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee !

4 Our frailties help, our wills control,
Subdue the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

5 Chase from our mind the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee.

411

Mic. 2 : 7.

DODDRIDGE

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love :
Oh ! turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh ! let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple-gate !
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

412

Acts 2 : 1.

ANON.

BLEST day ! when our ascended Lord
Fulfilled his own prophetic word ;
Sent down his Spirit, to inspire
His saints, baptized with holy fire.

2 While by his power these sings were
wrought,
While divers tongues his wisdom taught,
His love one only subject gave—
That Jesus died the world to save !

3 Sure peace with God !—the joyful sound
Pours wide its sacred influence round ;
Relenting foes his grace receive,
And humbled myriads hear and live !

413 C. M. D. *Acts 2 : 2.*

FABER.

No track is on the sunny sky,
 No footprints on the air;
 Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
 Is desolate and bare.
 That Upper Room is heaven on earth;
 Within its precincts lie
 All that earth has of faith, or hope,
 Or heaven-born charity.

2 One moment—and the silentness
 Was breathless as the grave;
 The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
 The troubled trees to wave.
 He comes! he comes! that mighty Breath
 From heaven's eternal shores;
 His uncreated freshness fills
 His Bride, as she adores.

3 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
 Heaven echoes back the sound,
 And mightily the tempest wheels
 That Upper Room around.
 One moment—and the Spirit hung
 O'er all with dread desire;
 Then broke upon the heads of all
 In cloven tongues of fire!

414 C. M. *Gal. 4 : 6.*

HAWEIS.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord!
 The Holy Ghost send down;
 Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
 And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
 Their wondrous powers impart,
 Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
 Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
 Thy heavenly influence give;
 Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
 That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of his grace,
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
 Life's ever-springing well;
 Till God in us, and we in God,
 In love eternal dwell.

415 7s. *John 16 : 13.*

HAMMOND.

HOLY Spirit! gently come,
 Raise us from our fallen state;
 Fix thy everlasting home
 In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,
 On our spirits sweetly move;
 Open every mouth to sing
 Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show
 What our Lord for us hath done;
 May we God the Father know
 Through his well-beloved Son.

416 H. M. *Luke 11 : 13.*

BURTON.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
 Attend our humble cry;
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high:
 We plead the promise of thy word,
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father thou,—
 We—children of thy grace,—
 Oh, let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 That all may feel the heavenly flame
 And all unite to praise thy name.

417 C. M. *1 John 3 : 24.*

COTTERILL.

ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
 Our contrite hearts inspire;
 Revive the flame of heavenly love,
 And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
 With guilt and fear oppressed;
 'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
 And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
 Whate'er that sin may be,
 That we, with humble, holy heart,
 May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
 That we are sons of God,
 Redeemed from sin, from death and hell,
 Through Christ's atoning blood.

418 7s, 6s & 8s. *1 John 5 : 6-10.* TOPLADY.

SAVIOUR, I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove ;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above :
Show me, Lord, how good thou art,
My soul with all thy fullness fill,
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Dead in sin till then I lie,
Bereft of power to rise ;
Till thy Spirit inwardly
Thy saving blood applies :
Now the mighty gift impart,
My sin blot out, my pardon seal :
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

419 7s, 6s & 8s. *Rom. 8 : 14.* TOPLADY.

BLESSED Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me ;
Make my every deed thy own,
In all things led by thee ;
Bid my every lust depart,
And now with me, vouchsafe to dwell ;
Faithful Witness, in my heart
Thy perfect love reveal.

2 Let me in thy love rejoice,
Thy shrine, thy pure abode ;
Tell me, by thine inward voice,
I am a child of God :
Lord, I choose the better part,
Jesus, I wait thy peace to feel ;
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

420 C. M. *1 Cor. 2 : 4.* C. WESLEY.

COME, Holy Ghost ! our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire !
Fountain of life and love !

2 Water with heavenly dew thy word,
In this appointed hour ;
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
And bid it come with power.

3 Open the hearts of them that hear,
To make the Saviour room ;
Now let us find redemption near ;
Let faith by hearing come.

421 7s & 5s. *Rom. 8 : 26.* ANON.

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite !
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine !

2 We are sinful : cleanse us, Lord ;
We are faint : thy strength afford ;
Lost—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine !

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine !

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine !

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine !

6 Search for us the depths of God ;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter Divine !

422 7s. *1 Cor. 3 : 16.* ANON.

COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter each devoted breast ;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel fire.

2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease ;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace ;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth—and fire of love.

423 C. M. *Ps. 133.* LYRE.

SPIRIT of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise !
How rich the gift of Christian love
Thy gracious power displays !

2 Sweet as the dew on hill and flower,
That silently distills,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend ;
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

WINDHAM. L. M.

1. Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Con - tend with their Cre - a - tor, God?

Shall mortal worms pre - sume to be More ho - ly, wise, or just, than he?

424

Job 4 : 17-21.

WATTS.

- SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?
- Behold ! he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne ;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay ;
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.
- From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight ;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
- Almighty Power, to thee we bow ;
How frail are we ! how glorious thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

425

Ps. 51.

WATTS.

- LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death :
Thy law demands a perfect heart—
But we're defiled in every part.

- 3 Great God ! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
No outward rites can make me clean,—
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone :
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

426

Luke 9 : 23.

WATTS.

- BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"—
Is the Redeemer's great command :
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord ! let not all my hopes be vain :
Create my heart entirely new :
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

MALVERN. L. M.

1. Je-sus, en-grave it on my heart, That thou the one thing need-ful art ;

I could from all things part-ed be, But nev-er, nev-er, Lord, from thee.

427

Luke 10 : 42.

MEDLEY.

JESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art ;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful is thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God ;
Needful is thy indulgent care ;
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford ;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way ;
Nor less in death thou 'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing !
Glory and praise be ever his,—
The one thing needful Jesus is !

428

John 6 : 44.

MOORE.

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in their furrows dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light,—

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before ;
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire ;
But when he swept its chords along,
The angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord ;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

429

Job 9 : 33.

ANON.

THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean,
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.

2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare ;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There must a Mediator plead,
Who God and man may both embrace,
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo, the Son of God is slain,
To be this Mediator crowned ;
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found.

HUMMEL. C. M.

1. Not all the out-ward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heaven.

430

John 1 : 12, 13.

WATTS.

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

431

Matt. 7 : 14.

WATTS.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

- 2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Lord ! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

432

Rom. 3 : 19.

WATTS.

VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word ;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 Jesus ! how glorious is thy grace ;—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

433

Zeck. 9 : 12.

WATTS.

How sad our state by nature is !
Our sin—how deep it stains !
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word :
"Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord :
Oh, help my unbelief !
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

MONSON. C. M.

1. How help - less guilt - y na - ture lies, Un - con - scious of its load!

The heart, unchanged, can nev - er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.

434

Rom. 8 : 8.

STEELE.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

435

Gal. 2 : 16.

WATTS.

In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Nothing, O Saviour! but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice

Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!

'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blessed.

436

Rom. 7 : 7-13.

WATTS.

Lord, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

1. My former hopes are fled! My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead In trespasses and sins.

* The small notes are for the Organ.

437

Eph. 2 : 1.

COWPER.

3 All-seeing, powerful God!

My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom
But sure a friendly whisper says—
"Flee from the wrath to come."

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me
To save me from despair.

439

Ps. 15.

ANON.

CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell?

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallowed tongue?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?

438

Job 9 : 2-6.

WATTS.

AH! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

3 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,
Good hope can e'er afford!
The pardoned and the pure shall see
The glory of the Lord.

CAPELLO. S. M.

1. How heav - y is the night That hangs up - on our eyes,
Till Christ with his re - viv - ing light O - ver our souls a - rise!

440

2 Cor. 5 : 21.

WATTS.

- How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven ;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways :
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain :
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curséd chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

441

Rom. 3 : 19.

BEDDOME.

- God's holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair ;
Burdened with guilt, with grief op-
pressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found

In Jesus' precious blood :
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

442

Matt. 15 : 19.

BEDDOME.

- ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within ;
My heart with heavy guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear !
- 3 Almighty King of saints !
These hateful sins subdue ;
Dispel the darkness from my mind,
And all my powers renew.

443

Rom. 2 : 4.

WATTS.

- Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame,
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

444 L. M. *Jer. 4 : 30.* STENNETT.

How shall the sons of men appear,
Great God ! before thine awful bar ?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with the eternal Mind ?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone :
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God ! to thee.

445 L. M. *Rom. 7 : 16.* WATTS.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind ?

2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh !
'Tis there the power and glory dwell,
That saves rebellious souls from hell.

3 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up ;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

446 S. M. *John 10 : 11.* WATTS.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God ;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head !

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke !
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

447 C. M. *Isa. 51 : 1.* WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and—oh, amazing love !—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels ! assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But, when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

448 8s, 7s & 4s. *Zech. 14 : 8.* KELLY.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow ;
God has opened there a fountain,
That supplies the world below ;
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way :
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay ;
O ye nations !
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo ! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose ;
Lo ! the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

449 L. M. *2 Tim. 1 : 9, 10.* WATTS.

Now to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given ;
Hesaves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'T was his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doomed to die :
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies ; and in that dreadful night
Doth all the powers of hell destroy ;
Rising he brings our heaven to light,
And takes possession of the joy.

450 L. M. *Ps. 32 : 7.* BREWER.

HAIL, sovereign love, that formed the plan
To save rebellious, ruined man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with weapons lifted high ;
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.
- 3 Yet when God's justice rose in view,
To Sinai's burning mount I flew ;
Keen were the pangs of my distress—
The mountain was no hiding-place.
- 4 But a celestial voice I heard,
A bleeding Saviour then appeared ;
Led by the Spirit of his grace,
I found in him a hiding-place.
- 5 On him the weight of vengeance fell,
That else had sunk a world to hell ;
Then, O my soul, forever praise
Thy Saviour God, thy hiding-place !

451 H. M. *Gal. 6 : 14.* REED.

YE saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound,
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound ;
The triumphs of the cross we sing ;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

- 2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell ;
Like lightning from his throne
The prince of darkness fell ;
The triumphs of the cross we sing ;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

- 3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise ;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies ;
The triumphs of the cross we sing ;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

452 C. M. *Luke 2 : 13.* MEDLEY.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
" Good - will and peace " are heard
throughout
The harmonious angel-throng.
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—
" Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete ;
Jesus was born to die ! "

- 7 Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

COWPER. C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

453

Zech. 13 : 1.

COWPER.

- THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

454

John 3 : 17.

WATTS.

- COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

455

Ps. 40.

LYTTE.

- O LORD, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.
- 2 Man in immortal beauty shone,
Thy noblest work below;
Too soon by sin made heir alone
To death and endless woe.
- 3 Then, "Lo! I come," the Saviour said;
Oh, be his name adored,
Who, with his blood, our ransom paid,
And life and bliss restored!
- 4 O Lord, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

GLASGOW. C. M.

1. Great God, when I ap-proach thy throne, And all thy glo-ry see ;
This is my stay, and this a-lone, That Je-sus died for me.

456

Gal. 2 : 20.

ANON.

458

Psa. 68 : 19.

WATTS.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see ;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree ?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free ?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea ;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

457

Luke 15 : 7.

NEEDHAM.

459

Rom. 5 : 8.

STEELE.

JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes ?

Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;—
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

2 Well might the heavens with wonderview
A love so strange as thine !
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine !

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control ?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh ! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

460 C. M. *Isa. 55 : 1, 2.* WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill the immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

461 7s. *Prov. 11 : 30.* HAMMOND.

WOULD you win a soul to God ?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him,—it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face;
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

3 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes thee free !
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

462 S. M. *Rev. 22 : 17.* ANON.

COME to the land of peace ;
From shadows come away ;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land ;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amid the shining band.

463 C. M. *Acts 17 : 30.* DODDRIDGE

REPENT ! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay :
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners ! in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess ;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar ;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love—that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

464 7s & 6s. *Matt. 11 : 28.* HASTINGS.

DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious ;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious ;
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him ;
Drooping souls, you need not die,
Go to him and hear him !

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Still he cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden !"
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love him ;
He to save the dying came ;—
Go to him and prove him !
Wandering sinners, now return ;
Contrite souls, believe him !
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn :
Worship him ; receive him.

465 C. M. *John 7: 37.* STEELE.

THE Saviour calls! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain—
Immortal fountain! full supplies!--
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

466 C. M. *Matt. 22: 1-11.* STEELE.

LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved Son.

2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.

3 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply;
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

4 Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee
With sweet, resistless power;
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore.

467 C. M. *Ezek. 36: 37.* DODDRIDGE.

INQUIRE, ye pilgrims! for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Oh! come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

3 Oh! come and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

468 L. M. *Isa. 32: 2.* COLLYER.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3 Oh, yet a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come!

4 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life; the mountain gain;
Look not behind; make no delay;
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

469 L. M. *John 12: 21.* ANON.

WOULD you see Jesus? come with prayer
And heart repentant, to his feet;
None who will rightly seek him there,
Shall fail his face of love to greet.

2 Would you see Jesus? come with faith,
And search the word his grace hath giv'n,
For help and guidance in the path
That leads to his abode in heaven.

3 Would you see Jesus? day by day
Let thought and converse be on high,
And hastening on the heavenward way,
With Jesus live, with Jesus die.

470 L. M. *Matt. 7: 7.* WATERBURY.

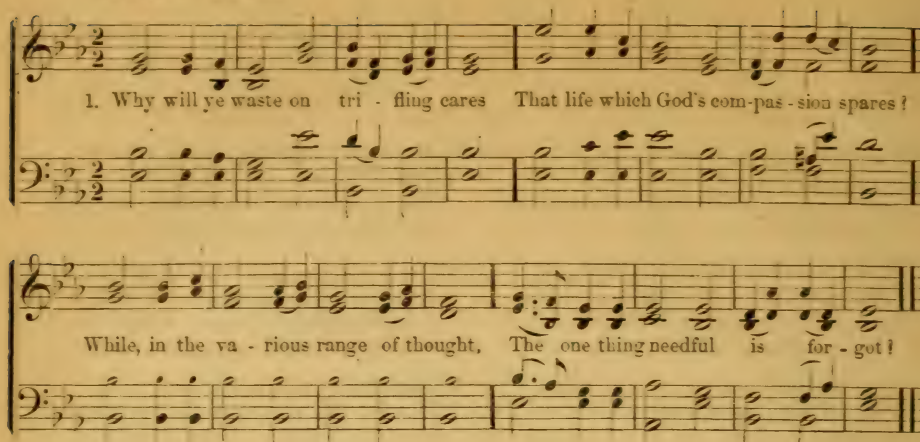
INFINITE Love! what precious stores
Thy mercy has prepared for us!
The costliest gems, the richest ores
Could never have endowed us thus.

2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord!
Can draw from suffering souls the sting:
And thy rich bounty to our board
Can bread for hungering sinners bring.

3 How rich the grace! the gift how free!
'Tis only ask—it shall be given;
'Tis only knock, and thou shalt see
The opening door that leads to heaven.

4 Oh! then arise and take the good
So full and freely proffered thee,
Remembering that it cost the blood
Of Him who died on Calvary.

BERA. L. M.



471 *Luke 10:42.* DODDRIDGE.
 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
 That life which God's compassion spares?
 While, in the various range of thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
 And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
 Those objects which you now pursue:
 Not so will heaven and hell appear,
 When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
 Fix deep conviction on each heart;
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares
 That life which thy compassion spares.

472 *Ps. 88.* DWIGHT.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given;
 But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,
 Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise:
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

473 *Gen. 6:3.* HYDE.

SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard, in time, the warning kind;
 That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying man;
 Ye who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be:
 Oh! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

DESIRE. L. M.

1. Come, wea-ry souls, with sins dis-tressed, Come, and ac-cept the prom-ised rest :

The Sav-iour's gra-cious call o - bey, And cast your gloom-y fears a - way.

474

Matt. 11 : 28.

STEELE.

COME, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt,—a painful load,—
Oh, come and bow before your God !
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all that painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace !

4 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

475

Matt. 11 : 28-30.

WATTS.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls ;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come !
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me :
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

476

Isa. 55 : 1.

C. WESLEY.

Ho ! every one that thirsts ! draw nigh ;
'T is God invites the fallen race ;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners ! obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wanderers ! home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

477

Rev. 3 : 20.

GRIGG.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door :
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude ! he stands
With melting heart, and open hands :
Oh, matchless kindness !—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine ;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Oh, welcome him, the Prince of Peace !
Now may his gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind ;
And be his empire all mankind.

BALERMA. C. M.

1. Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve;
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve.

478

Est. 4 : 16.

JONES.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

479

Gen. 6 : 3.

ALEXANDER.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent,—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

480

Luke 18 : 13.

ANON.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 Oh! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

RETURN. C. M.

1. Re-turn, O wan-derer, to thy home, Thy Fath-er calls for thee:

No long-er now an ex-ile roam, In guilt and mis-e-ry. Re-turn, re-turn!

481

Luke 15: 18.

HASTINGS.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
Thy Saviour calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Oh, now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

482

Isa. 55: 7.

COLLYER.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear!
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
His love invites thee near.

483

Gen. 7: 1.

ANON.

COME to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away:
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

3 Come to the ark; the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

484

2 Cor. 5: 10.

ADDISON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh! how shall I appear!

2 Ev'n now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

3 Whenthou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear!

KENTUCKY. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

485

Mark 13 : 37.

C. WESLEY.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill ;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

486

Eph. 4 : 30.

HYDE.

- AND canst thou, sinner ! slight
The call of love divine ?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine ?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed ?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray ;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

487

Luke 19 : 41.

BEDDOME.

- Dim Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

488

Rev. 22 : 17.

ONDERDONK.

- THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
claims,
To all his children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come !"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come !
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh ! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so ; we wait thine hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come !

WANDERER. S. M.

1. Oh! where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea-ry soul?..

'T were vain the o-cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole...

489

Deut. 30 : 19. MONTGOMERY.

- Oh! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

490

Matt. 25 : 13. C. WESLEY.

- Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :—
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
Oh! fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :—

- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down!

- 4 Oh, may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,—
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

- 5 Oh, may we all insure
A home among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

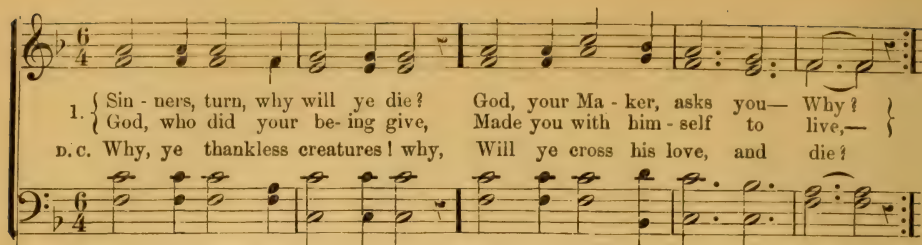
491

2 Cor. 6 : 2.

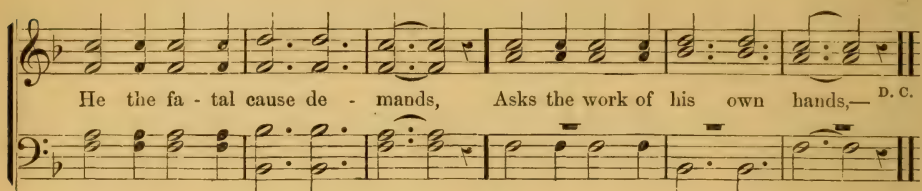
DOBELL.

- Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

MARTYN. 7s. D.



1. { Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you— Why? }
 { God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live,— }
 D.C. Why, ye thankless creatures! why, Will ye cross his love, and die?



He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of his own hands,— D.C.

492

Ezek. 33 : 11.

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,—
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that ye might live.
 Will ye let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit asks you—Why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Urged you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 O ye dying sinners! why,
 Why will ye forever die?

Knock—he knows the sinner's cry:

Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
 Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
 Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice,
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
 Safe, from all the lures of vice;
 Owned, by joys the contrite know;
 Bought by love, and life the price;
 Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
 In a world like this remains?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
 Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
 Shame, from glory's view retire;
 Doubt, in full belief, shall die,
 Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

494

Eph. 5 : 14.

ANON.

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep;
 Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
 Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
 Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Be not blind and foolish still;
 Called of Jesus, learn his will;
 Jesus calls from death and night,
 Jesus waits to shed his light.

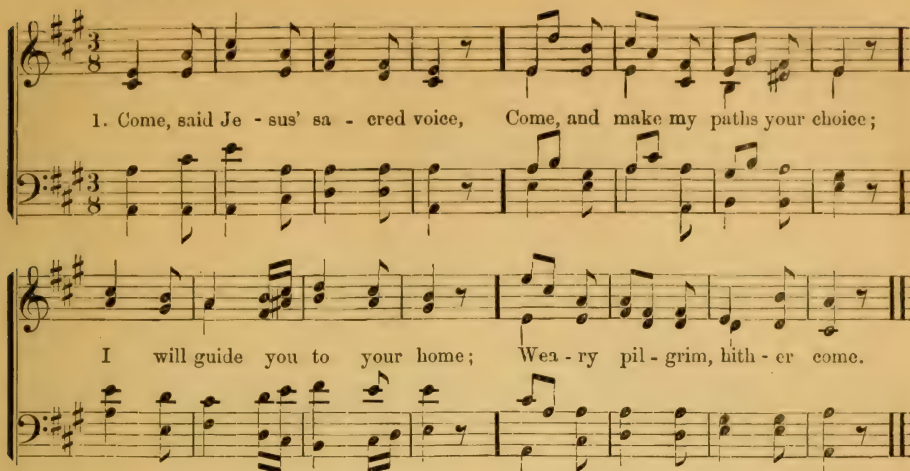
493

Matt. 11 : 28.

CRABBE.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate;
 There, till mercy speaks within,
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:

HORTON. 7s.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.

495

Matt. 11 : 28.

BARBAULD.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.
- 3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

496

John 3 : 14.

TOPLADY.

WEARY sinner! keep thine eyes
On the atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.

- 2 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.
- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away.
- 4 Lord, come thou with power to heal;
Now thy mighty arm reveal:
At thy feet myself I lay;
Take, oh, take my sins away!

497

Jas. 4 : 13.

T. SCOTT.

HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

498

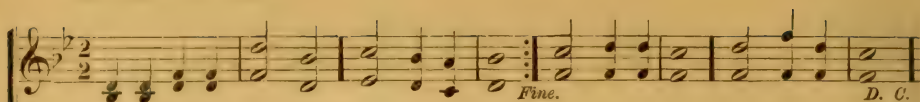
Luke 15 : 18.

CLARKE.

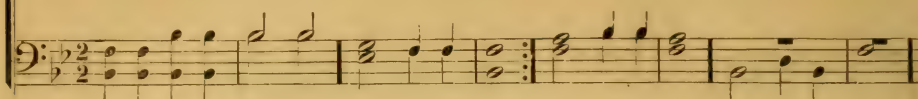
BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.
- 3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy faintest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

AVA. P. M.



1. { Child of sin and sor-row ! Filled with dismay, }
 { Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day. } Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's room.
 D. C. Child of sin and sor-row ! Hear and o - bey.



499

Heb. 3 : 13-15.

HASTINGS.

CHILD of sin and sorrow !
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day :
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room.
 Child of sin and sorrow !
 Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die ?
 Come while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high :
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide,
 Like the flitting arrow,
 Or the rushing tide ;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore ;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

500

Eph. 2 : 3.

ANON.

CHILD of sin and sorrow !
 Where wilt thou flee
 Through that long to-morrow,
 Eternity ?
 Exiled from home,
 Darkly to roam,
 Child of sin and sorrow !
 Where wilt thou flee ?

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow !
 Lift up thine eye !
 Heirship thou canst borrow,
 In worlds on high.
 In that high home,
 Graven thy name ;
 Child of sin and sorrow !
 Swift homeward fly.

501

Isa. 57 : 20.

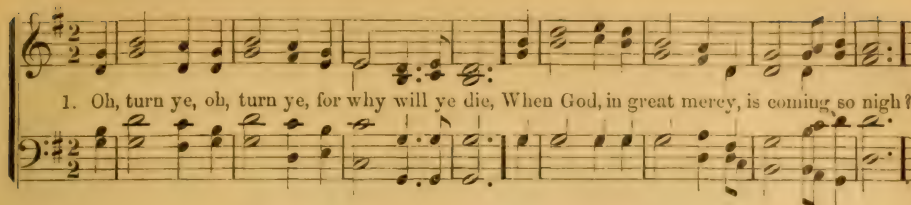
HASTINGS

WHY that soul's commotion;
 Trembling, oppressed,
 Like the troubled ocean,
 Heaving its breast ?
 Some hidden grief
 Demands relief :
 Why that soul's commotion,
 Panting for rest ?

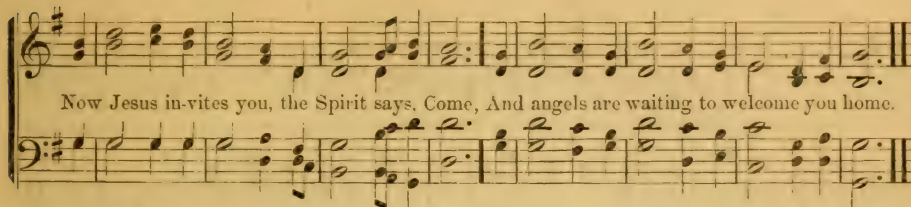
- 2 Why that soul's commotion ?
 Cease from thy sin :
 Choose the better portion ;
 Cleanse thee within ;
 A fountain flows
 To heal thy woes :
 Why that soul's commotion ?
 Wash and be clean.

- 3 Why that soul's commotion ?
 Heaven can forgive :
 With thy heart's devotion
 Firmly believe ;
 To-day return,
 And cease to mourn :
 Why that soul's commotion ?
 Oh, turn and live !

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?



Now Jesus in-vites you, the Spirit says, Come, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

502

Ezek. 33 : 11.

ANON.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,

When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?

Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,

And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,

Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?

If sin is your burden, why will you not come?

'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

503

Psa. 119 : 69.

HASTINGS.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?

A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;

Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,

To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;

What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

504

Job 22 : 21.

KNOX.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,

And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;

And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,

And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

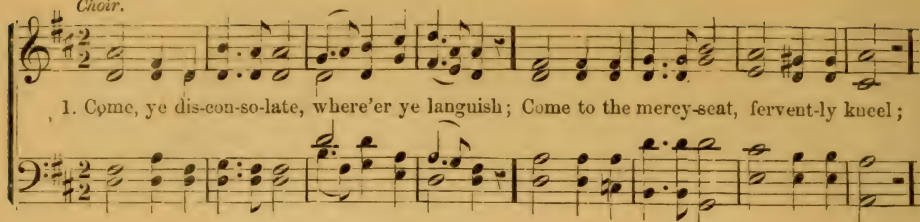
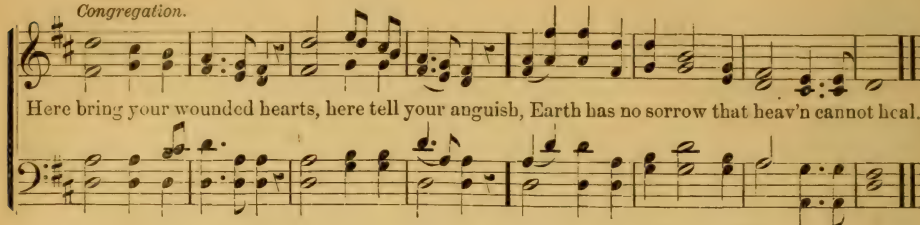
2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,

And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;

Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;

Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death,

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

Choir.*Congregation.*

505

2 Cor. 4 : 17.

MOORE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye lan-
guish :

Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
kneel ;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish ;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the
straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure ;

Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying—

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure.

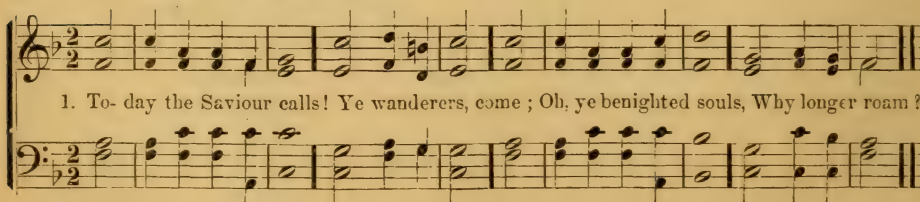
3 Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters
flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above ;

Come to the feast of love—come, ever
knowing

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.



506

Heb. 3 : 15.

HASTINGS.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls !

Ye wanderers, come ;

Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls ;

Oh, hear him now ;

Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls
For refuge fly ;

The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :

Yield to his power ;

Oh, grieve him not away :
'Tis mercy's hour.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.

1. { We're traveling home to heaven a-bove, Will you go? will you go? }
 { To sing the Sa-viour's dy-ing love, Will you go? will you go? } Mil -
 d. c. And mil-lions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

lions have reached that blest a - bode A - noint - ed kings and priests to God, D. C.

507

Num. 10 : 29.

ANON.

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road,
 Will you go?
 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go?

The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall
 bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
 Will you go?
 3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Will you go?

INVITATION. 6s.

1. Sinner! come, 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing; Trembling now, contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.

508

Luke 14 : 22.

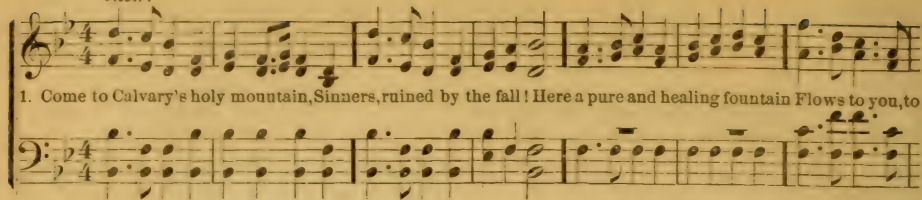
ANON.

SINNER! come, 'mid thy gloom,
 All thy guilt confessing;
 Trembling now, contrite bow,
 Take the offered blessing.
 2 Sinner! come, while there's room—
 While the feast is waiting;

While the Lord, by his word,
 Kindly is inviting.
 3 Sinner! come, ere thy doom
 Shall be sealed forever;
 Now return, grieve and mourn,
 Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

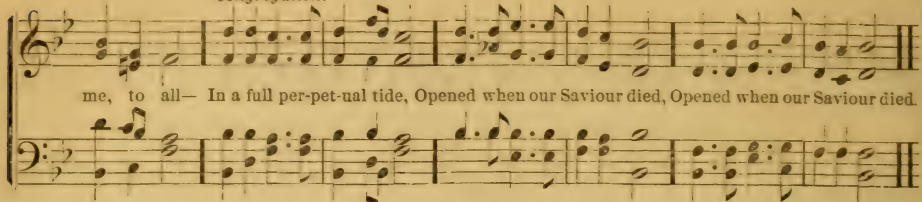
LIFE. 8s, 7s & 7s.

Choir.



1. Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall ! Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to

Congregation.



me, to all— In a full per-pet-ual tide, Opened when our Saviour died, Opened when our Saviour died.

509

Zech. 13 : 1.

MONTGOMERY.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall !
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,—
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind !
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find ;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more—

3 He that drinks shall live forever ;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood :
God is faithful ; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

510

Heb. 12 : 2

SWEDISH.

Look to Jesus ! till, reviving,
Faith and love thy life-springs swell,
Strength for all good things deriving ;
Jesus hath done all things well.
Work, while it is called to-day,
Works which shall not fade away.

2 Look to Jesus, prayerful waking
Where thy feet on roses tread ;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross, where he hath led.
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

3 Look to Jesus, when, dark lowering,
Perils thy horizon dim ;
Once from him a band fell cowering ;
Calm in tempests, look on him ;
Wind and billow, fire and flood,—
Forward ! brave by trusting God.

4 Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When no longer thou may'st live ;
In that last need, he will yield thee
Peace the world can never give ;
He who finished all for thee
Takes thee, then, with him to be.

511

Col. 1 : 20.

SWAIN.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the perfect law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown ;
Look to Jesus ;
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it ;
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes ;
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies ;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
 D. C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power. D. C.

512

Isa. 55 : 1.

HART.

514

Luke 15 : 10.

ALLEN.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power.
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
 Coming from the courts above?
 Mercy beams in every passage;
 Every line is full of love;
 Oh! believe it,
 Every line is full of love.

2 Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify!
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

2 Now the heralds of salvation
 Joyful news from heaven proclaim!
 Sinners freed from condemnation,
 Through the all-atoning Lamb!
 Life receiving
 Through the all-atoning Lamb.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way;
 Haste ye to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay:
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

513

2 Cor. 6 : 2.

REED.

515

Ps. 51 : 10.

ANON.

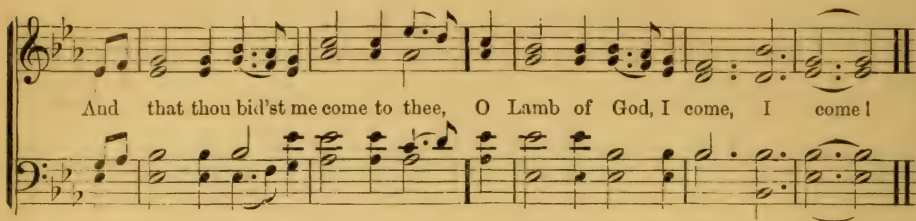
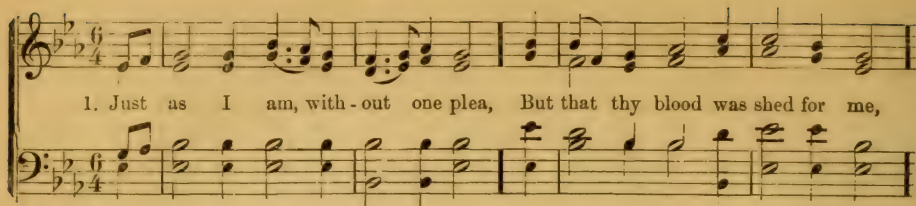
HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls;
 Hear, O sinner!
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer—
 Welcome to this heart of mine;
 Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every power and thought be thine.
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages thine.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
 Seek his mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;
 Soon your life will pass away:
 Haste, O sinner!
 You must perish if you stay.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near;
 Shout, O Zion!
 Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



516

John 1 : 29.

C. ELLIOTT.

2 It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee :
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me !"

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

517

Matt. 11 : 28.

C. ELLIOTT.

518

Ps. 31 : 5.

ANON.

God of my life ! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me ;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place ;
Father ! I come, I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield !
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield ;
Saviour ! I come, I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God !
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be ;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed ;
My God ! I come, I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise thy name unceasingly ;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
My God ! I come, I come to thee.

With tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me ;"

WARNER. L. M.

1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry ;

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free : O God, be mer - ci - ful to me !

519

Luke 18 : 13.

C. ELVIN.

3 Art thou not touched with human woe ?

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry :
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free :
O God, be merciful to me !

Hath pity left the Son of Man ?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain ?

4 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

5 The day of small and feeble things,
I know thou never wilt despise ;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;
Christ and his cross my only plea :
O God, be merciful to me !

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But thou dost all my anguish see :
O God, be merciful to me !

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee :
O God, be merciful to me !

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me !

521

Mic. 6 : 6-8.

C. WESLEY.

WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face ?
How, in thy purer eyes, appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?

2 Can gifts avert the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

3 Ev'n though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone :
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

4 Guilty I stand before thy face ;
On me I feel thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place :
'Tis just,—but oh, thy Son hath died !

520

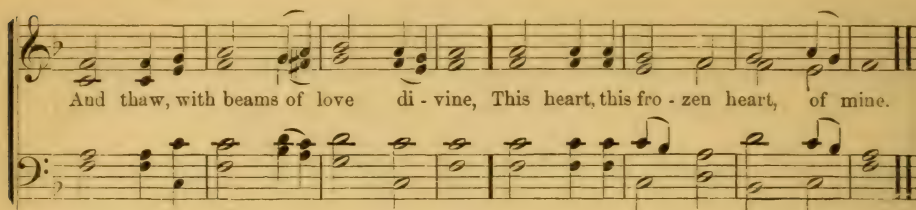
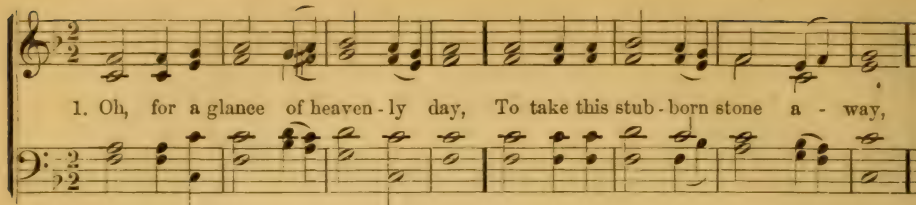
Heb. 4 : 15.

C. WESLEY.

MY sufferings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me ;
Regard my grief, regard thine own
Jesus, remember Calvary !

2 For whom didst thou the cross endure ?
Who nailed thy body to the tree ?
Did not thy death my life procure ?
Oh ! let thy mercy answer me.

HAMBURG. L. M.



522

Ezek. 11 : 19.

HART.

- OH, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, the adamant would melt ;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—
Amazing thought—unmoved I hear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But Power Divine can do the deed :
And, Lord, that power divine I need ;
Oh, let thy Spirit now refine,
And melt, and change this heart of mine.

523

Ps. 51.

WATTS.

- Snow pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord !
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

524

Ps. 51.

WATTS.

- A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

EASTON. L. M.

1. Oh! that my load of sin were gone! Oh! that I could at last sub - mit

At Je - sus' feet to lay it down— To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet!

525

Rom. 7: 24.

C. WESLEY.

Oh! that my load of sin were gone!
Oh! that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest, till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;—
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would—but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace!

526

1 John 5: 4.

WATTS.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had ev'n conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from those treacherous
seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of our God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

527

John 15: 5.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.

1 Pros-trate, dear Je - sus, at thy feet A guilt - y re - bel lies;

And up-ward to thy mer-cy seat Pre-sumes to lift his eyes.

528

Ps. 51 : 17.

STENNETT.

- PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

- 5 Oh! wondrous Love—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

530

Eph. 2 : 4.

BROWNE.

- LORD! at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.
- 3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore;
We would thy pity move:
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 4 Oh, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break:
Heal us, and bid us live.
- 5 Thus melt us all, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

529

Matt. 11 : 28.

NEWTON.

- APPROACH, my soul! the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

AVON. C. M.

1. O thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;
 Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye;—

 531 *Hos. 14: 1.* STEELE.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn:
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 • And let thy healing voice impart
 The sense of joy divine.

 532 *Prov. 23: 26.* BRIDGES.

My God, accept my heart this day,
 And make it always thine;
 That I from thee no more may stray,
 No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
 Behold, I prostrate fall;
 Let every sin be crucified,
 Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word
 To thee be ever given;
 Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven!

 533 *Prov. 23: 26.* BOURNE.

WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
 Possess thine humble throne;
 Bid every rival hence depart,
 And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake—
 To thee, I all resign;
 My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
 And fill with love divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
 Nor from thy bosom flee;
 Let nothing here my heart divide—
 I give it all to thee.

 534 *Ps. 51.* WATIS.

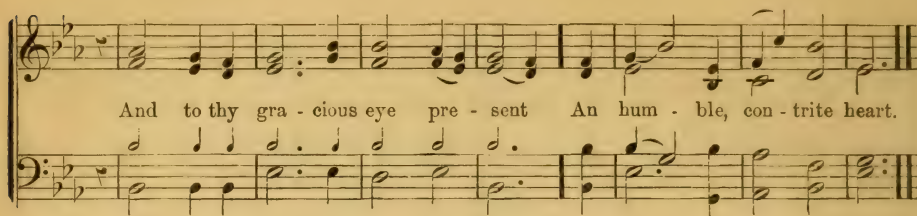
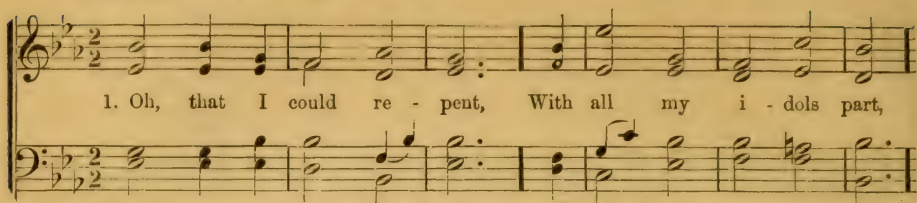
O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall,
 That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
 For sin could e'er atone:
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise;
 An humble groan, a broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

INVERNESS. S. M.



535

Ezek. 36 : 26.

C. WESLEY.

OH, that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Christ's blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

536

Ezek. 11 : 19.

BEMAN.

JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,—
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone,
Far from my God astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,—
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;—
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down,
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

537

Ps. 121 : 3.

C. WESLEY.

THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,—
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now, therefore, I commend:
Lord Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end.

ADRIAN. L. M.

1. Oh, cease, my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home.

538

Gen. 8 : 9.

MUHLENBERG.

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God !
Behold the open door !
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest ;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

539

Ps. 27 : 8.

C. WESLEY.

Ah ! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro ?
Thou hast the words of endless life ;
Ah ! whither should I go ?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move ;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a curséd death.

4 And can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

5 Ah ! no : I all forsake,
My all to thee resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine !

540

Rom. 6 : 1.

WATTS.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds ?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God !
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins were crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

541

Ps. 51 : 17.

ANON.

Unto thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing ?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes ;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied ;
And now to its most rigorous claims
I answer, "Jesus died."

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To bring thy ransomed people home, Shall
I among them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, }
{ Who sometimes am afraid to die, } Be found at thy right hand?

542

Matt. 25 : 46.

HUNTINGDON.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
When'er the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be;
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

544

Gen. 24 : 56.

STEELE.

THE mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

2 Bright scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—oh, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls, and I must go:—

3 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life,
and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

543

2 Cor. 5 : 21.

TOPLADY.

O THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

545

2 Cor. 5 : 14.

NEWTON.

LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:

Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?—
Love conquers even me.

2 Yes, since thou hast thy love revealed,
And shown my soul a pardon sealed,
I can resist no more;
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

3 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now, I hate my sin.

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone—
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

546

John 3 : 3.

OCKUM.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

547

Phil. 2 : 12.

C. WESLEY.

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

2 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write thy pardon on my heart;
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

548

2 Cor. 6 : 2.

C. WESLEY.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
Then bid me in thy presence live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

549 7s. *Mat. 1 : 21.* J. D. BURNS.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry !

- 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus, lift to thee mine eye !
- 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
Jesus, to thy cross I fly !

- 4 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die !

- 5 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh !

550 7s, 6l. *John 1 : 29.* RAY PALMER.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die ;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly !
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul !

- 2 Never bowed a martyr's head
Weighed with equal sorrow down ;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown ;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

- 3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there ;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair :
Lord ! thou canst my guilt forgive,
Thou hast bid me look and live.

- 4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest ;
Life—immortal life—I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast ;
Thine—forever thine—I am !
Glory to thee, bleeding Lamb !

551 8s & 7s. *Mat. 11 : 28-30.* RANKIN.

LABORING and heavy-laden
With my sins, O Lord, I roam,
While I know thou hast invited
All such wanderers to their home.

- 2 Make my stubborn spirit willing
To obey thy gracious voice,
At the cross to leave its burden,
And departing to rejoice.
- 3 Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,
And would learn, O Lord, of thee ;
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly,
Teach me like thyself to be.
- 4 Laboring and heavy-laden,
Lord, no longer will I roam :
Here I fix my habitation,
In thy sheltering love at home.

552 L. M. 6l. *Phil. 2 : 5-8.* WITHERINGTON.

O SAVIOUR of a world undone !
Whose dying sorrows blot the sun,
Whose painful groans and bowing head
Could rend the vail and wake the dead,
Say, from that execrated tree
Descends the ruddy tide for me ?

- 2 For me did he who reigns above,
The object of paternal love,
Consent a servant's form to bear
That I a kingly crown might wear ?
Is his deep loss my boundless gain,
And comes my victory from his pain ?
- 3 Oh, let me own the deep decree
That wounded him and rescued me !
His death, his cross, his funeral sleep,
Instruct repentance how to weep ;
He poured for me the vital flood ;
My tears shall mingle with his blood.

553 C. M. *Luke 23 : 42.* HAWKINS.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me !

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;
Thus, Lord, remember me !

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

554 78 & 68. *John 6 : 68.* RAY PALMER.

WE stand in deep repentance,
Before thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us;
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

2 Oh! shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;
But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow:
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

555 S. M. *Ps. 25 : 7.* BEDDOME.

THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Prostrate before thy feet I fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
Oh! bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord! thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

556 L. M. 61. *1 John 2 : 1.* C. WESLEY.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,—
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love thy faithless servant still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

557 L. M. *1 Pet. 1 : 12.* HILLHOUSE.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend!—oh, smile and heal the strife!

2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found—
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies:
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

5 Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in his presence play.

6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

558 C. M. *Ps. 51 : 10.* C. WESLEY.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;
An image, Lord ! of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord ! impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

559 7s. *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* RAFFLES.

SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all !
Prostrate at thy feet I fall !
Hear, oh, hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,—
Chief of sinners I have been ;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy righteous dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart ;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound :
Soothe, oh, soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

560 L. M. 6l. *2 Cor. 5 : 19.* C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done ?
What hast thou suffered on the tree ?
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
Obedient unto death for me ?
The mystery of thy passion show—
The end of all thy griefs below.

2 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
My bleeding sacrifice expired ;
But didst thou not my pattern die,
That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
Faithful to death I might endure,
And make the crown by suffering sure ?

3 Thou didst the meek example leave,
That I might in thy footsteps tread ;
Might like the Man of Sorrows grieve,
And groan, and bow with thee my head :
Thy dying in my body bear,
Thy suffering, as thy glory, share.

561 7s. *Matt. 14 : 30.* HASTINGS.

JESUS, save my dying soul ;
Make the broken spirit whole :
Humble in the dust I lie :
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face ;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known ;
Thou art righteous, thou alone :
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe ;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive ?
Helpless at thy feet I lie ;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

562 L. M. *Prov. 4 : 23.* STEELE.

Ah ! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart !
That can from Jesus thus depart ;
Thus, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide earth's vanities away ;
There's naught beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

3 Jesus ! to thee I would return,
And, at thy feet repenting, mourn ;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

4 Oh ! let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul ;
Bid every earthly charm depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

563 L. M. *Matt. 6 : 12.* HASTINGS.

FORGIVE us, Lord ! to thee we cry,
 Forgive us through thy matchless grace ;
 On thee alone our souls rely,
 Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive
 The ills we suffer from our foes ;
 Restore us, Lord ! and bid us live ;
 Oh ! let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great,
 Our wretched souls no merit claim ;
 For sovereign mercy still we wait,
 And ask but in the Saviour's name.

4 Forgive us,—O thou bleeding Lamb !
 Thou risen, thou exalted Lord !
 Thou great High-Priest ! our souls redeem,
 And speak the pardon-sealing word.

564 H. M. *Ps. 51 : 17.* RAFFLES.

A BROKEN heart, O Lord !
 Thou never wilt despise ;
 'Tis written in thy word,
 This is the sacrifice :
 The sacrifice that thou wilt own—
 It is the broken heart alone.

2 Break thou my heart, O Lord ;
 The rock within me break ;
 To tremble at thy word,
 And at thine anger quake :
 Let me in deep contrition lie,
 And heave the penitential sigh.

3 For mercy dwells with thee :
 Compassion, all divine ;
 That mercy show to me ;
 Be that compassion mine :
 For sinners did not Jesus bleed ?
 And Jesus' blood alone I plead.

565 L. M. 61. *1 John 4 : 18.* ANON.

"PERFECT in love !" Lord, can it be,
 Amid this state of doubt and sin ?
 While foes so thick without, I see,
 With weakness, pain, disease within ;
 Can perfect love inhabit here,
 And, strong in faith, extinguish fear ?

2 O Lord ! amid this mental night,
 Amid the clouds of dark dismay,
 Arise ! arise ! shed forth thy light,
 And kindle love's meridian day :
 My Saviour God, to me appear,
 So love shall triumph over fear.

566 C. M. *Job 13 : 15.* ANON.

BE merciful to me, O God !
 Be merciful to me ;
 For though I sink beneath thy rod,
 Yet do I trust in thee.

2 Thou art my refuge, and I know
 My burden thou dost bear,
 And I would seek, where'er I go,
 To cast on thee my care.

3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,
 Strong though my spirit be ;
 Oh, then assist, when foes assail,
 The soul that clings to thee.

4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,
 A thankful heart be mine,—
 A heart that answers to thy call,
 One that is wholly thine.

5 And may I ne'er forget that thou
 Wilt soon return again,
 And those who love thy coming now
 Shall shine in glory then.

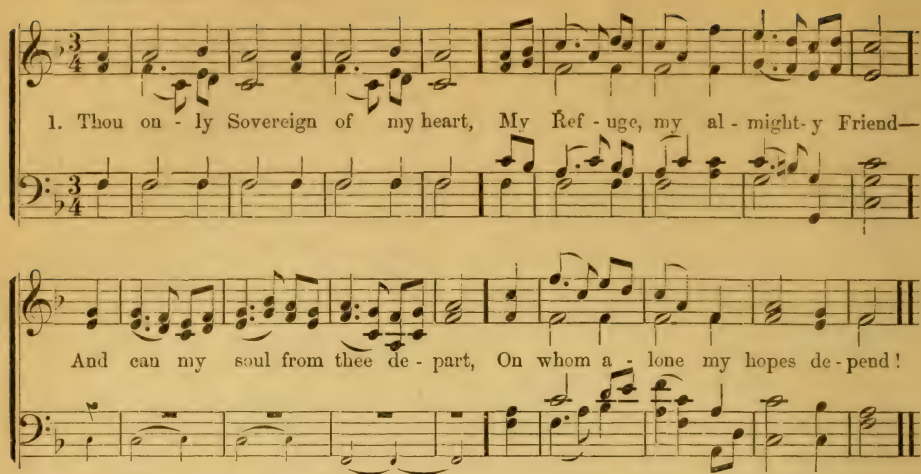
567 108. *Matt. 11 : 28.* ANON.

LORD, I am come ! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture
 nigh !
 But thou hast called the burdened soul
 to thee,
 A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I !

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
 Beset without, and full of fears within,
 Trembling and faint I come to thee for
 rest.

3 Bethou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place ;
 I know no force can tear me from thy side ;
 Unmoved, I then may all accusers face,
 And answer every charge, with—"Jesus
 died."

BLAKE. L. M.



568

John 6 : 68.

STEELE.

- THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend !
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Thy name my inmost powers adore ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care ;
Depart from thee—'t is death, 't is more ;
'T is endless ruin, deep despair !
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

569

Psa. 139 : 23.

C. WESLEY.

- O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
Oh ! burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross ;
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way :
No foes, no violence I fear,
While thou, Almighty God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;
Oh ! let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

570

Jer. 2 : 2.

KELLY.

- OH ! where is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord !
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known ?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone ?

- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved ?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved !
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee ;
Oh ! cast us not away, though vile ;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

ROSE HILL. C. M.

1. O God, thou art my God a-lone; Ear-ly to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown, A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

571

Ps. 63.

MONTGOMERY.

O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

- 2 Oh, that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

572

Isa. 45 : 22.

MEDLEY.

SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And then would look,—and look again.

- 2 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
Now to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait and look,—and look again!

- 3 Take courage, then, my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole:
Trust thou in him, 't is not in vain,
But wait and look,—and look again!
- 4 Ere long that happy day will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
Oh, then I'll look,—and look again!

573

Mat. 4 : 2.

MONTGOMERY.

I LEFT the God of truth and light;
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death!

- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne:
Through all his bonds of love I broke;
I cast away his gifts with scorn!
- 3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance! from thy frown,
Eternal Justice! from thine eye?
- 4 Lo! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace:
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face!
- 5 Prostrate before thy mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie forever there.

COOLING. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav - iour's pardoning blood
Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

574

Job 29 : 2.

NEWTON.

- SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.
- 4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Saviour ! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

575

Rom. 7 : 24.

STENNETT.

- WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure, never was a heart so base,
So false as mine has been ;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

- 3 Reason, I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve ;
But still I find it hard to obey,
And harder yet to love.

- 4 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast ?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest ?

- 5 Break, sovereign grace, oh, break the
charm,
And set the captive free ;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

576

Isa. 66 : 2.

C. WESLEY.

- OH ! for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord ;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.
- 2 Oh ! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow ;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour ! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress ;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.
- 4 Oh ! fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will ;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

EVAN. C. M.

1. How oft, a-las! this wretch-ed heart Has wan-dered from the Lord!
How oft my rov-ing thoughts de-part, For-get-ful of his word!

577

Jer. 3 : 22.

STEELE.

- How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home!
- 3 And canst thou,—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

578

Ps. 139 : 23.

G. P. MORRIS.

- SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!
- 2 Hearer of prayer! oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

- 3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

579

Gen. 5 : 24.

COWPER.

- Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

1. Oh, that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God!

I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad.

580

Job 23 : 3, 4.

WATTS.

- Oh, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints;
And drive my foes away;
He knows the meaning of his saints
When they in sorrow pray.
- 5 Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrow there.

581

Matt. 26 : 41.

STEELE.

- ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee!
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

582

Cant. 1 : 4.

CLEAVELAND

- Oh! could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

1. The Lord will hap - pi - ness di - vine On con - trite hearts be - stow ;

Then tell me, gra - cious God, is mine A con - trite heart, or no !

583

Ps. 51 : 17.

COWPER.

The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no ?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 My best desires are faint and few :
Fain would I strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 Oh ! make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

584

Prov. 17 : 24.

WATTS.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God ! my chief delight ?
Why are my thoughts no more, by day,
With thee,—no more by night ?

- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,—
As I have found in thee ?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

- 4 But, ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait, to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

- 5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.

- 6 Make haste, my days ! to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,—
My God, my Saviour's breast.

585

Rom. 7 : 23.

ANON.

I WOULD be thine : oh, take my heart,
And fill it with thy love :
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

- 2 I would be thine ; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be thine ; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within ;—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.
- 4 I would be thine ; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore :
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

CAPELLO. S. M.

1. Oh, throw a - way thy rod! Oh, - throw a - way thy wrath!

My gra-cious Sav - iour and my God, Oh, take the gen - tle path!

586

2 Cor. 10 : 1.

HERBERT.

- Oh, throw away thy rod!
 Oh, throw away thy wrath!
 My gracious Saviour and my God,
 Oh, take the gentle path!
- 2 Thou seest my heart's desire
 Still unto thee is bent;
 Still does my longing soul aspire
 To an entire consent.
- 3 Although I fail, I weep;
 Although I halt in pace,
 Yet still with trembling steps I creep
 Unto the throne of grace.
- 4 Oh, then let wrath remove;
 For love will do the deed;
 Love will the conquest gain; with love
 Ev'n stony hearts will bleed.

587

Ps. 130.

MONTGOMERY.

- Out of the depths of woe,
 To thee, O Lord! I cry;
 Darkness surrounds me, yet I know
 That thou art ever nigh.
- 2 I cast my hopes on thee;
 Thou canst, thou wilt forgive;
 If thou shouldst mark iniquity,
 Who in thy sight could live?
- 3 I wait for thee; I wait,
 Confessing all my sin:
 Lord! I am knocking at thy gate;
 Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above!

The waters soon will cease;
 For lo! the sweet-returning dove
 Brings home the pledge of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
 And dangers threaten loud,
 Jehovah's covenant is sure,
 His bow is in the cloud.

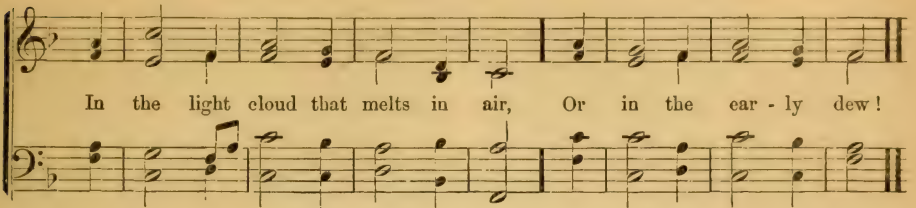
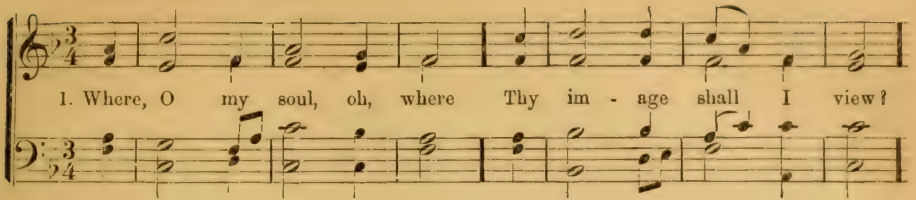
588

Ps. 25.

WATTS

- I LIFT my soul to God,
 My trust is in his name;
 Let not the foes that seek my blood
 Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 From the first dawning light
 Till the dark evening rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
 With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways;
 And every humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.
- 5 For his own goodness' sake
 He saves my soul from shame;
 He pardons, though my guilt be great,
 Through my Redeemer's name.

CAREY. S. M.



589

Hos. 6 : 4

T. SCOTT.

- WHERE, O my soul, oh, where
Thy image shall I view?
In the light cloud that melts in air,
Or in the early dew!
- 2 This hour, with flowing tears,
My follies I bewail:
The next, my heart a waste appears,
Where all the fountains fail.
- 3 To-day, her glimmering light
Hope kindles in my breast;
To-morrow, with despair's black night,
Sees all my soul oppressed.
- 4 Oh! my unsteadfast mind,
Tossed between good and ill!
While brutes, with instinct sure though
blind,
Their Maker's law fulfill.
- 5 Oh! wavering, wretched state
Of hope by fear subdued!
On thee, O Lord, for help I wait,—
Secure my soul in good.

590

Isa. 54 : 8.

BEDDOME.

- AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?
- 2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

- 3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair:
My sins are great,—but not so great
As his compassions are.

591

Ps. 25.

WATTS.

- MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Lord, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
From sin's destructive snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Restore my forgiving God
Of me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame!
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

ALETTA. 7s.

1. Depth of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

592

Hos. 11 : 8.

C. WESLEY.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
 God is love! I know, I feel:
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

593

Matt. 5 : 8.

C. WESLEY.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resigned to thee?
 Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise?

- 2 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below?
 Only guided by thy light,
 Only mighty in thy might?
- 3 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness?
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

594

Psa. 6 : 1, 2.

LUTE.

GENTLY, gently, lay the rod
 On my sinful head, O God!
 Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
 Lest I sink beneath its sway.

- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
 Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
 This my only plea I make,—
 Heal me for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea;
 Lo! he comes—the shadows flee;
 Glory round me dawns once more;
 Rise, my spirit! and adore.

595

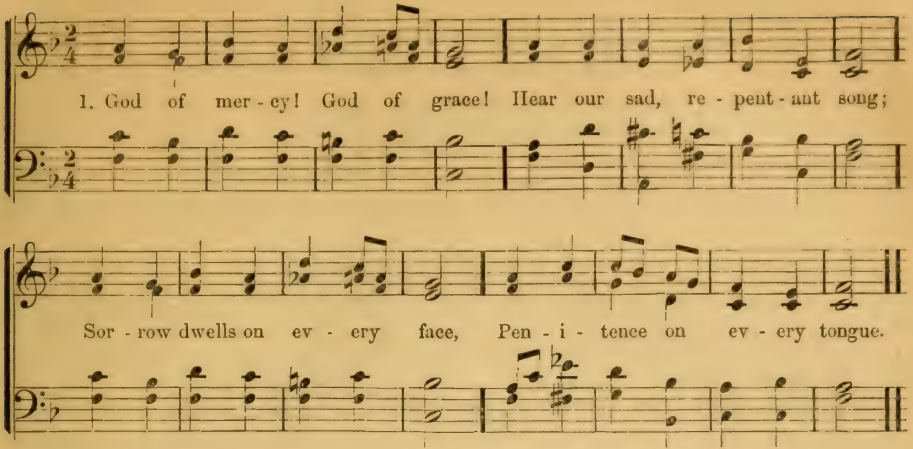
Isa. 32 : 17.

ANON.

PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
 Bid this struggling heart be still;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
 Hush my spirit into peace.

- 2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
 Opened wide the gate to God:
 Peace I ask—but peace must be,
 Lord, in being one with thee.
- 3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
 May thy will and mine be one;
 Chase these doubtings from my heart;
 Now thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
 Thou my life, my God, my all!
 Let thy happy servant be
 One forevermore with thee!

SEYMOUR. 7s.



1. God of mer-cy! God of grace! Hear our sad, re-pent-ant song;
Sor-row dwells on ev-ery face, Pen-i-tence on ev-ery tongue.

596

Jer. 14 : 20.

J. TAYLOR.

- GOD of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

597

John 21 : 16.

NEWTON.

- 'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

- 3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 4 Could I joy with saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 5 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

598

Ps. 70.

MONTGOMERY

- HASTEN, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.
- 2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.
- 3 Those that seek thee shall rejoice;
I am bound with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.
- 4 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart!
Do not tarry, haste to save.

MILNER. 7s. 6 lines.

1. { Hearken, Lord, to my com - plaints, For my soul with - in me faints,
Thee, far off, I call to mind, In the land I left be - - hind, }

Where the streams of Jor - dan flow, Where the heights of Her - mon glow.

599

Ps. 42.

MONTGOMERY.

- 3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

- 2 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?
- 3 Why, my soul, art thou perplexed?
Why with faithless troubles vexed?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

601

Ps. 31.

LYTTE.

LORD! I look for all to thee;
Thou hast been a rock to me:
Still thy wonted aid afford:
Still be near, my shield, my sword!
I my soul commit to thee,
Lord! thy blood has ransomed me.

- 2 Faint and sinking on my road,
Still I cling to thee, my God!
Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
Harassed by a thousand foes,
Hope still chides my rising fears;
Joys still mingle with my tears.

- 3 On thy word I take my stand:
All my times are in thy hand:
Make thy face upon me shine;
Take me 'neath thy wings divine;
Lord! thy grace is all my trust;
Save, oh! save thy trembling dust.

- 4 Oh! what mercies still attend
Those who make the Lord their friend!
Sweetly, safely shall they 'bide
'Neath his eye, and at his side:
Lord! may this my station be:
Seek it, all ye saints! with me.

600

Gal. 4 : 15.

NEWTON.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

- 2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

1. { Lord, be - fore thy throne we bend; Now to thee our prayers as - cend: }
 { Serv - ants to our Mas - ter true, Lo! we yield thee hom - age due: }

Chil - dren, to thy throne we fly, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, hear our cry!

602

Ps. 123.

BOWDLER.

3 Leave me not, my Strength, my Trust!
 Oh, remember I'm but dust!
 Leave me not again to stray;
 Leave me not the tempter's prey;
 Fix my heart on things above;
 Make me happy in thy love.

LORD, before thy throne we bend
 Now to thee our prayers ascend:
 Servants to our Master true,
 Lo! we yield thee homage due:
 Children, to thy throne we fly,
 Abba, Father, hear our cry!

2 Low before thee, Lord! we bow,
 We are weak—but mighty thou:
 Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
 Here we wait thy holy will;
 Bound to earth, and rooted here,
 Till our Saviour God appear.

3 Leave us not beneath the power
 Of temptation's darkest hour:
 Swift to seal their captives' doom,
 See our foes exulting come!
 Jesus, Saviour! yet be nigh,
 Lord of life and victory.

603

Ps. 88 : 14.

CONDER.

O THOU God who hearest prayer
 Every hour and everywhere!
 For his sake, whose blood I plead,
 Hear me in my hour of need:
 Only hide not now thy face,
 God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
 For my trust is in thy word;
 Wash me from the stain of sin,
 That thy peace may rule within:
 May I know myself thy child,
 Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

604

Matt. 11 : 28.

ANON

WEARY, Lord, of struggling here
 With this constant doubt and fear,
 Burdened by the pains I bear,
 And the trials I must share—
 Help me, Lord, again to flee
 To the rest that's found in thee.

2 Weakened by the wayward will
 Which controls, yet cheats me still;
 Seeking something undefined
 With an earnest, darkened mind—
 Help me, Lord, again to flee
 To the light that breaks from thee.

3 Fettered by this earthly scope
 In the reach and aim of hope,
 Fixing thought in narrow bound
 Where no living truth is found—
 Help me, Lord, again to flee
 To the hope that's fixed in thee.

4 Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,
 Lord, once more thy grace I seek;
 Turn, oh turn me not away,
 Help me, Lord, to watch and pray—
 That I never more may flee
 From the rest that's found in thee.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

1. { Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly.... }
 { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high... }
 D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!..

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life - is past; D. C.

605

2^{ds}. 57:1.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

606

Deut. 32:31.

FRANCKE.

- LORD, thou art my rock of strength,
 And my home is in thine arms;
 Thou wilt send me help at length,
 And I feel no wild alarms:
 Sin nor death can pierce the shield
 Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
 Up to thee myself I yield,
 And my sorrows are thine own.
- 2 When my trials tarry long
 Unto thee I look and wait;
 Knowing none, though keen and strong,
 Can my trust in thee abate;
 And this faith I long have nursed,
 Comes alone, O God, from thee;
 Thou my heart didst open first,
 Thou didst set this hope in me.
- 3 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me, keep me close to thee;
 In the peace thy love doth shed,
 Let me dwell eternally!
 Be my all: in all I do,
 Let me only seek thy will;
 Let my heart to thee be true
 And thus peaceful, calm, and still.

REFUGE. 7s. D.

Choir.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, While the billows near me

Congregation.

roll, While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

607

Ps. 31 : 3.

HASTINGS.

- JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child :
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline ;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live—
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.
- 2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place ;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure ;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire ?
All I need, in thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.
- 3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Hast thou made me truly thine ?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood ?
Reconciled my heart to God ?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear ;
Let me love thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

608

Matt. 11 : 28.

NEWTON

- Does the Gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be ?
Then, my soul, advance thy claim—
Sure that promise speaks to thee !
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best ;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.
- 2 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without ;—
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply ;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.
- 3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place ;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast ;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast !

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

1. Saviour, when in dust, to thee Low we bow th'adoring knee ; When, repentant, to the skies
n. s. Bending from thy throne on high,

Scarcely we lift our streaming eyes : Oh ! by all thy pain and woe, Suffered once for man below,
Hear thy people while they cry !

Fine.

609

The Litany.

GRANT.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarcely we lift our streaming eyes :
Oh ! by all thy pain and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people while they cry.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness :
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear thy people while they cry.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn ;
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries ;
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear thy people while they cry.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save ;

Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear thy people while they cry.

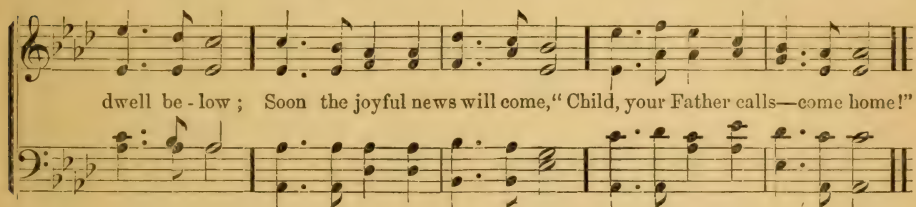
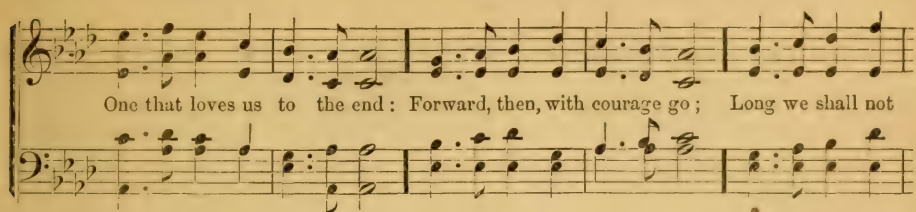
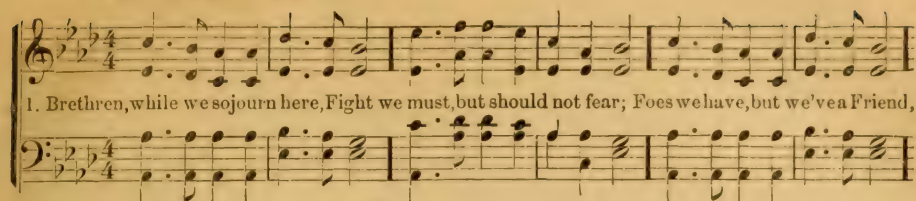
610

2 Cor. 7 : 5.

BONAN.

- Oh, this soul, how dark and blind !
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind !
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still !
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise !
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine !
- 2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro !
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness !
- 3 Giver of the heavenly peace !
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease ;
Minister thy holy balm ;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm :
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay ;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt !

MESSIAH. 7s. D.



611

2 Cor. 7 : 5.

ANON.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end :
Forward, then, with courage go ;
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home !"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares ;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part :
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home !"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within ;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home !"

612

1 Cor. 12 : 27.

ANON.

WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest ;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear :
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan ;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear :
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave ;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven ;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home ;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Je-sus, full of all compassion, Hear thine humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation;
 D. S. Prostrate at thy feet repenting—

Fine. *D.S.*

See! I languish, faint, and die. Guilty, but with heart relenting, O-verwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Send, oh, send me quick relief!

613

Ps. 103 : 13.

TURNER.

- JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear thine humble suppliant's cry :
 Let me know thy great salvation ;
 See ! I languish, faint, and die.
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
 Send, oh, send me quick relief !
- 2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives ?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives ?
 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless, on the curs'd tree,
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing
 Thou didst suffer thus for me.
- 3 In the world of endless ruin,
 Let it never, Lord, be said,
 "Here's a soul that perished, suing
 For the Saviour's boasted aid !"
 Saved !—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above ;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with thy love.

614

Ps. 43 : 5.

ANON.

LONE, amidst the dead and dying,
 Lord, my spirit faints for thee ;
 Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing,—
 When shall I thy presence see ?

Oh, how altered my condition !

Late I led a joyous throng ;
 Looked my heart for full fruition,
 Flowed my lips with grateful song.

- 2 Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
 Waves on waves my soul confound ;
 Naught but boding fears before me,
 Naught but threatening foes around.
 Save me, 'save me, O my Father !
 To thy faithful word I cling ;
 Thence, my soul ! thy comfort gather ;
 Hope ! and thou again shalt sing.

615

Ps. 85 : 6.

CODNER.

- LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free ;
 Showers the thirsty soul refreshing ;
 Let some droppings fall on me !
 Pass me not, O gracious Father !
 Lost and sinful though I be ;
 Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me.
- 2 Have I long in sin been sleeping ?
 Long been slighting, grieving thee ?
 Has the world my heart been thee ?
 Oh ! forgive and rescue me !
 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;
 Testify of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of peace to me.

GAYLORD. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Full of trem-bling ex-pec-ta-tion, Feel-ing much, and fear-ing more,
Might-y God of my sal-va-tion! I thy time-ly aid im-plore;
D. s. By thy sor-er griefs to cheer me, By thy more than mor-tal pain.

Suf-fering Son of Man! be near me, All my sufferings to sus-tain,
D. s.

616

Heb. 2 : 18.

C. WESLEY.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man! be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power!
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

617

Ps. 51 : 10.

RAY PALMER.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me,
make me,

Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest!

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. Je - sus, let thy pit - ying eye Call back a wan - dering sheep ;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep !
D. S. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord ! And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace re - stored, On me be all long - suffering shown, D. S. *f*

618

Mat. 26 : 75.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep !
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart :
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love
Beam from thy gracious eye :
If thy mercies now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord !
And break my heart of stone.

619

1 Cor. 2 : 2.

C. WESLEY.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good !
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood :
All thy pleasures I forego ;
I trample on thy wealth and pride ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain ;
'T is all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atonement Victim died :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

BRANNAN. 7s, 6s, & 8s.

1. Thou, O Lord, in ten - der love, Dost all my bur - deus bear;
Lift my heart to things a - bove, And fix it ev - er there!
d. s. Sweet - ly wait - ing at thy feet Till all thy will be done.
Calm in tu - mult's whirl I sit, 'Midst busy mul - ti - tudes a - lone; d. s.

620

1 Pet. 5 : 7.

C. WESLEY.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear;
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm in tumult's whirl I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone;
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil!
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile.
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted, I.
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

621

1 Tim. 1 : 15.

C. WESLEY.

LET the world their virtue boast,—
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him!
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

622 L. M. *Prov. 23 : 26.*

STEELE.

JESUS demands this heart of mine,
 Demands my love, my joy, my care;
 But ah! how dead to things divine,
 How cold my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
 Divides my Saviour from my sight;
 Oh, for one happy, cloudless hour
 Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord! thy love can raise
 My captive powers from sin and death,
 And fill my heart and life with praise,
 And tune my last expiring breath.

623 L. M. *Ps. 51.*

WATTS.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin;
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banished from thy sight;
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford;
 And let a sinner seek thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

624 L. M. *Mal. 3 : 7.*

DODDRIDGE.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And life's vain shadows chase no more;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God! whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
 In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
 And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
 And still its beams unerring dart,
 Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love,
 My inmost soul be made to share,
 Till every grace combine to prove
 That God has fixed his dwelling there.

625 11s & 5s. *Ps. 130 : 1.*

BOWRING.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 Our humble prayer ascends; O Father!
 hear it,

Upsoaring on the wings of awe and
 meekness;
 Forgive its weakness!

2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it sup-
 ports us:

We hear thy voice; it counsels and it
 courts us:

And then we turn away; and still thy
 kindness
 Forgives our blindness.

3 Oh, how long-suffering, Lord! but thou
 delightest

To win with love the wandering; thou
 invitest,

By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or
 terrors,
 Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour! plant within each
 bosom

The seeds of holiness, and bid them
 blossom

In fragrance and in beauty bright and
 vernal,
 And spring eternal.

5 Then place them in thine everlasting
 gardens,

Where angels walk, and seraphs are the
 wardens;

Where every flower escaped through
 death's dark portal,
 Becomes immortal.

626 L. M. *Ps. 42 : 2.*

C. WESLEY.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
 That I shall find my all in thee—
 The fullness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love!

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out—
 A helpless soul that comes to thee
 With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight;
 Lord, I am weak—be thou my might;
 A helper of the helpless be;
 And let me find my all in thee.

627 P. M. *Ps. 106 : 4.* JONES VERY.

WILT thou not visit me?

The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;

Each blade of grass I see,

From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

2 Wilt thou not visit me?

Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;

And every hill and tree

Lift but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

3 Come! for I need thy love,

More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;

Come, like thy Holy Dove,

And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes! thou wilt visit me ;

Nor plant, nor trees, thine eye delights so well

As when from sin set free,

Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

628 C. M. *Ps. 39 : 13.* WATTS.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound

Of thy salvation, Lord!

But still how weak my faith is found,

And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,

And hear almost in vain ;

How small a portion of thy grace

My memory can retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!

How negligent my fear!

How low my hope of joys above!

How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,

To give thy word success :

Write thy salvation in my heart,

And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way

That leads to joys on high :

There knowledge grows without decay,

And love shall never die.

629 L. M. *Ps. 73.* WATTS.

How long, O Lord, shall I complain,

Like one that seeks his God in vain?

How long my soul thine absence mourn,

And still despair of thy return?

2 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress?

If thou withhold thy heavenly light,

I sleep in everlasting night.

3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,

Thy mercy now shall end my grief ;

For I have trusted in thy grace,

And shall again behold thy face.

630 75. *Ps. 31 : 15.* RYLAND.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,

Ever gracious, ever wise,

All my times are in thy hand,

All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health ;

Times of penury and wealth ;

Times of trial and of grief ;

Times of triumph and relief ;—

3 Times the tempter's power to prove ;

Times to taste a Saviour's love ;

All must come, and last, and end,

As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,

In thy hands my life I trust ;

Have I somewhat dearer still?—

I resign it to thy will.

631 L. M. *Job 22 : 21.* WATTS.

MY God, permit me not to be

A stranger to myself and thee ;

Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,

Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth

And thus debase my heavenly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,

And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;

One sovereign word shall draw me thence ;

I would obey the voice divine,

And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn,

Let noise and vanity begone :

In secret silence of the mind

My heaven, and there my God, I find.

632 L. M. *Ps. 130.* WATTS.

FROM deep distress and troubled tho'ts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate:
When will my God his face display?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

633 L. M. *Ps. 51.* MERRICK.

OH, turn, great Ruler of the skies!
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

- 2 Give me a will to thine subdued,—
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 3 Oh, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

634 7s. *Ps. 13.* GOODE.

LORD of mercy, just and kind!
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind,
In thy kind remembrance live?

- 2 Lord! how long shall Satan's art
Tempt my harassed soul to sin,
Triumph o'er my humbled heart,—
Fears without and guilt within?
- 3 Lord, my God! thine ear incline,
Bending to the prayer of faith;
Cheer my eyes with light divine
Lest I sleep the sleep of death.

635 L. M. *Ps. 146.* DODDRIDGE.

GOD of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

- 2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

636 S. M. D. *1 Thes. 5: 17.* C. WESLEY.

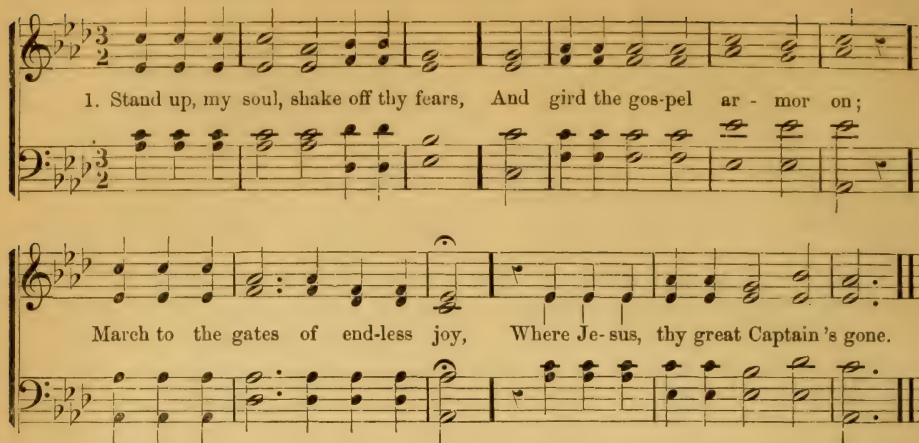
I WANT a heart to pray—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

- 2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 3 I rest upon thy word—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

- 637 88 & 4. *Hos. 14: 5.* HERBERT.
 My heart lies dead; and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandry improve:
 Oh, let thy graces, without cease,
 Drop from above.
- 2 Thy dew doth every morning fall:
 And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove?—
 The dew for which earth cannot call,
 “Drop from above!”
- 3 The world is tempting still my heart
 Unto a hardness void of love;
 Let heavenly grace, to cross its art,
 Drop from above!
- 4 Oh, come; for thou dost know the way!
 Or if to me thou wilt not move,
 Remove me where I need not say,
 “Drop from above!”
- 638 C. M. *Ps. 103: 13.* LYNCH.
 Love me, O Lord, forgivingly!
 Oh! ever be my friend;
 And still, when thou reprovest me,
 Reproof with pity blend.
- 2 Oh, pity me, when weak I fall!
 And as with saddened eyes
 I upward look, oh, let thy call
 Come strengthening me to rise.
- 3 My sins, dispersed by mercy bright,
 Like clouds again grow black;
 Oh! change the winds that bring such
 night,
 And drive the darkness back.
- 4 This fearful striving—let it cease!
 Then fervent, fruitful days
 Shall yield both promise and increase,
 And make my growth thy praise.
- 639 C. M. *Ps. 42.* LYTE.
 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God—the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine;
 Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Trust God; who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

- 4 I sigh to think of happier days,
 When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
 When every heart was tuned to praise,
 And none more blest than I.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still; and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.
- 640 C. M. *Rom. 2: 4.* STEELE.
 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet ashamed, I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
 By earth's low cares so oft betrayed,
 From Jesus to depart.
- 3 But he for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores;
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 4 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The deep repentant sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye.
- 5 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
 Rejoice to seek thy face;
 And grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
 Thy condescending grace.
- 641 C. M. *2 Cor. 4: 18.* STEELE.
 Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly,
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!—
- 2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim;
 With one reviving touch of thine,
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent hope shall rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures
 spring
 Immortal in the skies.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



642

Eph. 6 : 14.

WATTS.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

643

Isa. 40 : 28-31.

WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

644

Eph. 6 : 12.

BARBAULD.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly
 race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

645

Phil. 3 : 14. DODDRIDGE.

- AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
 Have I my race begun;
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

646

2 Tim. 2 : 3. WATTS.

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease?
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

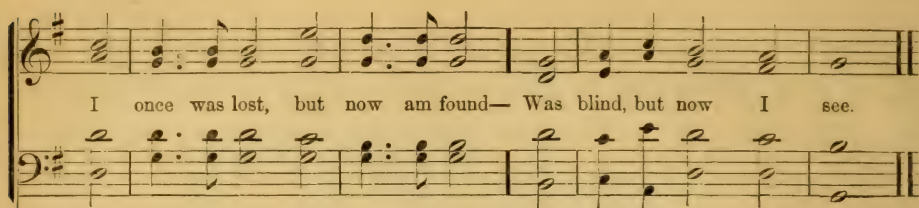
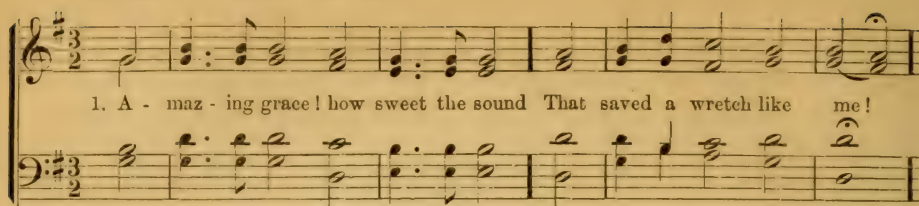
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

647

2 Tim. 1 : 12. WATTS

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



648

Eph. 2 : 8.

NEWTON.

- AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

649

Is. 40 : 28-31.

WATTS.

- WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where 's our courage fled ?
Has restless sin, or raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot the almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But we who wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

650

Heb. 11 : 13.

NEEDHAM.

- RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe ;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

ARCADIA. C. M.

1. In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine a-bode; Tho' helpers fail, and foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.

651 *Isa. 26 : 3.* HASTINGS.

In time of fear, when trouble's near,
I look to thine abode;
Though helpers fail, and foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.

2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed:
O God of light, and boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed!

652 *Isa. 35 : 8-10.* DODDRIDGE.

Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

653 *Ps. 76 : 10.* BEDDOME.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

654 *Rom. 8 : 21.* FABBA.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take :

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.

655

Rom. 13 : 11.

TOPLADY.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.
- 4 What though thou rulest not !
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

- YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take :
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on thee ;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

657

Isa. 54 : 8.

GALLAGHER

656

Ps. 27 : 14.

GERHARDT.

- THE sun himself shall fade,
The starry worlds shall fall ;
Yet through a vast eternity,
Shall God be all in all.
- 2 Though now his ways are dark,
Concealed from mortal sight,
His counsels are divinely wise,
And all his judgments right.
- 3 In God my trust shall stand,
While waves of sorrow roll ;
In life or death his name shall be
The refuge of my soul.
- 4 Cease, cease my tears to flow,
Cease, cease my heart to moan ;
Betide what may to me, I'll say,
His holy will be done !

- GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

DENNIS. S. M.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands ! How kind his pre - cepts are !

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

658

1 Pet. 5 : 7.

DODDRIDGE.

How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears creation up
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day :
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

659

Gen. 22 : 14.

SWAIN.

I STAND ON Zion's mount,
 And view my starry crown ;
 No power on earth my hope can shake,
 Nor hell can thrust me down.

- 2 The lofty hills and towers,
 That lift their heads on high,
 Shall all be leveled low in dust—
 Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
 Built by Jehovah's hands ;
 But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
 Of my salvation stands !

660

Ps. 126 : 5.

BURGESS.

THE harvest dawn is near,
 The year delays not long ;
 And he who sows with many a tear,
 Shall reap with many a song.

- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,
 His seed with weeping leaves ;
 But he shall come, at twilight's close,
 And bring his golden sheaves.

661

Rev. 21 : 3, 4.

ANON.

THE people of the Lord
 Are on their way to heaven ;
 There they obtain their great reward ;
 The prize will there be given.

- 2 'T is conflict here below ;
 'T is triumph there, and peace :
 On earth we wrestle with the foe ;
 In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'T is gloom and darkness here ;
 'T is light and joy above ;
 There all is pure, and all is clear ;
 There all is peace and love.
- 4 There rest shall follow toil,
 And ease succeed to care :
 The victors there divide the spoil ;
 They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then let us joyful sing ;
 The conflict is not long :
 We hope in heaven to praise our King
 In one eternal song.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.

662

Isa. 35 : 8-10.

CENNICK.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared ;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

663

Acts 4 : 19, 20.

LOWELL.

THEY are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think.

- 2 They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

664

1 Tim. 6 : 12.

H. K. WHITE.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight ; and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not : much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the battle-field ?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.
- 4 But, when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

665

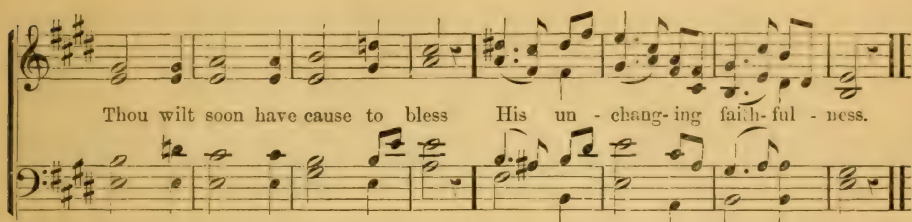
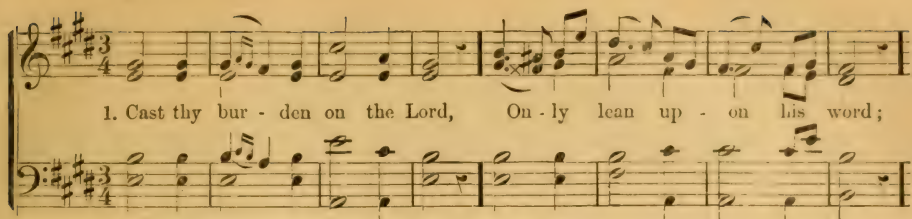
Eph. 6 : 13.

MAITLAND.

CHRISTIAN, let your heart be glad !
March, in heavenly armor clad ;
Fight ! nor think the battle long ;
Victory soon will tune your song.

- 2 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 3 Onward then to battle move !
More than conqueror you shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go !

WELD. 7s.



666

1 Pet. 5 : 7.

R. HILL.

- CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.
- 2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.
- 3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.
- 4 Jesus! guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

667

Rev. 2 : 10.

ANON.

- FAINT not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ thy Guide will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage,
Gird on faith's anointed shield,—
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

- 4 Faint not, Christian; though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

- 5 Faint not, Christian! Jesus near
Soon in glory will appear;
And his love will then bestow
Power to conquer every foe.

- 6 Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky:
Patient, wait, and thou wilt join—
Chant with them of love divine.

668

Deut. 33 : 25.

LLOYD.

- WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

TRISTE. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a - lone ;

Year by year thy hand hath brought me On thro' dan - gers oft un - known.
d. s. Still thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

When I wan - dered, thou hast found me; When I doubt - ed, sent me light,

669

Jer. 3 : 4.

ANON.

670

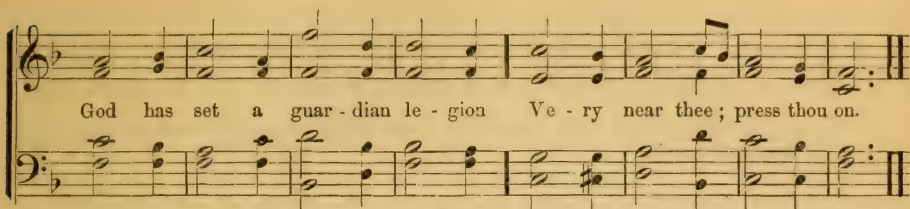
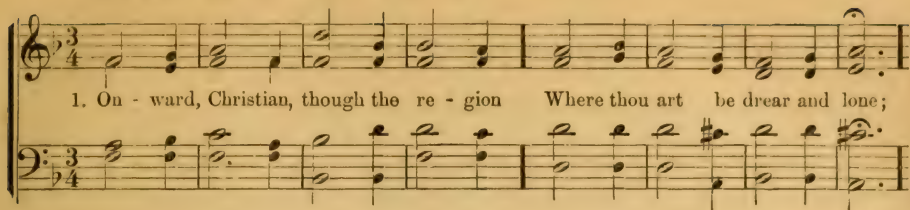
Isa. 60 : 18.

COWPER.

- HOLY Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone ;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me ;
When I doubted, sent me light,
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.
- 2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I ;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need ;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.
- 3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm ;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm !
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side !

- HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken ;
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls " Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be " Praise."
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God your everlasting Light.

WESTMINSTER. 8s & 7s.



671

1 Pet. 2 : 21.

JOHNSON.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.

2 Listen, Christian; their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee; "God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh! no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

672

Gal. 6 : 14.

MORAVIAN.

Cross, reproach, and tribulation!
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious!
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

3 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

4 Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith!
Lift triumphant songs and praises
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

673

Ps. 91.

MONTGOMERY.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed!

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Tho' thou walk through hostile regions,
Tho' in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

1. Sometimes a light sur-pris-es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who ris-es
d. s. A sea-son of clear shining,
With healing in his wings: When comforts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
To cheer it af-ter rain. d. s. Fine.

674

Matt. 6 : 25-34.

COWPER.

- SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

675

Isa. 26 : 3.

WARING.

- IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s. D.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal ban- ner, It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry un-to vic - t'ry His army shall he lead, Till every foe is vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

676

Eph. 6 : 13.

DUFFIELD.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall he lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day:
 “Ye that are men, now serve him,”
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally!

677

Ps. 27.

MONTGOMERY.

God is my strong salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My Light, my Help is near:
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate:
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
 The Lord will give thee peace!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his
ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say, than to you he hath said— To you, who for
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?

678

Heb. 13 : 5.

KIRKHAM.

- How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy sup-
ply,

The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

- 5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

679

Mark 4 : 37-41.

GRANT.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave!
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed.

- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now high
overwhelm,
But skillful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power
defends;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he
cries;
"My promise, my truth, are they light
in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise
shall stand;
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring
thee to land."

680

Heb. 12 : 2.

ANON.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that
are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so
bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be
no night.

- 2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot
fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard
will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith
unto me.
- 3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass
me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.
- 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty
and grace [face;
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to
face to
Shall know how his love went before
me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned
away.

681

Judges 8 : 4.

ANON.

Tho' faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our
stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be
near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can
we fear?

- 2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—he will hear
their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the
road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

- 3 And to his green pastures our footsteps
he leads; [feeds!
His flock in the desert how kindly he
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'ers all safe
from the snares.

- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our
God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God
is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we
come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is
our home!

682

Psa. 23.

MONTGOMERY.

- THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall
I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still
waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems
when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Sincethou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be
my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter
near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest
my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence
more?

- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God! [above;
Still follow my steps till I meet thee
I seek—by the path which my fore-
fathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy
kingdom of love.

683

78 & 68.

Ps. 77.

MONTGOMERY.

IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord! my feeble cries;
With humble supplication
To thee my spirit flies:
My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain:
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 Hath God cast off forever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath he his loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No; this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

3 I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand:
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder,
Shall utter forth thy praise.

4 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw thee and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe;
The clouds shot hail,—they lightened,
The earth reeled to and fro;
The fiery pillow brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

5 Thy way is in great waters:
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in thee alone:
Through the wild sea thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore:
Still on the waves thou treadest,
And thy redeemed pass o'er.

684

S. M. D.

Eph. 6: 13.

C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

685

S. M.

Ps. 60: 4.

KELLY.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King!
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight.

5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

686

C. M.

Isa. 54: 8.

BOWDLER.

CHILDREN of God, who, faint and slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true!—

2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

3 Oh! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

4 The orb of light, though clouds awhile
May hide his noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day,—

5 And, bursting through the dusky shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.

6 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
Oh! wake thy heart to love.

687 C. M. D. *Exod. 40 : 36-38.* ANON.

LONG as the darkening cloud abode,
So long did Israel rest;
Nor moved they till the guiding Lord
In brightness stood confessed:
Father of spirits! Light of life!
Now lift the cloudy vail!
Shine forth in fire amid that night
Whose blackness makes us quail!

2 'Tis done! To Christ the power is given;
He rends the vail away;
O'er earth a splendor pours from heaven,
That makes our darkness—day!
Rise then, and follow, all the host,
His glory who precedes!
This true Shechinah, which we boast,
To the true Canaan leads.

3 The city there is jasper-built,
The sea, a golden fire,
And underneath the emerald bow
Sings an immortal choir!
Oh, thither lead us, Lord of light!
Through all this wilderness;
Till in the glory of that sight
We perfect are in bliss!

688 9S & 8S. *Rom. 13 : 11, 12.* ANON.

CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er
thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon-light hung out for thee;

Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee;
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed, and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The height that bounds the promised
land:

Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Wherethe wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are
cheering,
See in what throngs they range the
shore!

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er
thee,
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of
glory
Invite thy happy soul away;
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

689 H. M. *1 Tim. 6 : 12.* MONTGOMERY.

FIGHT the good fight! lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield,—be bold!
Stand through the hottest strife:
With thy great Captain on the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

2 No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However pressed, to flight:
He stands unmoved upon the field;
He cannot fall, unless he yield.

3 Trust in thy Saviour's might;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like him in fight,
By dying conquer death:
And, all-victorious in the field,
Then, with thy sword, thy spirit yield.

4 Great words are these, and strong;
Yet, Lord, I look to thee;
To whom alone belong
Valor and victory:
With thee, my Captain, in the field,
I must prevail—I cannot yield!

WARE. L. M.

1. Oh, that I could for - ev - er dwell, De - lighted at the Sav - iour's feet:
Be - hold the form I love so well, And all his ten - der words re - peat!

690

Luke 10 : 39.

REED.

- OH, that I could forever dwell,
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,—
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

691

Luke 24 : 29.

KEBLE.

- Sux of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
- 2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

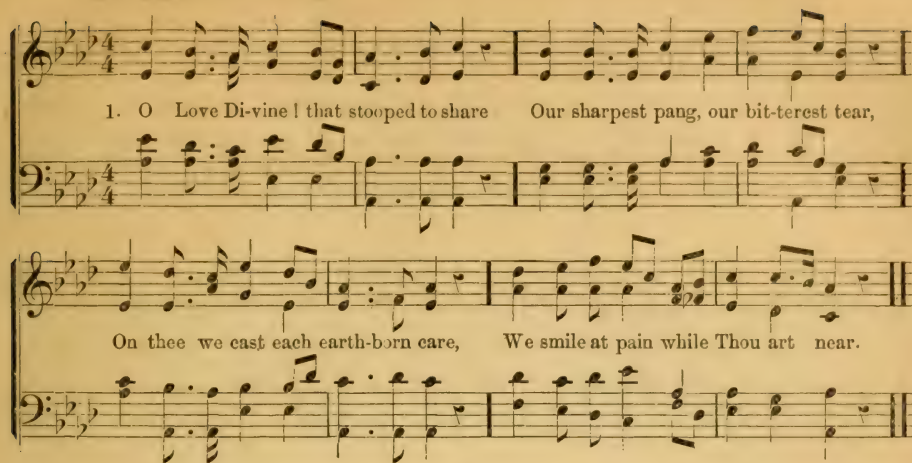
692

Isa. 7 : 14.

RAY PALMER.

- OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!
- 2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.
- 3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.
- 4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.
- 5 In thee we trust,—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng!

DWIGHT. L. M.



1. O Love Di-vine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.

693

Ps. 119 : 151.

HOLMES.

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

694

2 Cor. 12 : 19.

WATTS.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

695

John 12 : 21.

WATTS.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world,
begone!

Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

696

John 6 : 51.

RAY PALMER.

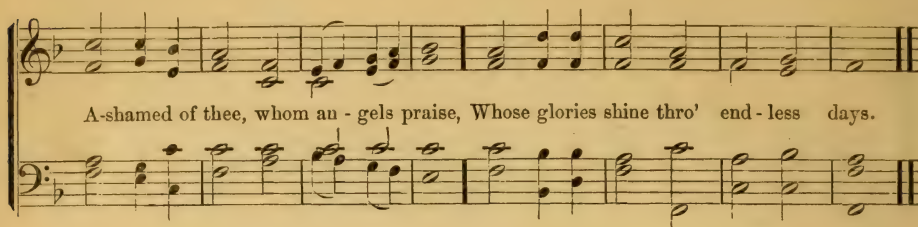
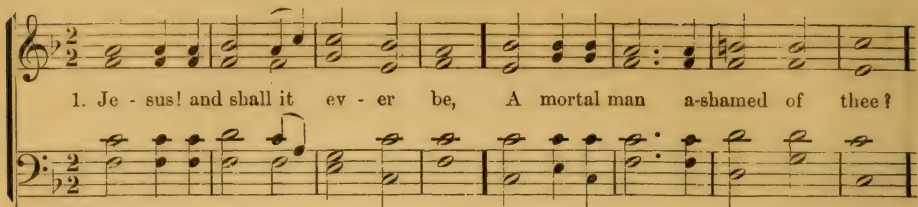
AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's immortal food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm on Zion's hill.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



697

Mark 8 : 38.

GRIGG.

- JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

698

John 14 : 19.

STEELE.

- WHEN sins and fears, prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

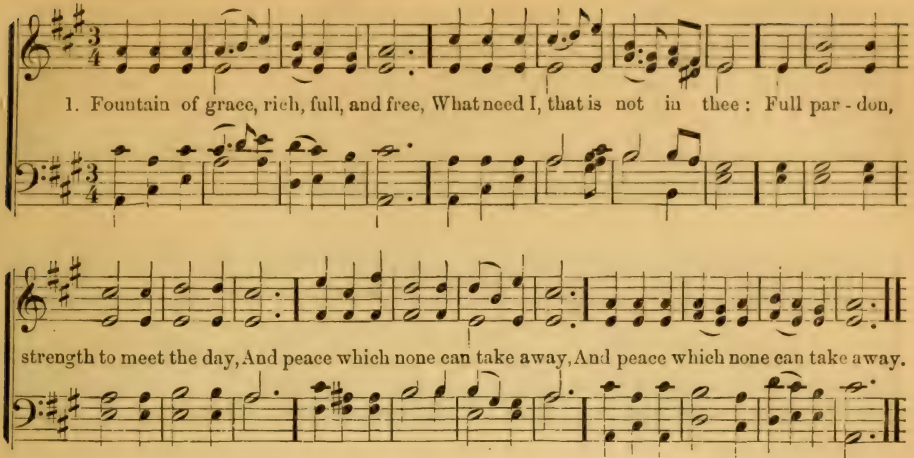
699

1 Cor. 6 : 19.

S. F. SMITH.

- OH, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and
wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.
- 2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.
- 4 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessed Lord, to thee.
- 4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

PARK STREET. L. M.



1. Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I, that is not in thee: Full par-don,
strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take away, And peace which none can take away.

700

Col. 1: 19.

ANON.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee:
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

701

Heb. 2: 16.

GISBORNE.

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel;
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

702

Col. 4: 12.

MRS. HINSDALE.

MY soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

703

Eph. 3: 10.

ANON.

LIGHT of the soul! O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

2 Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

3 Jesus is from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed;
Through him, unto the Father be
Glory and praise eternally!

CHURCH. C. M.

1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise,
On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.

704

Jer. 16 : 19.

STEELE.

- DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relieves.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

705

Psa. 25 : 14.

WESLEY.

- SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

- 3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

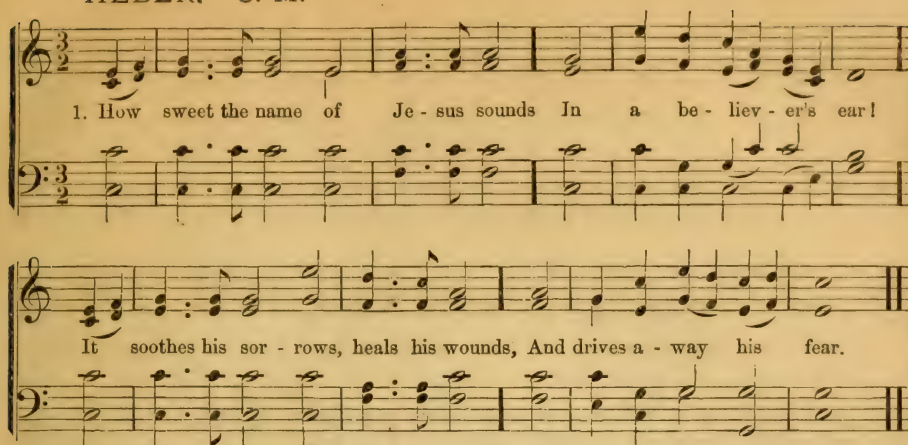
706

1 Cor. 1 : 22-24.

WATTS.

- DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HEBER, C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

707

1 Pet. 2 : 7.

NEWTON.

- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

708

Math. 1 : 21.

DODDRIDGE.

- Jesus! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

709

Math. 17 : 8.

BERNARD.

- Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

GEER. C. M.

1. To our Re-deem-er's glo-ri-ous name, A-wake the sa-cred song!

Oh! may his love-im-mor-tal flame—Tune ev-ery heart and tongue!

710

Rom. 5 : 8.

STEELE.

- To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
"The Saviour died for me!"
- 4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

- 4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

- 5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

712

Rom. 8 : 14-17.

NEWTON.

711

Rom. 8 : 38, 39.

DECK.

- LORD Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh, height! oh, depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.
- 2 Such was thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set thy members free.

- Oh, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart!
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.
- 2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And "Abba, Father," cry?
- 3 Oh, then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed a soul like mine,
And put my foes to shame!
- 4 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
Has turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinned away.
- 5 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore!
Thy grace is all divine:
Oh, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine!

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

1. O Lord! I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend;
To thee in ev - ery trou - ble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.

713

Ps. 73 : 26.

RYLAND.

- O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

714

1 Pet. 5 : 7.

BAXTER.

- LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,

Thy blesséd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

715

John 6 : 68.

ANON.

To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh! they could plait thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above—
And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

TAPPAN. C. M.

1. Go, tune thy voice to sa-cred song, Ex-ert thy no - blest powers, Go, mingle
with the choral throng, The Saviour's praises to prolong, A-mid life's fleet-ing hours.

716

Luke 7: 47.

HASTINGS.

- Go, tune thy voice to sacred song,
Exert thy noblest powers;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong,
Amid life's fleeting hours.
- 2 Oh! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heavenly birth?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.
- 3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near the eternal throne,
Oh, sing the praise of God!
- 4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how he broke death's bars in twain
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven!

717

Luke 15: 2.

RAY PALMER.

- WOULDEST thou eternal life obtain!
Now to the cross repair;
There stand and gaze and weep and pray
Where Jesus breathes his life away;
Eternal life is there!
- 2 Go—'t is the Son of God expires!
Approach the shameful tree;
See quivering there the mortal dart,
In the Redeemer's loving heart,
O sinful soul, for thee!

- 3 Go—there from every streaming wound
Flows rich atoning blood:
That blood can cleanse thy deepest stain,
Bid frowning justice smile again,
And seal thy peace with God.
- 4 Go—at that cross thy heart subdued,
With thankful love shall glow;
By wondrous grace thy soul set free,
Eternal life from Christ to thee
A vital stream shall flow!

718

Ps. 88: 14.

HASTINGS.

- O SAVIOUR, lend a listening ear,
And answer my request!
Forgive, and wipe the falling tear,
Now with thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.
- 2 I mourn the hidings of thy face;
The absence of that smile,
Which led me to a throne of grace,
And gave my soul a resting-place,
From earthly care and toil.
- 3 'T is sin that separates from thee
This poor benighted soul;
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee,
I yield to thy control.
- 4 Up to the place of thine abode
I lift my waiting eye;
To thee, O holy Lamb of God!
Whose blood for me so freely flowed,
I raise my ardent cry.

BRIDGMAN. C. M.



1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart, and see;
And turn the dear-est i-dol out That dares to ri-val thee.

719

John 21 : 15.

DODDRIDGE.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

720

Matt. 18 : 3.

ANON.

Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

2 His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

3 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

4 Let us be simple with him, then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

721

Luke 23 : 42.

BURNHAM

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When earthly helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

MELODY. C. M.

1. Je - sus, who on his glo - rious throne Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own, And give him - self to me.

722

Phil. 1 : 21.

NEWTON.

JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

- 2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 3 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.
- 4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in my cross,
While he prepares my crown.

723

Cant. 2 : 16.

WATTS.

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord!

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

724

1 Pet. 2 : 7.

HEGINBOTHAM

BLEST JESUS! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost,—
In wonder, joy, and love!

- 2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No; thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

MARIAN. C. M.

1. To thee, my Shep-herd and my Lord, A grate-ful song I'll raise;
Oh, let the hum-blest of thy flock At-tempt to speak thy praise.

725

John 10 : 14. HEGINBOTHAM.

- To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh, let the humblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

726

Rev. 22 : 4.

ANON.

- Soon will the heavenly Bridegroom come;
Ye wedding-guests, draw near,
And slumber not in sin, when he,
The Son of God, is here!
- 2 Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,
And hail him with delight;
Who saved us by his precious blood,
And sorrows infinite!
- 3 Beside him all the patriarchs old,
And holy prophets stand;
The glorious apostolic choir,
And noble martyr band.

- 4 As brethren dear they welcome us,
And lead us to the throne,
Where angels bow their veiled heads,
Before the Three in One;—
- 5 Where we, with all the saints of God,
A white-robed multitude,
Shall praise the ascended Lord, who deigns
To bear our flesh and blood!
- 6 Our lot shall be for aye to share
His reign of peace above:
And drink, with unexhausted joy,
The river of his love.

727

Gal. 6 : 14.

NEWTON.

- LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to him be - long,
It mat-ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

728

John. 14 : 3.

GERHARDT.

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

- 2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;—
- 3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.
- 4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

729

Ps. 31.

LYTE.

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline,
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

- 2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

- 3 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

730

Ps. 23 : 4.

STEELE.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

731

1 Pet. 1 : 8.

WATTS.

Nor with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

OWEN. S. M.

1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earth-ly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glo-ry be, When we have borne the cross.

732

Rev. 3 : 11.

BAKER.

- OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours!
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!
- 5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!
- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford—
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

733

Ps. 73 : 25.

WATTS.

- MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 3 O SAVIOUR, who didst come
By water and by blood;
Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,
Eternal Son of God!
- 2 Jesus, our life and hope,
To endless years the same;
We plead thy gracious promises,
And rest upon thy name.
- 3 By faith in thee we live,
By faith in thee we stand,
By thee we vanquish sin and death,
And gain the heavenly land.
- 4 O Lord, increase our faith;
Our fearful spirits calm;
Sustain us through this mortal strife,
Then give the victor's palm!

BONAR. S. M. D.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my
Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled; I was a wayward child, I
did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

735

1 Pet. 2 : 25.

BONAR.

- I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold :
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled ;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild ;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he that washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole :
'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was he that brought me to the fold—
'T is he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,

I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold :
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love his home.

736

Phil. 1 : 21.

ANON.

- FOR me to live is Christ,
To die is endless gain,
For him I gladly bear the cross,
And welcome grief and pain.
Faithful may I endure,
And hear my Saviour say,
Thrice welcome home, beloved child,
Inherit endless day !
- 2 A pilgrimage my lot,
My home is in the skies,
I nightly pitch my tent below,
And daily higher rise ;
My journey soon will end,
My scrip and staff laid down ;
Oh ! tempt me not with earthly toys,
I go to wear a crown.

LEBANON. S. M. D.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his,
D. S. Where liv-ing wa-ters gen-tly pass.

Fine. *D. S.*

What can I want be-side? 2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows,
And full sal-va-tion flows.

737

Ps. 23.

WATTS.

738

Matt. 16: 16.

BONAR.

- THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

- JESUS, the Christ of God,
The Father's blessed Son;
The Father's bosom thine abode,
The Father's love thine own;
Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Who us from hell to raise
Hast shed thy reconciling blood;—
We give thee endless praise!
- 2 God, and yet man thou art!
True God, true man art thou;
Of man, and of man's earth a part,
One with us thou art now;
Great sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True ender of the strife.
- 3 To thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King:
Rest of the weary, thou!
To thee our rest we come;
In thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

SEIR. S. M.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied;...

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?...

ST. PETERSBURGH. L. M. 6 lines.

1. { Je - sus, thou source of calm re - pose, All full-ness dwells in thee di - vine ;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes ; Our light, in deep-est gloom to shine ; }

Thou art our fort-ress, strength, and tower, Our trust and por - tion, ev - er - more.

739

Col. 1 : 10.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine ;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes ;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine ;
Thou art our fortress, strength and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art ;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain ;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain ;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown ;
In shame, our glory and our crown ;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply ;
In weakness, our almighty power ;
In bonds, our perfect liberty ;
Our refuge in temptation's hour ;
Our comfort, amidst grief and thrall ;
Our life in death ; our all in all.

740

Heb. 2 : 14-18.

WILBERFORCE.

As oft with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before !
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear ?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here ;
His life how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin :
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin ;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been ;
My God, my Saviour ! look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

741

Hab. 3 : 17.

NEWTON.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempest's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
Though hot the fight, why quit the field ?
Why should I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?

2 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows and will provide.

3 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine :
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.

1. { When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morn-ing light salutes mine eyes, }
 O Sun of right-eousness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine! }

Oh! chase the clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day.

742

Ps. 65 : 8.

GRANT.

When, streaming from the eastern skies,
 The morning light salutes mine eyes,
 O Sun of righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine!
 Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
 And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
 My morning sacrifice I bring,
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
 Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
 And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy richly blest,
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
 And, as each morning sun shall rise,
 Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
 Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed;
 And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

743

Phil. 4 : 12.

GERMAN.

NONE loves me, Saviour, with thy love,
 None else can meet such needs as mine;
 Oh! grant me, as thou shalt approve,
 All that befits a child of thine!
 From every fear and doubt release,
 And give me confidence and peace.

2 Give me a faith shall never fail,
 One that shall always work by love;
 And then, whatever foes assail,
 They shall but higher courage move
 More boldly for the truth to strive,
 And more by faith in thee to live:—

3 A heart, that, when my days are glad,
 May never from thy way decline,
 And when the sky of life grows sad,
 May still submit its will to thine,—
 A heart that loves to trust in thee,
 A patient heart, create in me!

744

Matt. 18 : 3.

C. WESLEY.

My Saviour, thou thy love to me,
 In want, in pain, in shame, hast shown,
 For me upon the accursed tree,
 Didst by thy precious death atone;
 Thy death upon my heart impress,
 That nothing may it thence erase.

2 Oh, that I, like a little child,
 May follow thee; nor ever rest
 Till sweetly thou hast poured thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast!
 Oh, may I now and ever be,
 One spirit, dearest Lord, with thee!

3 What in thy love possess I not?
 My Star by night, my Sun by day,
 My spring of life when parched with
 drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.

MADISON. 8s. D.

1. Ye angels! who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face—In rapturous songs make him

known, Oh! tune your soft harps to his praise: He formed you the spirits you are, So happy, so

no - ble, so good; When oth-ers sank down in despair, Confirmed by his pow-er, ye stood.

745

Phil. 1:23.

DE FLEURY.

YE angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make him known,
Oh! tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I want—oh! I want to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder, and worship with you!

746

1 Pet. 1:8.

COWPER.

MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou those bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh! then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

MANEPY. 8s.

1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours, When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!

The wood-lands, the fields, and the flowers, Have lost all their sweetness to me.

747

Ps. 73 : 25.

NEWTON.

- How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music his voice;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.
- 3 Dear Lord! if indeed I am thine,
And thou art my light and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
- 4 Oh! drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winters and storms are no more.

748

Heb. 1 : 14.

TOPLADY.

- INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping or waking resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

- 4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the
throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.
- 5 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
- 6 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

749

Rev. 1 : 5, 6.

FRANCIS.

- My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 3 He freely redeemed with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—
- 4 To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

ARIEL. C. P. M.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel,
while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

750

1 Pet. 2 : 7.

MEDLEY.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:

Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

751

Luke 10 : 42.

C. WESLEY.

Oh, that I could forever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

2 Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord! to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh; for thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

752

1 Pet. 1 : 8.

ANON.

JESUS, I love thee! thou dost know
How true my love, how deep my woe;
Almost too deep to bear!
But thou wilt guide me by thy hand,
Strong in thy strength I yet may stand,
Still resting in thy care.

2 Thou wilt not leave the weakest one;
Though every outward hope be gone,
I know that thou art nigh;
Man knows not what my sufferings are,
He cannot know; he would not care;
But thou art sympathy.

3 Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,
Nor let me, journeying through this vale,
Bring on thy gospel shame;
Though naught is mine but sin and woe,
Yet in thy righteousness I go,
And triumph in thy name.

4 And when the bitter cup is past,
And when I sink in death at last,
It is to be with thee;
To come with thee in clouds of heaven,
Ransomed, pure, holy, thine, forgiven,
Ever to reign with thee.

753

Col. 2 : 10.

ANON.

COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs,
"In him ye are complete!"

2 In him, who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;
"In him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name forever bless,
Your glory, strength and righteousness,
"In him ye are complete!"

4 Nor fear to pass the vale of death;
In his dear arms resign your breath,
He'll make the passage sweet;

The gloom and fears of death shall flee,
And your departing souls shall see
"In him ye are complete!"

754

Matt. 1 : 21.

ROSCOE.

Oh, let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest;
To heal the sinner's wounded breast;
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around;
And to the world's remotest bound,
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save,
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

755

Luke 12 : 32.

ALTENBURG.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise
To save us, and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end: Amen!

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His loving-kindness, oh, how free! Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

756

Ps. 36 : 7.

MEDLEY.

- AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

CRUSADERS' HYMN. P. M.

HYMN 757

ANON.

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus! Rul-er of all na-ture! O thou of God and man the Son!
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands! Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And the twink-ling star-ry host;

Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou! my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines pur-er Thau all the angels heaven can boast.

SHEPHERD. 11s & 10s.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, he makes me re- pose Where the
pas- tures in beau- ty are grow- ing; He leads me a- far from the
world and its woes, Where in peace the still wa- ters are flow- ing.

758

Ps. 23.

KNOX.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me
repose
Where the pastures in beauty are
growing,
He leads me afar from the world and its
woes,
Where in peace the still waters are
flowing.
2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me
the path
Where the arms of his love shall
enfold me,
And when I walk through the dark val-
ley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

759

Cant. 1 : 7, 8.

HASTINGS.

Oh, tell me, thou Life and Delight of
my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are
feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is
leading.
2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock
are at rest,

Where the noontide will find them
reposing;

The tempest now rages, my soul is dis-
tressed,

And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 And why should I stray with the flocks
of thy foes,

In the desert where now they are
roving;

Where hunger and thirst, where conten-
tions and woes

And fierce conflicts their ruin are
proving?

4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wan-
dering cease,

And the follies that fill me with weep-
ing?

O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that
peace,

Thou dost give to the flock thou art
keeping!

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me
return,

By the way where the footprints are
lying;

No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:
And homeward my spirit is flying.

BAYLEY. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing,— Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
D.S. Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart.

Je-sus! thou art all compas-sion, Pure, unbound-ed love thou art;

760

Phil. 1:6.

C. WESLEY.

- LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

761

John 15:4.

SPITTA.

- ALL is dying; hearts are breaking
Which to ours were closely bound;
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.
- 2 Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave.
All is fading, all is fleeing;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.
- 3 Yet unchanged while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
Lean on me alone, he sayeth;
Hope and love, and firmly trust:
Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives!

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee ;

Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for-sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
d. s. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own !

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, d. s.

762

Luke 9 : 23.

LYRTE.

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
Oh ! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest !
Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

- 4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father !
I have stayed my heart on thee !
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer !
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there :
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend ;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

763

Prov. 18 : 24.

NEWTON.

- ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

764

Matt. 17 : 8.

NASON.

- JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread ;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.
- 2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll ;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
- 3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall ;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

- 4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring ;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

765

John 8 : 36.

ANON.

- SAVIOUR, hear us, through thy merit ;
Lowly bending at thy feet ;
Oh, draw near us by thy Spirit ;
Prostrate at thy mercy-seat.
- 2 For the joys of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee ;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

766

Matt. 28 : 20.

NEVIN.

- ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love ;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.
- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none ;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream ;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

TULLY. 7s & 6s. D.

767

Isa. 53 : 4.

BONAR.

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:

I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

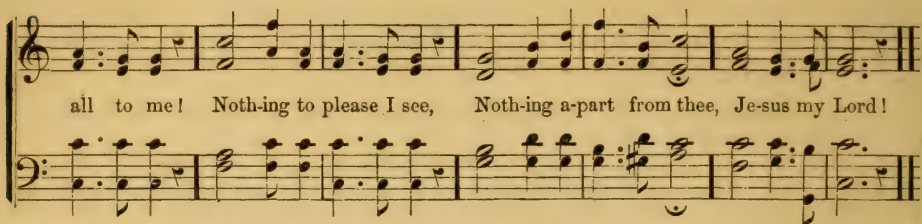
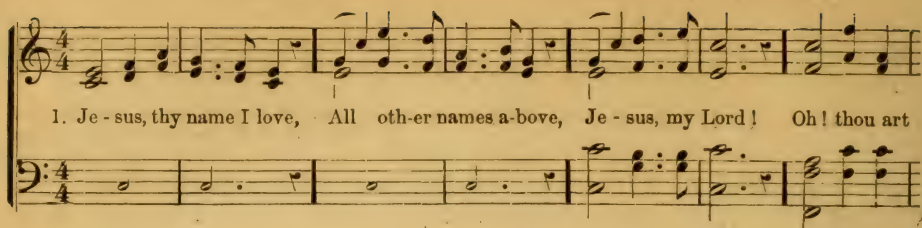
768

Jude 25.

HAWEIS.

- To thee, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn, with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By thee, through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee:—
What could an angel more?

LYTE. 8s & 4s.



769

1 John 4 : 19.

ANON.

770

Ps. 37 : 25.

H. HOPE.

Jesus, thy name I love,
 All other names above,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Oh! thou art all to me!
 Nothing to please I see,
 Nothing apart from thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blesséd Son of God,
 Hast bought me with thy blood,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Oh! how great is thy love,
 All other loves above,
 Love that I daily prove,
 Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
 Thou wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 What need I now to fear?
 What earthly grief or care,
 Since thou art ever near?
 Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again!
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord!
 Then thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like thee be,
 Then evermore with thee,
 Jesus, my Lord!

Now I have found a Friend
 Whose love shall never end;
 Jesus is mine.
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace;
 Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
 He will my faith uphold;
 Jesus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply;
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope destroy;
 Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh, what a glorious thing
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harps to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

4 Father! thy name I bless;
 Thine was the sovereign grace;
 Praise shall be thine;
 Spirit of holiness!
 Sealing the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus as mine.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!

77 I

Isa. 45 : 22.

RAY PALMER.

772

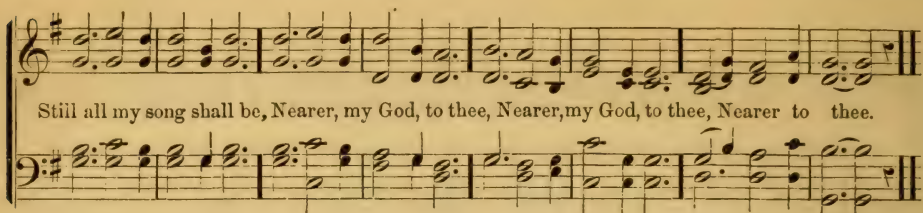
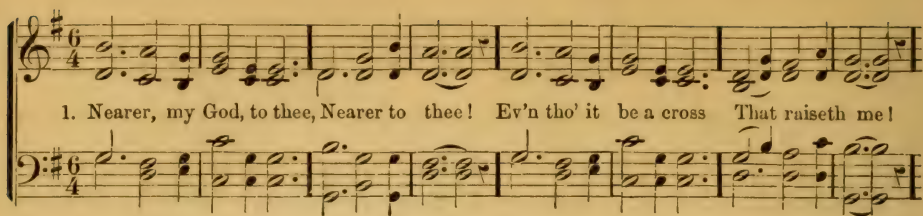
Heb. 12 : 2.

HASTINGS.

- My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

- SAVIOUR, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower;
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.
- 2 Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.
- 3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.
- 4 Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



773

Isa. 42 : 16.

C. S. R.

774

Cant. 2 : 16.

MRS. BONAR.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,
 Guided by thee,
 Seeing not yet the hand
 That leadeth me;
 Hushed be my heart and still,
 Fear I no further ill,
 Only to meet thy will
 My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
 Thirst to relieve,
 Manna from heaven falls
 Fresh every eve;
 Never a want severe
 Causeth my eye a tear,
 But thou dost whisper near,
 "Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
 Have I been brought;
 Shrinking the cup to drink,
 Help I have sought;
 And with the prayer's ascent,
 Jesus the branch hath rent,
 Quickly relief hath sent,
 Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
 Closer with thee;
 Led by thy guiding hand,
 Ever to be;
 Constantly near thy side,
 Quickened and purified,
 Living for him who died
 Freely for me!

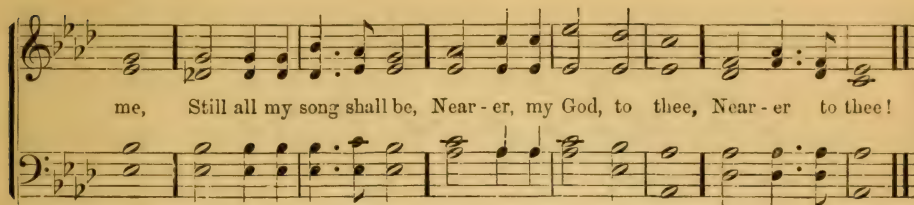
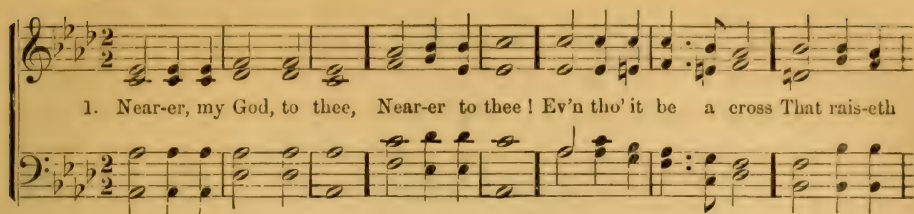
FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
 Jesus is mine!
 Break, every tender tie;
 Jesus is mine:
 Dark is the wilderness;
 Earth has no resting-place;
 Jesus alone can bless;
 Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
 Jesus is mine:
 Here would I ever stay;
 Jesus is mine:
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine:
 Lost in this dawning bright,
 Jesus is mine:
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void;
 Jesus has satisfied;
 Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
 Jesus is mine:
 Welcome, eternity;
 Jesus is mine:
 Welcome, O loved and blest!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
 Jesus is mine!

ELY. 6s & 4s.



775

Gen. 28 : 10-22.

S. F. ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

776

1 Pet. 1 : 8.

HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
Grant heavenly peace within,
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

FULTON. 7s.

1. Sav - iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
Sweet-er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.

777

1 John 4 : 19.

ANON.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

778

John 14 : 6.

FURNESS.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God! my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blesséd Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Saviour, near.

779

1 Cor. 15 : 10.

KELLY.

BLESSÉD fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

KARL. 7s.

1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

780

Cant. 5 : 16.

SCHEFFLER.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

- 2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When the star-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think 'on Jesus' light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.
- 4 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

781

Isa. 7 : 14.

NEWTON.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high;"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

- 4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour! Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
Every precious name in one!
I will love thee without end.

782

Isa. 9 : 6.

ANON.

HE has come, the Christ of God!
Left for us his glad abode;
Stooping from his throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness!

- 2 He has come, the Prince of peace!
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter, with his light,
All the shadows of our night.
- 3 He, the mighty King, has come!
Making this poor earth his home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load,
Son of David, Son of God!
- 4 He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race!
Left for us his glad abode,
Son of Mary, Son of God!
- 5 He has come from God's own heaven!
Unto us a Son is given;
Bringing with him from above
Holy peace, and holy love!

783 7s.

Matt. 1 : 23.

ANON.

784

L. M.

Luke 24 : 51.

CENNICK.

God with us! oh, glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame;
 God and man in Christ unite;
 Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
 Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
 Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;
 Yet did he our sins sustain,
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
 Let us see him face to face;
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King!

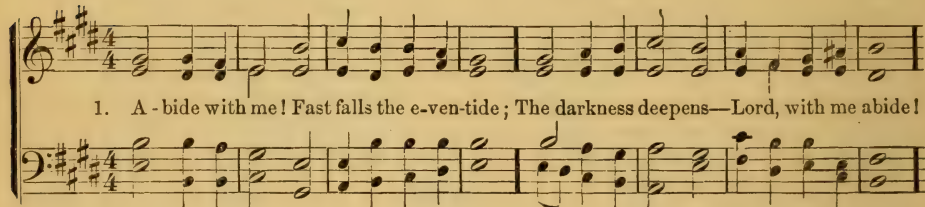
JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.

2 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long had been,
 Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

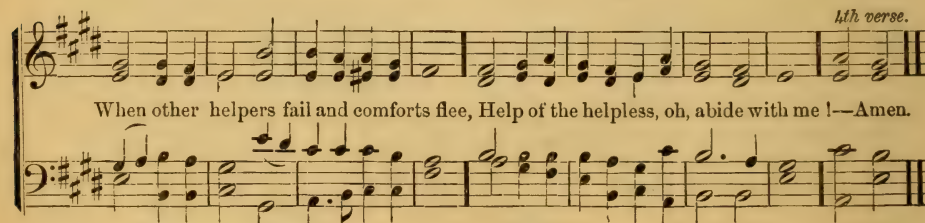
3 The more I strove against their power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way!"

4 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
 Nothing but sin I thee can give;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

EVENTIDE. 10s.



1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!



When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!—Amen.

785

Luke 24 : 29.

LYTE.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
 abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift toits close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
 away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
 What but thy grace can foil the tempt-
 er's power?
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay
 can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide
 with me!

4 Not a brief glance I long, a passing word;
 But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples,
 Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6 lines.

End. *D. C.*

1. Shepherd, with thy tend'rest love, Guide me to thy fold above ; { Let me hear thy gentle voice ; }
 d. c. From thy fullness grace receive, Ev- er in thy Spirit live. { More and more in thee rejoice ; }

786 7s. 6l. *John 10 : 11.* ANON.

SHEPHERD, with thy tenderest love,
 Guide me to thy fold above ;
 Let me hear thy gentle voice ;
 More and more in thee rejoice ;
 From thy fullness grace receive,
 Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
 For thy love no limit knows :

Guardian angels, ever nigh,
 Lead and draw my soul on high ;
 Constant to my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest
 Death is life, and labor rest ;
 Guide me while I draw my breath,
 Guard me through the gate of death,
 And at last, oh, let me stand,
 With the sheep at thy right hand.

FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.

1. O Ho-ly Sav-iour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me
 lean, Help me, throughout life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to thee!

787 8s & 6s. *John 15 : 5.* C. ELLIOTT.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
 Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
 Help me, throughout life's chang-ing scene,
 By faith to cling to thee!

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine ;
 For, as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to thee.

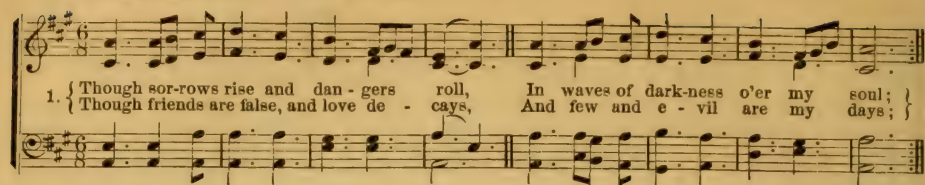
3 Though far from home, fatigued, oppress'd,
 Here have I found a place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
 Because I cling to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and hopes remove ;
 With patient uncomplaining love
 Still would I cling to thee.

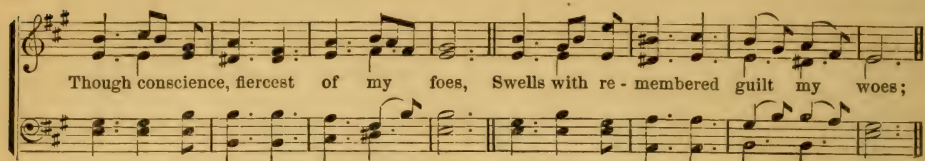
5 Though oft I seem to tread alone
 Life's dreary waste, with thorns so'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

6 Though faith and hope are often tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
 The soul that clings to thee!

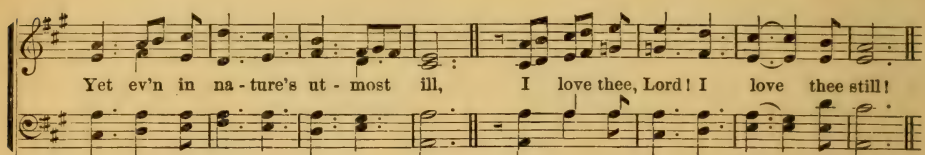
MEMORIAL. L. M. D.



1. { Though sor-rows rise and dan - gers roll, In waves of dark-ness o'er my soul; }
 { Though friends are false, and love de - cays, And few and e - vil are my days; }



Though conscience, fiercest of my foes, Swells with re - membered guilt my woes;



Yet ev'n in na - ture's ut - most ill, I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

788 L. M. D. 1 John 4 : 18-21.

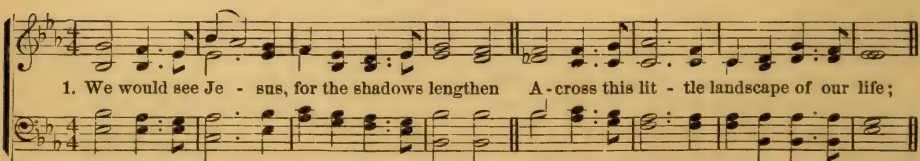
THOUGH sorrows rise and dangers roll,
 In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
 Though friends are false, and love decays,
 And few and evil are my days;
 Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
 Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
 Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
 I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
 Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
 And memory points, with busy pain,
 To grace and mercy given in vain;

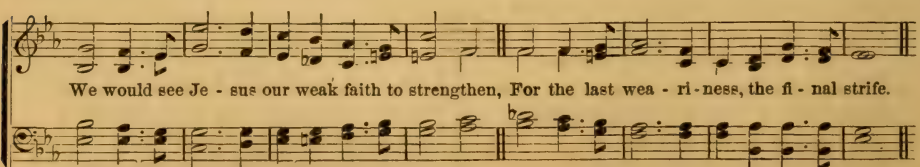
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
 Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
 Though every thought has power to kill,
 I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
 The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
 By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
 Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
 By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
 Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
 I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
 Thou lov'st me, Lord! thou lov'st me still!

RAYNOLDS. 11s & 10s.



1. We would see Je - sus, for the shadows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle landscape of our life;



We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.

GREENPORT. C. M. D.

1. Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust; Encouraged by thy
ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust; I have no ar - gu - ment be - side,
I urge no other plea; And 't is enough my Saviour died, My Saviour died for me!

789 HIS & IOS. *John 12 : 21.* ANON.

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows
lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus our weak faith to
strengthen,
For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock
Foundation, [grace;
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are
fading, [to see;
Which for long years we have rejoiced
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go
to thee.

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're
needing, [the sight;
Strength, joy and willingness come with
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, plead-
ing, [night!
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal

790 C. M. D. *Ps. 32 : 7.* RAFFLES.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
In thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 't is enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil:
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me!

3 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
“My Saviour died for me.”

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' deserts dark as night ;

Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

791

Faith.—*Heb. 11 : 8.*

WATTS.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

792

Self-denial.—*Luke 9 : 23.*

KEBLE.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

- 2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

793

Love.—*1 Cor. 13 : 1.*

WATTS.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

794

Consistency.—*Titus 2 : 10-13.* WATTS.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord :
And faith stands leaning on his word.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev-ery eve-ning new;
And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-till like ear-ly dew.

795 Gratitude.—*Lam. 3 : 23.* WATTS.

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

796 Completeness.—*Col. 2 : 10.* A. R. W.

COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

797 Contentment.—*Phil. 4 : 11.* GUION.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

798 Meekness.—*Matt. 5 : 5.* J. SCOTT

HAPPY the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild!
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess:
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

VALENTIA. C. M.

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me?

799

Faith.—*Eph. 2 : 8.*

FABER.

Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

800

Godly Sincerity.—*Eph. 5 : 8.*

BARTON.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

801

Gentleness.—*2 Tim. 2 : 24.*

BATES.

SPEAK gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

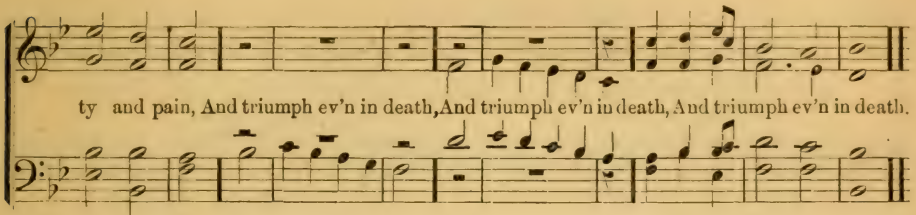
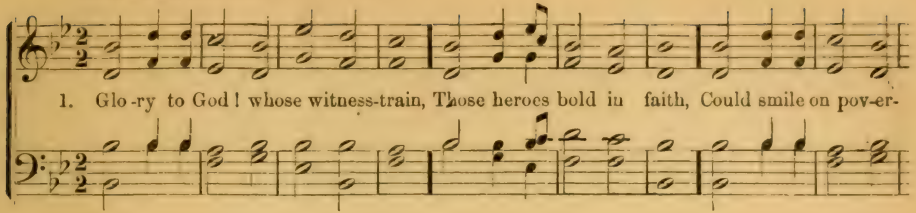
2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

5 Speak gently—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

802 Martyr-faith.—*Heb. 11:13.* MORAVIAN.

GLORY to God! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Oh! may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

3 God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smoothe the wave,
For such as love his name.

4 Lord! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

803 Trust.—*Hab. 3: 17-19.* LOGAN.

WHAT tho' no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply;—

2 Though from the fold with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;—

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him rejoice, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

804 Spirituality.—*Gal. 5: 22.* ANON.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—
This one great gift impart—
What most I need—and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free,
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

805 Faith.—*Mark 9: 24.* WREFOED.

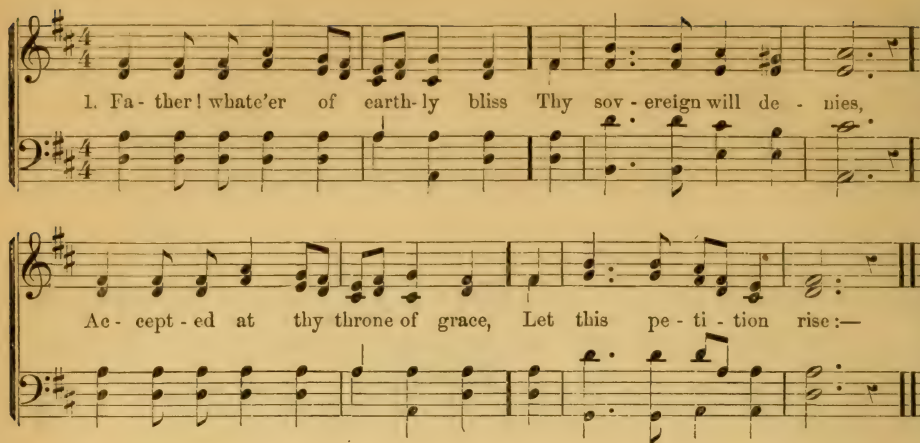
LORD, I believe; thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears,
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Heph thou mine unbelief!"

NAOMI. C. M.



806

Humble Devotion.

STEELE.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

807

Humility.—*Ps. 131.*

WATTS.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

808

Humility.—*Isa. 57: 15.*

ANON.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!

If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

809

Calmness.—*Isa. 26: 3.*

BONAR.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.

1. Hap - py the heart where gra - ces reign, Where love in - spires the breast:

Love is the bright - est of the train, And strengthens all the rest.

810 Love.—1 Cor. 13 : 13. WATTS.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:

Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

811 Charitableness. FLETCHER.

THINK gently of the erring one!
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path,
We have in weakness trod.

3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

812 Sensibility. HEGINBOTHAM.

AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?

Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

2 Blest Jesus! let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

813 Faith.—1 Cor. 5 : 7. WATTS.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid, in every duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

TUCKER. S. M.



814

Joy.—*Phil. 4 : 4.*

MOULTRIE.

REJOICE in God alway;
When earth looks heavenly bright,
When joy makes glad the livelong day,
And peace shuts in the night.

- 2 Rejoice when care and woe
The fainting soul oppress;
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear;
Rejoice in life and death;
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 When should not they rejoice,
Whom Christ his brethren calls;
Who hear and know his guiding voice,
When on their hearts it falls?
- 5 So, though our path is steep,
And many a tempest lowers,
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,
And Christ's dear love be ours.

815

Self-renunciation.

COWPER.

MAN'S wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And ev'n an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

- 2 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

- 3 In Jesus is our store;

Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says,—“I want no more,”
Confesses he has none.

816

Purity.—*Matt. 5 : 8.*

KEBLE.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

- 2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord! we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

817

Confidence.

C. WESLEY.

IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly, confidently look
Till he salvation send.

- 2 I shall his goodness see,
While on his name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.
- 3 Jesus, to thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower;
Upon thy faithful love rely,
And find thy saving power.

DENNIS. S. M.

1. Ye serv - ants of the Lord! Each in his of - fice wait,
Ob - serv - ant of his heavenly word, And watch - ful at his gate.

818

Watchfulness.

DODDRIDGE.

- YE servants of the Lord!
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch,—’t is your Lord’s command;
And while we speak he’s near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

819

Fruits of the Spirit.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear’st my prayer.
- 2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The lures of pleasing ill;—

- 4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross;—
- 5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;—
- 6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

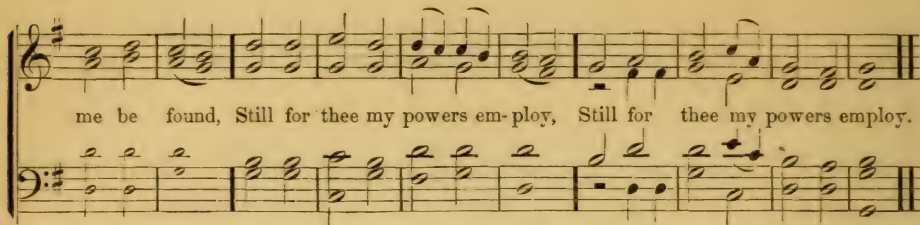
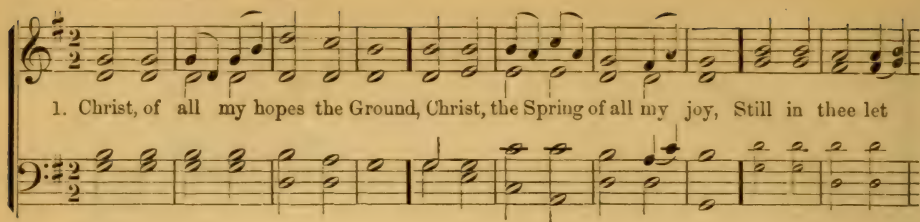
820

Trust.—1 Pet. 5 : 7.

SIGOURNEY.

- WHERE wilt thou put thy trust?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away?
- 2 Where wilt thou cast thy care?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow’s dart?
- 3 No,—place thy trust above
This shadowy realm of night,
In him, whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.
- 4 His mercies still endure
When skies and stars grow dim,
His changeless promise standeth sure,—
Go,—cast thy care on him.

HENDON. 7s.

821 In Christ.—*Phil. 1 : 21.* WARDLAW.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace !
Freely from thy fullness give ;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it " Christ for me to live !"
- 3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound ;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Roll the closing waves shall roll !
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.
- 5 Thus,—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky ;
Having known it " Christ to live,"
Let me know it " gain to die."

822 Likeness to Christ. MONTGOMERY.

FATHER of eternal grace !
Glorify thyself in me ;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;
Fix my thoughts on things above,—
Stay my heart on thee alone.

- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will :—thy will be done !
Give me, Lord ! the perfect mind
Of thy well beloved Son.

- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him, to thee, my God !

823 Fellowship.—*Eph. 4 : 5.* WESLEYAN.

FATHER, hear our humble claim ;
We are met in thy great name ;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

- 2 Lord, our fellowship increase ;
Knit us in the bond of peace ;
Join our hearts, O Father ! join
Each to each, and all to thine.
- 3 Move and actuate and guide,
Diverse gifts to each divide ;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us each his work fulfill.
- 4 Build us in one spirit up,
Called in one high calling's hope,
One the spirit, one the aim,
One the pure baptismal flame ;—
- 5 One the faith, and one the Lord,
Whom, by heaven and earth adored,
We our God and Father call ;—
O'er all, through all, with us all.

KARL. 7s.

1. Lord, if thou thy grace im-part, Poor in spir-it, meek in heart,
I shall as my Mas-ter be,— Root-ed in hu-mil-i-ty!

824

Humility.—*Ps. 137.*

C. WESLEY.

- LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,—
Rooted in humility!
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

825

Conformity to Christ. C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
Altogether like our Lord.

- 4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express—
All the heights of holiness.

- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

826

Consecration.—*Rom. 12: 1.*

ANON.

GIVER of each perfect gift!
By thy cleansing mercy healed,
Up to thee our souls we lift,
And to thee our bodies yield.

- 2 Now our sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through thy Son;
In thee may we ever live;
In us may thy will be done.
- 3 Meet it is, and just and right,
Wholly thine that we should be;
In thy sacred word delight,
Now and through eternity.
- 4 Oh, that every deed and word
May proclaim how good thou art!
Holiness unto the Lord,
Now be written on each heart!

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

1. { Bles- sed are the sons of God, They are bought with Je- sus' blood ; }
 { They are ran-somed from the grave ; Life e- ter - nal they shall have : }

With them num - bered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

827 Brotherly love. HUMPHREYS.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood ;
 They are ransomed from the grave ;
 Life eternal they shall have :
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace ;
 All their sins are washed away ;
 They shall stand in God's great day :
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,—
 Children of a heavenly birth,—
 One with God, with Jesus one :
 Glory is in them begun :
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

Renovate and fill the whole ;
 Lord, I will not let thee go
 Till the blessing thou bestow.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay ;
 Come, and in thy temple stay :
 Now, thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear :
 Spring of life, thyself impart ;
 Rise eternal in my heart.

829 Charity.—1 Cor. 13 : 1. LANGE.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues
 Bravest words of strength and fire,
 They are but as idle songs,
 If no love my heart inspire ;
 All the eloquence shall pass
 As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
 On the poor in charity,
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake can see,—
 Till by love the work be crowned,
 All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
 Who didst forth from God proceed,
 Never from my heart remove ;
 Let me all thy impulse heed ;
 Let my heart henceforward be
 Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

828 Spirituality.—Rom. 8 : 15. C. WESLEY.

ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
 Late in Jesus reconciled ;
 Hear, and all the graces shower,
 All the joy, and peace, and power ;
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
 Change my nature into thine :
 Move and spread throughout my soul,

REPOSE. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child:
From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es thee.

830 Tranquillity.—Ps. 131. NEWTON.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

831 Trust.—Isa. 12:2. NEVINS.

HAPPY, Saviour, would I be,
If I could but trust in thee;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust thy goodness to provide;
Trust thy saving love and power;
Trust thee every day and hour:—

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief:—

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

832 Consecration.—Ps. 119:94. ANON.

Now, O God, thine own I am!
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers;
Take my mind, and heart, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my soul and make it new!

833 C. M. Fruits of Spirit.—*John 16 : 7.* ANON.

- OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.
- 3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear,
And whispers us of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Is his and his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier thee!

834 C. M. Submission. COWPER.

- O LORD! my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Thy love forbids my fears;
Why tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No,—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What more I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

835 S. M. Gratitude.—*Ps. 103.* WATTS.

- OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

836 7s. Consecration. C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am:
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part:
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know:
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

837 S. H. M. Faith.—*Gal. 5 : 6.* ANON.

- FAITH is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day:
It points the course, where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.
- 2 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given:
It is the bright triumphal arch
Through which the saints to glory march.
- 3 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

838

78, 61. Consistency.

McCHEYNE.

CHOSEN not for good in me,
Waked from coming wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise—
Jesus comes—the tempter flies:
Blesséd Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

839

C. M. Consecration.

BEDDOME.

WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

840

H. M. Unity.—*Eph. 4: 5.* ROBINSON.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above—
Zion, one faith is thine,
Only one watchword—love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;

One Priest before the throne—
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath!
The catholic, the true,—
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

841

C. M.

Acquiescence.

MERRICK.

AUTHOR of good! to thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern—
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Oh, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

3 And since by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

842

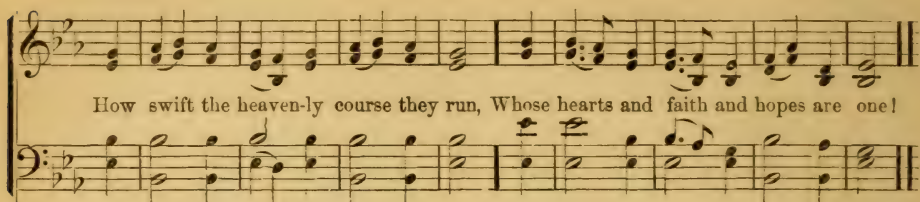
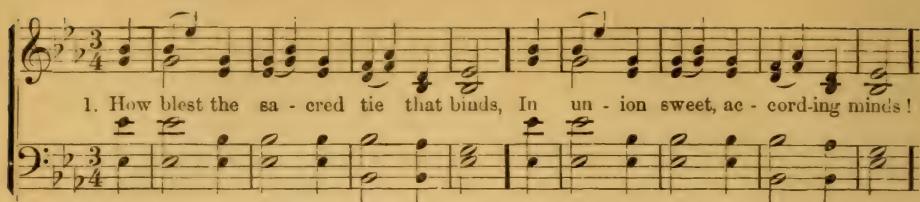
S. P. M. Fellowship.—*Ps. 133.* WATTS.

How pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfill his part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distills.

GRATITUDE. L. M.



843

Acts. 4 : 32.

BARBAULD.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one !

2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous care, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within,
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !

3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe ;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire :
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

844

Acts 10 : 33.

NEWTON.

KINDRED in Christ ! for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 Thus,—as the moments pass away,—
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

845

Eph. 4 : 30-32.

WATTS.

THE Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life !

2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts ;
Through all our lives let mercy run ;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, his Son.

846

Matt. 10 : 40-42.

KELLY.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name ;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove ;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;
Oh ! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love : The
fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

847

Rom. 12 : 5.

FAWCETT.

- BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

848

Matt. 18 : 20.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim ;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

- 2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know thou art,
But oh, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.
- 5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

849

1 Cor. 12 : 13.

BEDDOME.

- LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

BOARDMAN. C. M.

1. Oh, it is joy for those to meet Whom one com-mu-nion blends,
 Coun-cil to hold in con-verse sweet, And talk as Chris-tian friends.

850

Matt. 18 : 20.

ANON.

- OH, it is joy for those to meet
 Whom one communion blends,
 Council to hold in converse sweet,
 And talk as Christian friends.
- 2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,
 Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
 To seek our earthly temples deign,
 And in our anthems join.
- 3 But chief 't is joy to think that He
 To whom his church is dear,
 Delights her gathered flock to see,
 Her joint devotions hear.
- 4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
 While here such joys are given;
 "This is indeed the house of God,
 And this the gate of heaven!"

851

Eph. 4 : 15.

C. WESLEY.

- BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
 That will not let us part:
 Our bodies may far off remove;
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go;
 We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.
- 3 Oh, may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside!
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified!

- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Not joy nor grief nor time nor place
 Nor life nor death can part.

852

Eph. 3 : 15.

C. WESLEY.

- LET saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family—we dwell in him—
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death;—
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Ev'n now to their eternal home
 Some happy spirits fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die.
- 5 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
 With those that went before,
 And greet the ransomed blessed bands
 Upon the eternal shore.
- 6 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
 And, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

EVAN. C. M.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill his word!

853

1 John 4 : 21.

SWAIN.

- How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

854

1 Cor. 12 : 27.

C. WESLEY.

- HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

855

John 13 : 1.

RAY PALMER.

- LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.
- 2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.
- 3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.
- 4 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.
- 5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

HEBER. C. M.

1. Come in, thou bless-ed of the Lord, Stran - ger nor foe art thou:
We wel - come thee with warm ac-cord, Our friend, our bro - ther, now.

856

Gen. 24 : 31.

MONTGOMERY.

- COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 Come with us,—we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.
- 4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

857

Luke 24 : 32.

H. MILLER.

- OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee, God!
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;—
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face!

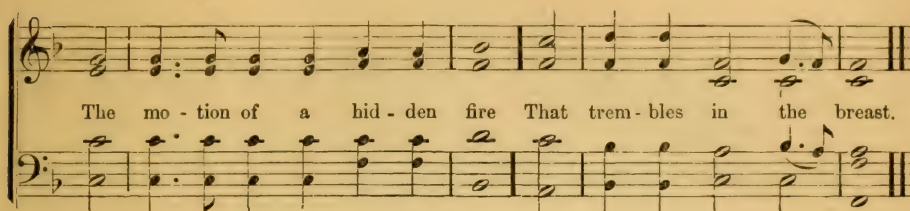
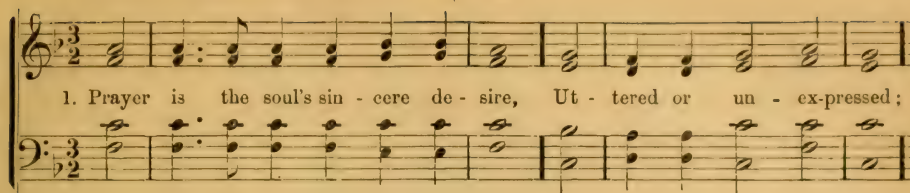
858

Rom. 6 : 5.

S. F. SMITH.

- PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord!
- 2 Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our heart, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine!

BYEFIELD. C. M.



859

Ps. 65 : 2.

MONTGOMERY.

- PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"
- 6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

860

Mark 13 : 33.

HASTINGS.

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

- 2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.
- 3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.
- 4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

861

1 Sam. 1 : 12, 13.

BEDDOME

- PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.

1. Hail, tran-quil hour of clos-ing day! Be-gone, dis-turb-ing care!

And look, my soul, from earth a-way, To him who hear-eth prayer.

862

Ps. 104: 34.

BACON.

- HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
 Begone, disturbing care!
 And look, my soul, from earth away,
 To him who heareth prayer.
- 2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
 Before his throne of grace,
 While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
 He shows his smiling face.
- 3 How sweet, thro' long-remembered years,
 His mercies to recall;
 And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and
 fears,
 To trust his love for all.
- 4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
 Beyond this fading sky,
 And hear him call his children up
 To his fair home on high.
- 5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
 To dawn beyond the west;
 So let my soul, in life's last even
 Retire to glorious rest.

- 3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
 Fountain of peace and love,
 Fulfill to us thy precious word,
 Thy loving-kindness prove.
- 4 Now to our God—the Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, sing!
 With praise to God, the Three in One,
 Let all creation ring.

864

Ps. 68: 6.

H. K. WHITE.

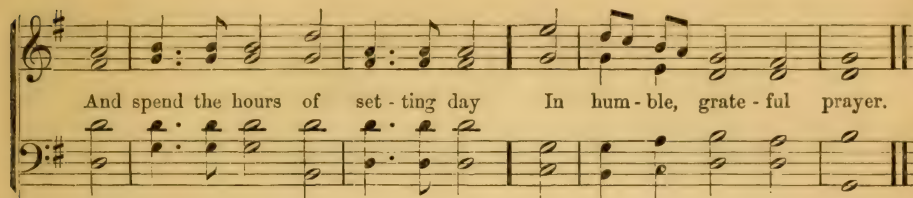
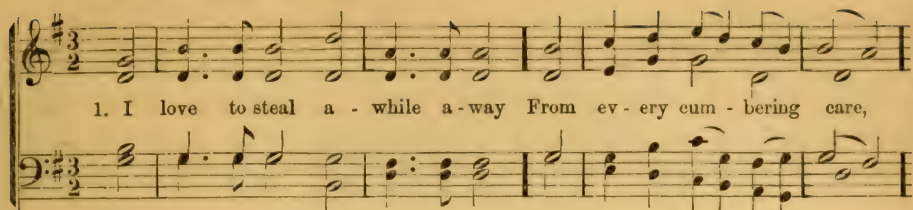
863

Matt. 18: 20.

HASTINGS.

- WHEREVER two or three may meet,
 To worship in thy name,
 Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
 This promise they may claim:—
- 2 Jesus in love will condescend
 To bless the hallowed place;
 The Saviour will himself attend,
 And show his smiling face.
- 3 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led,
 The Sun of holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.
- 4 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



865

Luke 10: 38-42.

BROWN.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on
high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the
world,
To bring salvation down!

867

Ps. 145: 18.

STEELE.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

866

1 John 5: 14.

ANON.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

RETREAT. L. M.

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.

868

Ex. 25 : 22.

STOWELL.

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!
- 5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains

A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

870

Matt. 21 : 22.

NEWTON.

- AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh! be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.
- 4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

869

Heb. 4 : 15, 16.

LOGAN.

- WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

BERA. L. M.

I. Thou, Saviour from thy throne on high, En - robed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh, Of hearts that love the tran - quil hour.

871

Luke 21 : 37. RAY PALMER.

THOU, Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

872

Acts 2 : 1. MONTGOMERY.

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,—
Say to the weakest, Follow me.

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One True, Eternal God confessed;
Whom thou hast joined none may divide:
None dare to curse whom thou hast blessed.

873

Ps. 104 : 34. C. ELLIOTT.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

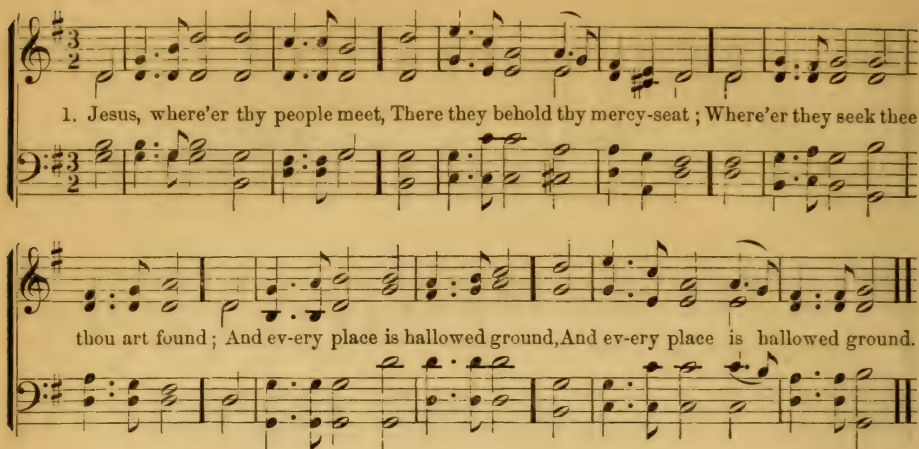
2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beautiful hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful filial prayer to thee!

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.



874

John 4 : 21.

COWPER.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found ;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

875

Matt. 18 : 20.

STENNETT.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;—

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company ;
There, to unvail his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord !
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

876

Gen. 28 : 17.

KELLY.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour ! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee :
Ah ! Lord ! behold us at thy feet ;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand !" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face :
Oh ! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

877

1 Pet. 3 : 7.

COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds with-
draw ;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor
bright ;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? ah ! think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me !"

ILLINOIS. L. M.

1. Great God! to thee my eve-ning song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise;

Oh, let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

878

Ps. 4: 8.

STEELE.

GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

879

Phil. 4: 6.

CENNICK.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in thy narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me thy weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove:
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Oh, may I never do my will,
But thine and only thine fulfill;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

880

Jas. 5: 13.

COWPER.

God of my life, to thee I call!
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. Our heaven - ly Fa - ther calls, And Christ in - vites us near;
With both, our friend - ship shall be sweet, And our com - mu - nion dear.

881

1 John 1: 3.

DODDRIDGE.

- OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

882

Heb. 4: 16.

NEWTON.

- BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all prevailing plea.

- 3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

883

Luke 18: 1.

NEWTON.

- JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

STATE STREET. S. M.

1. How sweet the melt - ing lay Which breaks up - on the ear,
When at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer.

884

Matt. 14 : 23.

MRS. BROWN.

- How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.
- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 So Jesus still doth pray
Before the morning bright,
On heavenly mountains far away,
While we toil here in night.
- 5 Leave, Lord, thy vigil there,
Descend upon life's wave ;
Come to the bark through midnight air,
The storm shall cease to rave.

885

Ps. 137.

DWIGHT.

- I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

886

1 Tim. 2 : 8.

ANON

- COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray ;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

HORTON. 7s.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.

887

Matt. 7 : 7.

NEWTON.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 With my burden I begin :—
Lord ! remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

888

Gen. 32 : 26.

NEWTON.

LORD ! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord ! that mercy came to me.

- 3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?

- 4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

- 5 No—I must maintain my hold ;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

889

Col. 4 : 2.

ANON.

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain ;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

ALETTA. 7s.

1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev-ery place;

If we live a life of prayer, God is pre-sent ev-ery-where.

890

Eph. 6 : 18.

ANON.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

891

Isa. 56 : 7.

HASTINGS.

SOFT and holy is the place,
Where the light that beams from
heaven
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.

- 2 There, with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear;
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshipping with godly fear.
- 3 Let the world and all its cares
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares
Cease to hinder or molest.

- 4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heaven above!
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that's tuned to love.

892

Acts 16 : 13.

EDMESTON.

HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.

- 2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise.

893

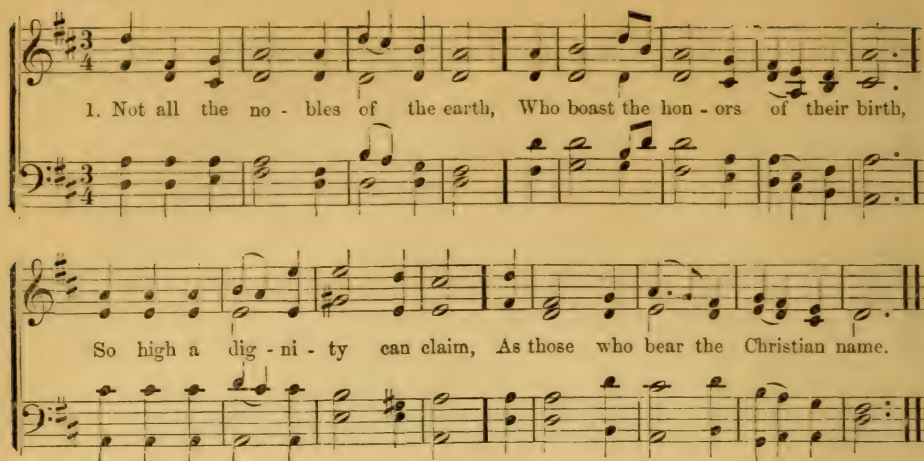
Acts 10 : 33.

RAY PALMER.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

- 2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.
- 3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.
- 4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

BLENDON. L. M.



894

Adoption.

STENNETT.

Not all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

- 3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

895

Perseverance.—Rom. 8 : 33. WATTS.

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too!

- 5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

896

Security.

WATTS.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,
Where streams of living pleasures flow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow!
- 5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

1. He lives! the great Redeemer lives! What joy the blest as - sur-ance gives! And now be -

fore his Father, God, Pleads the full mer-it of his blood, Pleads the full mer-it of his blood.

897 Christ's Intercession. STEELE.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

898 Pardoned Sin. HEGINBOTHAM.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly
guest,

Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 O God of hope and peace divine!
Make thou these secret pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And fill my heart with joy and love.

899 Grace.—*Luke 10 : 20.* DODDRIDGE.

No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong! your valor trust;
No more, ye rich! survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.

2 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have owned his sovereign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

3 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love!

900 Remembrance.—*Psa. 112 : 6.* BOWRING.

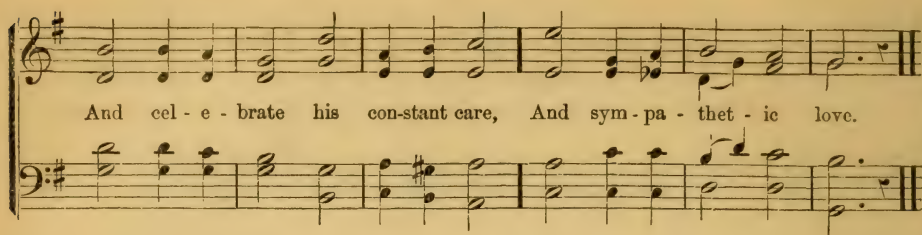
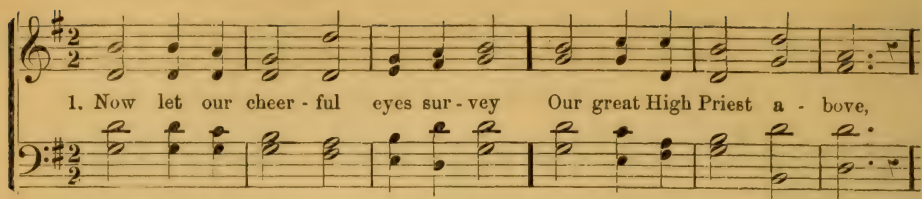
EARTH's transitory things decay;
Its pomps, its pleasures, pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;

3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light forever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age;—

4 So, through the ocean tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

CLINTON. C. M.

901 Security.—*Isa. 49 : 16.* DODDRIDGE.

- Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned ;—
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Engraven on his heart ;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from his care depart.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

902 God's Peace.—*Phil. 4 : 7.* ANON.

- WE bless thee for thy peace, O God !
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.
- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast ;—

- 3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee ;—

- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep—
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep :
God's sunshine o'er the whole !

- 5 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

903 *1 Cor. 3 : 21-23.* BEDDOME.

- IF God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine ;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends ;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee ;
Sure he who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.
- 4 Oh ! tell me, Lord, that thou art mine ;
What can I wish beside ?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

BROWN. C. M.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
I bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

904 Assurance.—2 Pet. 1: 10. WATTS.

- WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

905 Reconciliation.—2 Cor. 5: 19. GERMAN.

- FATHER, thy thoughts are peace towards
Safe am I in thy hands; [me,
Could I but firmly build on thee,
For sure thy counsel stands!
- 2 Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.
- 3 Tho' strange and winding seems the way
While yet on earth I dwell;
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well!

906 Friends of God. DODDRIDGE.

- UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

907 The Covenant. DODDRIDGE.

- MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

COOLING. C. M.

1. There is a safe and se-cret place Be-neath the wings di-vine,
Re-served for all the heirs of grace: Oh, be that ref-uge mine!

908

Security.—*Ps. 91 : 1.*

LYTE.

- THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace :
Oh, be that refuge mine !
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine ;
O child of God, O glory's heir !
How rich a lot is thine !
- 4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

909

Liberty.—*John 8 : 36.*

C. WESLEY.

- IF thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need !
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have ;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 3 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white ;
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length and breadth and
height
And depth of perfect love.

910

Adoption.—*Gal. 4 : 6.*

WATTS.

- LORD, I address thy heavenly throne ;
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 2 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong :
Then shall I say—"My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

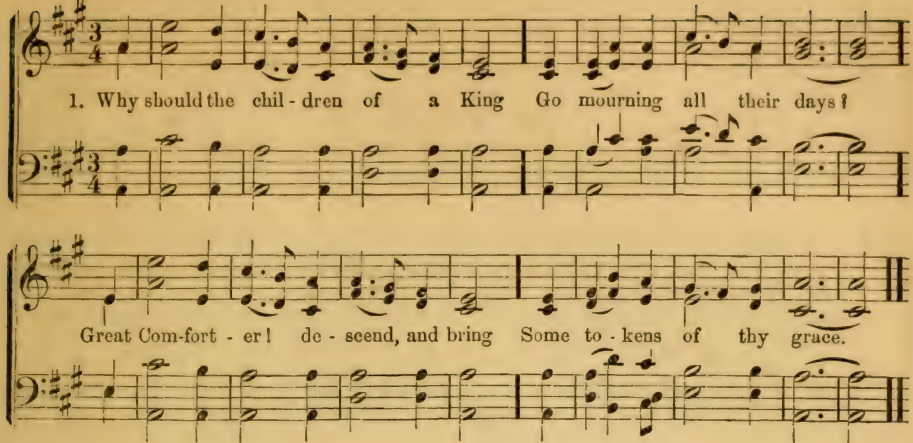
911

Grace.—*1 Cor. 15 : 10.*

BONAR

- ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all my own,—
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is thine, and only thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine ;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe ;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live—I live !
- 5 All that I am, ev'n here on earth ;
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

BOARDMAN. C. M.



1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourning all their days?
Great Com - fort - er! de - scend, and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

912 Earnest of the Spirit. WATTS.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some token of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

913 Adoption.—Rom. 8 : 15. DODDRIDGE.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

914 Perseverance. WATTS.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

915 Adoption.—Heb. 12 : 7. STEEL.

MY God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good and just and wise:
Oh, bend my will to thine!

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

THATCHER. S. M.

1. Thou ver - y pres - ent Aid In suf - fering and dis - tress,

The mind which still on thee is stayed, Is kept in per - fect peace.

916

Peace.—*Isa. 26 : 3.* C. WESLEY.

- THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.
- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

917

Love of God.

ANON.

In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

- 2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

918

Adoption.—*1 John 3 : 1-3.* WATTS.

- BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Here I can firm - ly rest ; I dare to boast of this,

That God, the high - est and the best, My Friend and Fa - ther is.

919 *Ps. 37: 3-7.* GERHARDT.

HERE I can firmly rest ;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead ;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood ;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save ;—
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns ;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou, God, my Father art !

920 *Kept of God.—Isa. 3: 10.* KENT.

WHAT cheering words are these ;
Their sweetness who can tell ?
In time and to eternal days,
" 'Tis with the righteous well !"

2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood ;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'Tis well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise !"

921 *Grace.—Eph. : 28.* DODDRIDGE.

GRACE ! 't is a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

922 C. M. D. Access to Christ. BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—

“Come unto me and rest ;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon my breast !”

I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad,

I found in him a resting-place,

And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—

“Behold, I freely give

The living water ; thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live !”

I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream ;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—

“I am this dark world’s light ;

Look unto me, thy morn shall rise

And all thy day be bright !”

I looked to Jesus, and I found

In him my Star, my Sun ;

And in that light of life I’ll walk,

Till all my journey’s done.

923 H. M. Protection.—*Ps. 121.* WATTS.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,

From God is all my aid ;

The God who built the skies,

And earth and nature made :

God is the tower	His grace is nigh
To which I fly ;	In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,

Nor fall in fatal snares,

Since God, my guard and guide,

Defends me from my fears :

Those wakeful eyes	Shall Israel keep
That never sleep,	When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,

Nor blasts of evening air,

Shall take my health away,

If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun,	To guard my head
And thou my shade,	By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word

To save my soul from death ?

And I can trust my Lord

To keep my mortal breath :

I’ll go and come,	Till, from on high,
Nor fear to die,	Thou call me home.

924 IIS. Assurance.—*Jer. 23 : 6.* MCCHEYNE.

ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God ;

I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;

Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,

Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,

Then legal fears shook me : I trembled to die :

No refuge, no safety, in self could I see : Jehovah, thou only my Saviour must be !

3 My terrors all vanished before his sweet name ;

My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came

To drink at the fountain, so copious and free :

Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast ;

Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne’er can be lost ;

In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,

Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield !

5 Ev’n treading the valley, the shadow of death,

This watchword shall rally my faltering breath ;

For, while from life’s fever my God sets me free,

Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be !

925 S. M. Effectual Calling. ANON.

HEIRS of unending life,

While yet we sojourn here,

Oh, let us our salvation work

With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts,

With might before unknown ;

The work to be performed is ours,

The strength is all his own.

3 ’Tis he that works to will,

’Tis he that works to do ;

His is the power by which we act,

His be the glory too !

ATHENS. C. M. D.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
Fine.
 d. s. I found in him a rest - ing place, And he hath made me glad.

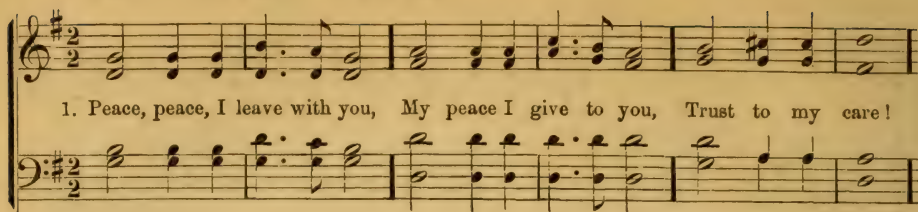
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad,

ROBINSON. 11s.

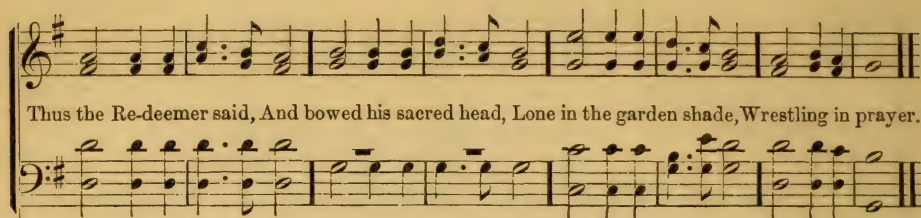
1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God; I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;

Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

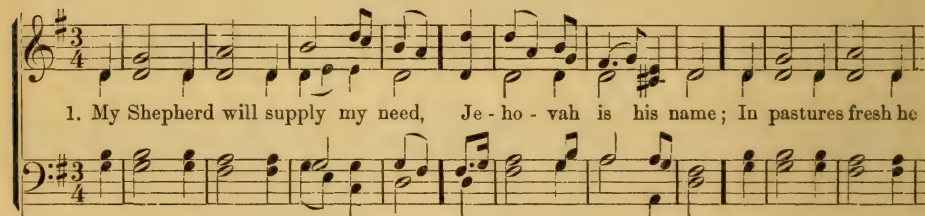


1. Peace, peace, I leave with you, My peace I give to you, Trust to my care!

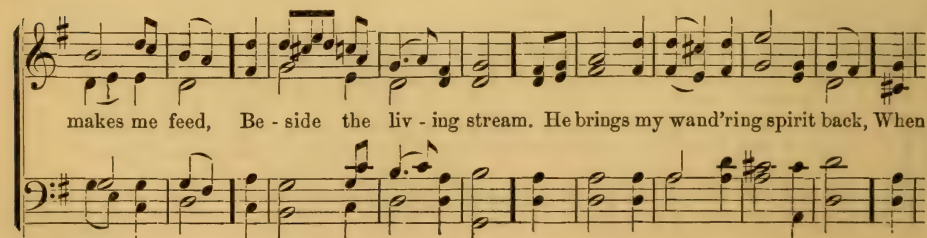


Thus the Re-deemer said, And bowed his sacred head, Lone in the garden shade, Wrestling in prayer.

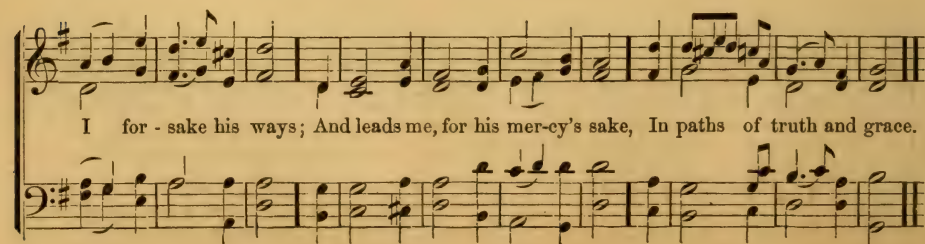
HURLBUT. C. M. D.



1. My Shepherd will supply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pastures fresh he



makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream. He brings my wand'ring spirit back, When



I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

926 6s & 4s. Peace.—*John 14 : 27.* HASTINGS.

PEACE, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Trust to my care !
Thus the Redeemer said,
And bowed his sacred head,
Lone in the garden shade,
Wrestling in prayer.

2 Peace, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Perfect and pure ;
Not as the world doth give,
Words that the soul deceive ,
Ye who in me believe
Shall rest secure.

3 Peace, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Though foes invade ;
All power is given to me,
I will your refuge be,
Now and eternally,
Be not dismayed !

927 L. M. Righteousness. C. WESLEY.

JESUS ! thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is,—my glorious dress :
Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh ! let the dead now hear thy voice ;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this—their glorious dress—
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

928 C. M. D. In the Fold.—*Ps. 23.* WATTS.

Mr Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise :
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

929 H. M. In Christ.—*Heb. 7 : 22.* C. WESLEY.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands :
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child—
I can no longer fear ;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me "Thou art born of God."

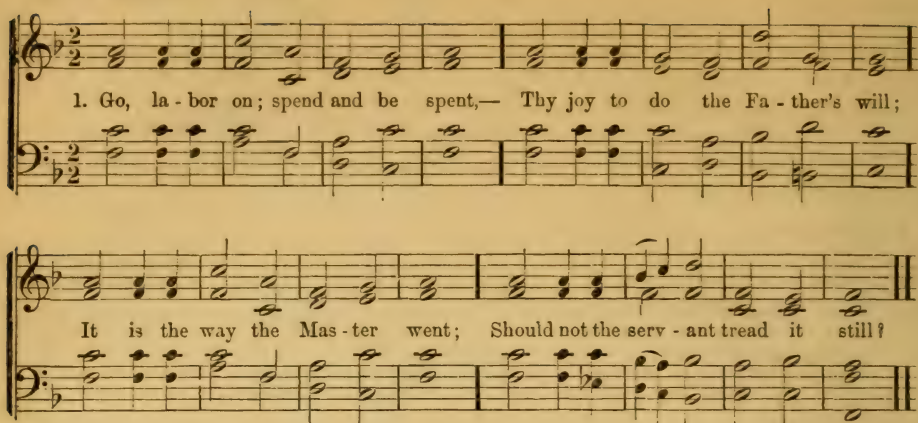
930 C. M. Security.—*Ps. 125.* WATTS.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord ! on thee.

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord ! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

BISHOP. L. M



931

Zeal.—*John 12 : 43.*

BONAR.

- Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"
- 932 The Poor.—*Mark 14 : 7.* WOODMAN.
- God guard the poor! we may not see
The deepest sorrows of the soul;
These are laid open, Lord, to thee,
And subject to thy wise control.
- 2 Make us thy messengers to shed,
Within the home of want and woe,
The blessings of thy bounty, spread
So freely on thy world below.
- 3 Let us go forth, with joyful hand,
To strengthen, comfort, and relieve;
Then in thy presence may we stand,
And hope thy blessing to receive.

933

The Poor.—*Luke 6 : 20.*

ANON.

- Thou God of hope, to thee we bow!
Thou art our Refuge in distress;
The Husband of the widow thou,
The Father of the fatherless.
- 2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
Oh! may we always thus be poor!
- 3 May we thy law of love fulfill,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 934 Liberality.—*Prov. 11 : 24.* GIBBONS.
- WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can
thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

WHIPPLE. L. M.

1. Je-sus! our best be - lov - ed Friend, On thy re - deem-ing name we call;

Je - sus! in love to us de - scend, Pardon and sanc - ti - fy us all.

935

Consecration.

MONTGOMERY.

Jesus! our best beloved Friend,
On thy redeeming name we call;
Jesus! in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all.

- 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
Oh! take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.
- 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey,
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
- 4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

936

Faith and Works.

DRUMMOND.

ONE cup of healing oil and wine,
One offering laid on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

- 2 In true and inward faith we trace
The source of every outward grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 3 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But, where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

937

Forgiveness.—*Matt. 6: 12.* RIPPON.

Oh, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons—
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.
- 3 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

938

Zeal.—*John 9: 4.*

BONAR.

Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

- 2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

CLARENDON. C. M.

1 Oh, still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,—

“More reap - ers for white har - vest fields, More la - borers for the Lord!”

939 Zeal.—*John 4 : 35.* S. LONGFELLOW.

- Oh, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
“More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!”
- 2 We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.
- 3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

940 Brotherly Love.—*1 John 4 : 21.* ANON.

- Our God is love, and all his saints
His image bear below ;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Our heavenly Father, Lord, art thou,
Thy favored children we ;
Oh, may we love each other here,
As we are loved by thee.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same ;
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain, contentious world
See how true Christians love,
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

941 Beneficence. DODDRIDGE.

- JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall we count the matchless sum !
How pay the mighty debt !
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can our poverty bestow
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice is heard.
- 942 Consecration.—*1 Cor. 6 : 20.* BEDDOME.
- AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee ?
It is but right ! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good !
Divinely bright and fair.
- 3 Thy favor, Lord, is endless life,—
Let me that life obtain,
Then I renounce all earthly joys,
And glory in my gain.

REMSEN. C. M.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies! send thy grace, All power-ful from a - bove,
To form, in our o - be - dient souls, The im - age of thy love.

943 Brotherly Kindness. DODDRIDGE.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

944 Charity. BARBAULD.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous
warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

945 Trivial Efforts.—Ecc. 11: 6. ANON.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

LABAN. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise ;

And hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

946 Watchfulness.—*Matt. 26 : 41.* HEATH.

- My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God !
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

947 Seed-sowing. MONTGOMERY.

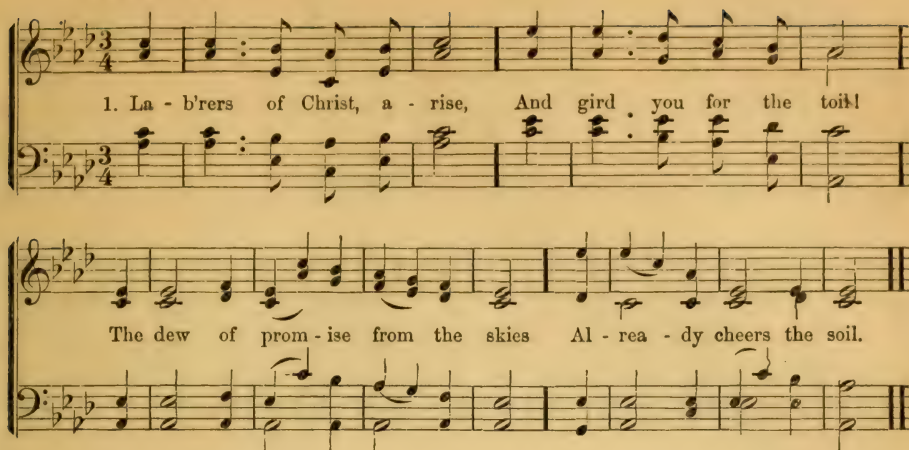
- Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land !
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale alike 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

- 4 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 6 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home !"

948 Energy.—*2 Pet. 3 : 11, 12.* ARON.

- MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die ;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly !
- 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.
- 3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done ;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 4 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray !

LEIGHTON. S. M.



1. La - b'ers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil!

The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - rea - dy cheers the soil.

949

Active Effort.

SIGOURNEY.

951

Trust.—1 Cor. 3 : 6.

C. WESLEY.

- LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
- 4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

950

Sympathy.—Rom. 12 : 15.

BAKER.

- LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.
- 2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy laborers attend.
- 3 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

952

Reform.

ANON.

- OH, praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.
- 2 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!
- 3 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep :—
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

- MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall;
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.

953 Patience.—*Ps. 126 : 6.* HASTINGS.

- HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will thus be given,
 Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
 See the rising grain appear;
 Look again! the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest time is near.

954 Success from God.—*1 Cor. 3 : 6.* LYTE.

- VAIN were all our toil and labor,
 Did not God that labor bless;
 Vain, without his grace and favor,
 Every talent we possess.
- 2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
 That on human strength relies;
 But to him shall help be given,
 Who in humble faith applies.
- 3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
 He shall grant us peace and rest:
 Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
 Who through Christ his prayer ad-
 dressed.

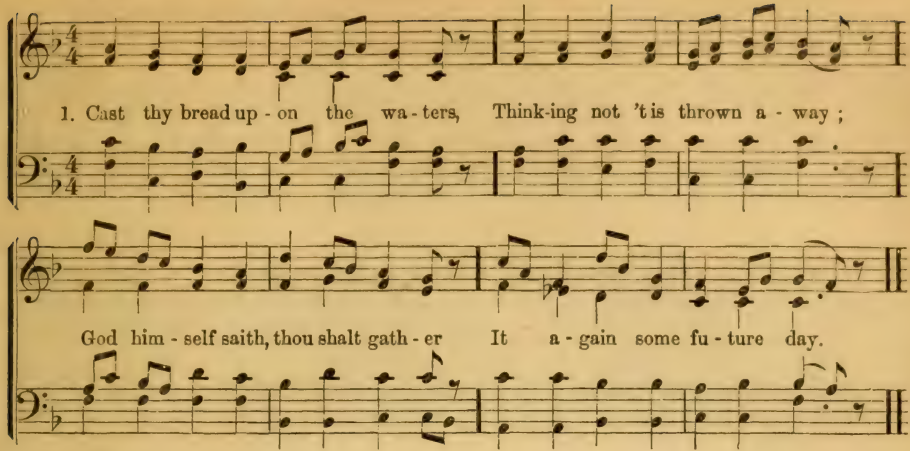
955 Progress.—*Isa. 40 : 31.* BONAR.

- LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
 Let my soul in faith be borne:
 Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
 Let my eye unshrinking turn!
- 2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
 Sets the fettered spirit free,
 Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
 There, my soul, thy rest shall be!
- 3 Oh, may I no longer dreaming,
 Idly waste my golden day,
 But, each precious hour redeeming,
 Upward, onward press my way!

956 Self-denial. HASTINGS.

- PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow,
 Pressing onward toward the prize,
 Strength and comfort here we borrow
 From the Hand that rules the skies.
- 2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
 We are called the race to run;
 We must meet full many a trial
 Ere the victor's crown is won.
- 3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
 Hope shall urge us swifter on,
 Faith shall every prospect brighten,
 Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.
- 4 On the Eternal arm reclining,
 We at length shall win the day;
 All the powers of earth combining,
 Shall not snatch our crown away.

SOLNEY. 8s & 7s.



1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Think - ing not 't is thrown a - way ;
God him - self saith, thou shalt gath - er It a - gain some fu - ture day.

957 Benevolent Efforts.—*Ecc1. 11 : 1.* ANON.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away ;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

- 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
- 3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.
- 4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.
- 5 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign ;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

958 "Brother's Keeper."—*Gen. 4 : 9.* ANON.

BLESSED angels, high in heaven
O'er the penitent rejoice ;
Hast thou for thy brother striven
With an importuning voice ?

- 2 Art thou not thy brother's keeper ?
Canst thou not his soul obtain ?
He that wakes his brother sleeper
Double light himself shall gain.

- 3 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
They, who many turn to God,
Like the stars shall shine for ever,
In eternal brotherhood !

959

Courage.

ANON.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

- 2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.
- 3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side !

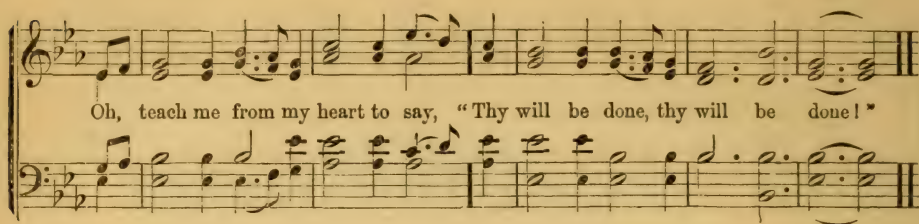
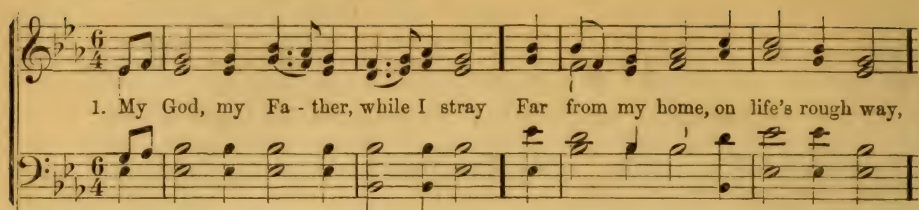
960

Contribution.—*Prov. 3 : 9.* FRANCIS.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

- 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know ;
Be my all to him devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



961

Nat. 6: 10.

C. ELLIOTT.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"
- 6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

962

Heb. 12: 11.

ANON.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break the dream of human power,
For now my shallow cistern's spent,
I find thy fount and thirst no more.

- 2 I take thy hand and fears grow still:
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love!
- 3 That truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding veils are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.
- 4 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thy eternal calm;
And tunes its sad and broken speech,
To sing ev'n now the angels' psalm.

963

Heb. 12: 6.

ANON.

- I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.
- 2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.
- 3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.
- 4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

1. Oh, deem not they are blest a - lone, Whose lives a peaceful ten - or keep;

For God, who pit - ies man, hath shown A bless - ing for the eyes that weep.

964

Luke 6 : 21 :

BRYANT.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happy years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

965

Ps. 90 : 12.

GUION.

If life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it ; I am well content ;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, thy perfect will ;
No succor in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered ; let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care ;
'Tis thine to number out our days ;
'Tis ours to give them to thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—
Faith, simple, constant, and sincere ;
Oh, blessed days thy servants see !
Thus spent, O Lord ! in pleasing thee.

966

Matt. 5 : 4.

J. ROSCOE.

Thy will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love ;
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed
with tears ;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years ?

3 Father ! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 Ev'n now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below ;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

SILOAM. C. M.

1. My times of sor - row and of joy, Great God! are in thy hand;
My choic - est com - forts come from thee, And go at thy com - mand.

967

Ps. 31 : 15.

BEDDOME.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

968

Phil. 1 : 21.

NOEL.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain;
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

969

1 Sam. 3 : 18.

GREEN.

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who gives me all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blesséd be his name;
Whose gracious promise, sealed with
blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No! gracious God, take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign.

970

Heb. 12 : 11.

EDMESTON.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

BOND. C. M.

1. I can-not call af - flic - tion sweet; And yet 'twas good to bear:
Af - flic - tion brought me to thy feet, And I found com - fort there.

971 *Ps. 119 : 71.* MONTGOMERY.

- I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 't was good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.
- 2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
Oh, had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!
- 3 Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those, vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.
- 4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

972 *Isa. 26 : 3.* ANON.

- WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.
- 2 When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.
- 3 Lord, not my will, but thine be done!
My soul, from fear set free,
Her faith shall anchor at thy throne,
And trust alone in thee.

973 *Ps. 42 : 7.* COLTON.

- AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can soon restore my peace;
And he who bade the tempest rise
Can bid that tempest cease.
- 3 Here will I rest, and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me—
My Health, my Life, my God!

974 *Matt. 14 : 27.* C. ELLIOTT.

- WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
" 'T is I; be not afraid."
- 2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear,—
" 'T is I; be not afraid."
- 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—
" 'T is I; be not afraid."
- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade:
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
" 'T is I; be not afraid."

HELENA. C. M.

1. O thou who dri'st the mourn-er's tear! How dark this world would be,
If, when de-ceived and wound-ed here, We could not fly to thee!

975

Ps. 119 : 77.

MOORE.

- O THOU who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And ev'n the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too;—
- 3 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
- 4 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

976

Job 1 : 21.

MONTGOMERY.

- ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.

- 4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."
- 5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

977

Matt. 14 : 12.

BOWEN.

- JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,—
For they were once thine own.
- 3 Jesus! my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to thee!
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.
- 4 It is enough, my precious Lord,
Thy tender sympathy!
My every sin and sorrow can
Devolve itself on thee.
- 5 Jesus! thou hast availed to search
My deepest malady;
It freely flows—more freely finds
The gracious remedy.

MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

978

Luke 9 : 23.

ALLEN.

- MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat:
- 4 And palmsshall wave, and harpsshall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
- 5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

979

Hos. 5 : 15.

GALLAUDET.

- JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me;
My sinking spirit still sustain:
To thee I turn, to thee.
- 2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found
To thee I turn, to thee.

- 3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
And Satan buffet me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.
- 4 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I'll turn to thee.

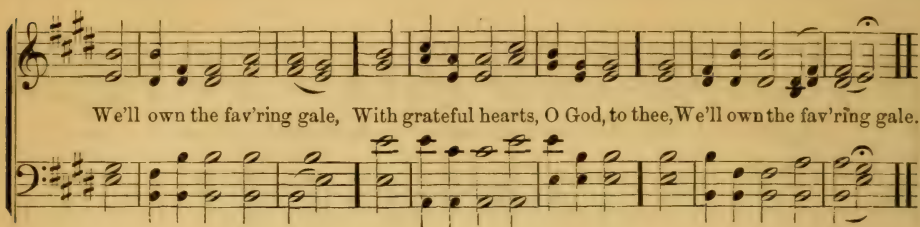
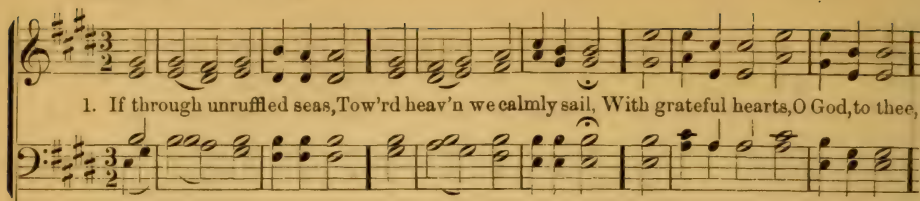
980

2 Cor. 12 : 10.

TOPLADY.

- WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;—
- 2 Sweet to look forward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;—
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;—
- 4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

SELVIN. S. M.



981

2 Cor. 5 : 7.

TOPLADY.

4 I know thy will is right,

If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control :
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own ;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

982

Ps. 39 : 9.

DARBY.

It is thy hand, my God ;
My sorrow comes from thee :
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord ;
Before thee I am dumb : [word,
Lest I should breathe one murmuring
To thee for help I come.

3 My God, thy name is Love ;
A Father's hand is thine ;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, " Thy will be mine !"

Though it may seem severe ;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died ;
Thy Son thou didst not spare :
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest ;
My God, it cleaves to thee :
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

983

Ps. 61.

WATTS.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies ;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade !

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

DENNIS. S. M.

1. How ten - der is thy hand, O thou be - lov - ed Lord!

Af - flic - tions come at thy com - mand, And leave us at thy word.

984

Job 23 : 10.

HASTINGS.

- How tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.
- 2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.
- 4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.
- 5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored;
For there is none beside.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"—
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"—
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

986

John 13 : 7.

EDMESTON.

ALONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh! from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone
Was the right path for me.

985

Ps. 31 : 15.

LLOYD.

- "My times are in thy hand:"
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.
- 2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

PALESTINE. L. M. 6 lines.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught each scene the notes of woe ;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let... thy tears for- get to flow ;

Be- hold, the precious balm is found, To lull... thy pain, to heal thy wound.

987

Jer. 8 : 22.

SHIRLEY.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
moan

Hath taught each scene the notes of woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow ;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed ;
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God ;
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word !
Forever love and praise the Lord.

He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power :
Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?

- 3 He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through ;
Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

988

1 Sam. 7 : 12.

NEWTON.

BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word ;
Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?

- 2 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,

989

Deut. 33 : 25.

SIGOURNEY.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs ;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

- 2 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last ;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer ! grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

HANDY. L. M. 6 lines.

1. At eve-ning-time let there be light; Life's lit-tle day draws near its close;

* A-round me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's repose;

To crown my joys, to end my woes, At eve-ning time let there be light.

990

Zech. 14 : 7.

ANON.

- At evening time let there be light;
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.
- 2 At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered
the way;
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.
- 3 At evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'Tis evening time, and there is light!

On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me, for a little while,
My Saviour sees the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict, but the last,—
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe my latest tear away.

991

John 14 : 35.

GRANT.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,

JEWETT. 6s. D.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh! may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love
I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me
as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

992

Mark 14 : 36.

SCHMOLKE.

993

Job 23 : 10.

BONAR.

- My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh! may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!
- 2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!
- 3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

- Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.
- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

994

Ps. 116 : 7.

BYRON.

My spirit longs for thee
 To dwell within my breast ;
 Although unworthy I
 Of so divine a Guest !
 Of so divine a Guest
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet hath my heart no rest
 Until it come to thee !

- 2 Until it come to thee,
 In vain I look around ;
 In all that I can see
 No rest is to be found !
 No rest is to be found,
 But in thy bleeding love,
 Oh, let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above !

995

John 16 : 33.

BYRON.

CHEER up, desponding soul !
 Thy longing pleased I see ;
 'Tis part of that great whole
 Wherewith I longed for thee :
 Wherewith I longed for thee,
 And left my Father's throne
 From death to set thee free,
 And claim thee for my own.

- 2 To claim thee for my own
 I suffered on the cross ;
 Oh, were my love but known,
 All else would be as dross !
 All else would be as dross,
 And souls, through grace divine,
 Would count their gains but loss,
 To live forever mine.

996

Prov. 23 : 26.

ANON.

JESUS ! my happy heart
 Now gives itself to thee ;
 Oh, never hence depart !
 Reign here eternally :
 Thy sacred name alone
 All my delight shall prove ;
 No joy my soul shall own,
 But in thy holy love.

- 2 And oh, in after years,
 When life is fading fast,
 When flow repentant tears
 Over my errors past :
 Still shall this holy vow
 Be breathed again to heaven,
 And fervently, as now,
 My heart to thee be given.

997

Heb. 12 : 7.

HASTINGS.

BE tranquil, O my soul,
 Be quiet every fear !
 Thy Father hath control,
 And he is ever near.
 Ne'er of thy lot complain,
 Whatever may befall ;
 Sickness, or care, or pain,
 'Tis well-appointed all.

- 2 A Father's chastening hand
 Is leading thee along ;
 Nor distant is the land,
 Where swells the immortal song.
 Oh, then, my soul, be still !
 Await heaven's high decree ;
 Seek but thy Father's will,
 It shall be well with thee.

998

Isa. 33 : 17.

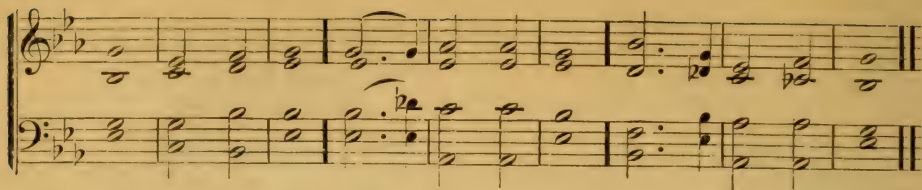
BAKER.

THERE is a blessed home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

- 2 There is a land of peace ;
 Good angels know it well ;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell ;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father one,
 And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 Oh, joy all joys beyond !
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound,
 In hands, and feet, and side ;
 To give to him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things he hath done.

- 4 Look up, ye saints of God !
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love ;
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

CHANT. No. 1.

999 108 & 48. *Ps. 73 : 24.* NEWMAN.

SEND kindly light amid the encircling
And | lead me | on ! [gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from
home ;

Lead | thou me | on !
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one | step's enough
• • for | me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst | lead me | on !
I loved to choose and see my path ; but
now
Lead—thou me | on !

I loved day's dazzling light, and spite of
fears,

Pride ruled my will : re- | member not
• • past | years !

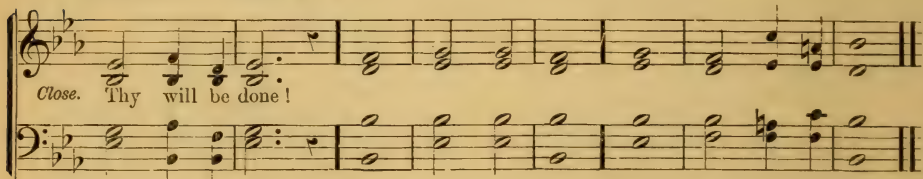
- 3 So long thy power hath blessed me,
surely still

'Twill | lead me | on !
Through dreary doubt, through pain and
sorrow till

The | night is | gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile

Which I have loved long since, and
| lost a- | while.

CHANT. No. 2.

I O O O 88 & 48. *Mark 14 : 36.* BOWRING.

"THY will be | done !" || In devious
way
The hurrying stream of | life may |
run ; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

- 2 "Thy will be | done !" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous,
sun, ||
This prayer will make it more di-
vine — |
"Thy will be | done !"

- 3 "Thy will be | done !" || Tho' shrouded
o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort
—one
Is ours :—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

I O O I C. L. M. *Job 1 : 21.* CONDER

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power ;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

- 2 Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet ;
For he will hear my prayer ;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

- 3 Then, blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes ;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks :
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

MERCY. 7s.

1. In the dark and cloud - y day, When earth's rich - es flee a - way,
And the last hope will not stay, Sav - iour, com - fort— com - fort me!

I 002 7s & 5s. 2 Cor. 1 : 5.

ANON.

- In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!
- 2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!
- 3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!
- 4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

- 5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

I 003 7s. Jas. 1 : 3.

COWPER.

- 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

COMFORT. 7s. D.

1. 'Tis my hap - pi - ness be - low, Not to live with - out the cross, But the Sav - iour's
power to know, Sanc - ti - fy - ing ev - ery loss. 2. Tri - als must and will be - fall;
3. Tri - als make the promise sweet:
But, with humble faith to see Love inscribed up - on them all,—This is hap - pi - ness to me.
Tri - als give new life to prayer; Tri - als bring me to his feet, Lay me low, and keep me there.

1004

Ps. 23 : 4.

STEELE.

- AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say—"My Father God!"
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father!—oh, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

1005

8s & 6s.

Luke 23 : 42.

WHITTIER.

- I ASK not now for gold to gild,
With mocking shine, an aching frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for fame.
- 2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.
- 3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.
- 4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

GUIDE. 7s. D.

1. { When our heads are bowed with woe; When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow; }
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! {
D. C. Thou hast shed the hu - man tear: Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! }

Thou our fee - ble flesh hast worn; Thou our mor - tal griefs hast borne;

1006

7s D.

Heb. 7 : 14.

HEBER.

- WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

1007 6s & 4s. 2 Sam. 19 : 37.

HEMANS.

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father Divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owing that life and death
Alike are thine!

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow,—
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,—
Sustain us, thou!

3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God!

1008 C. P. M. Jas. 1 : 2.

GUION.

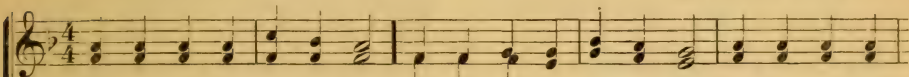
SELF-LOVE no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease,—
'T is all the bliss she knows;
But nobler aims true Love employ,—
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

2 Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

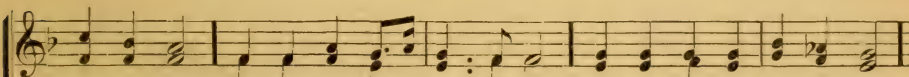
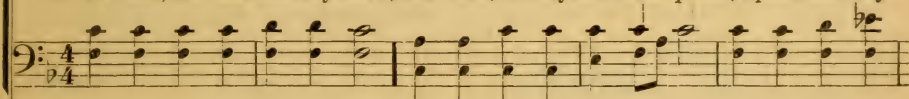
3 Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D.

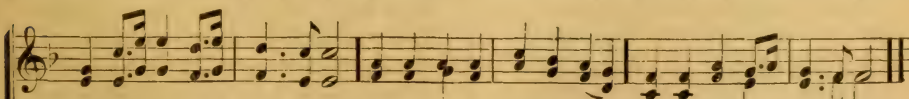
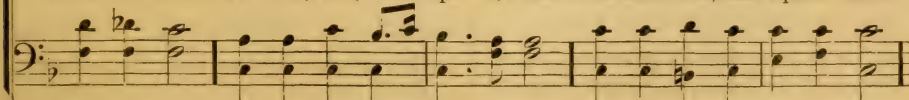
(HYMN 272.)



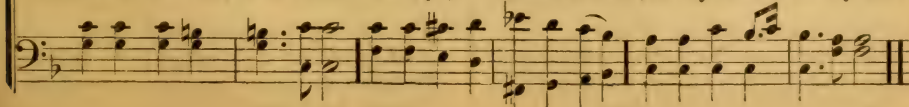
1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend thine ear; Ho - ly Spir - it,
3. Fa - ther, let me taste thy love; Sav - iour, fill my soul with peace; Spirit, come my



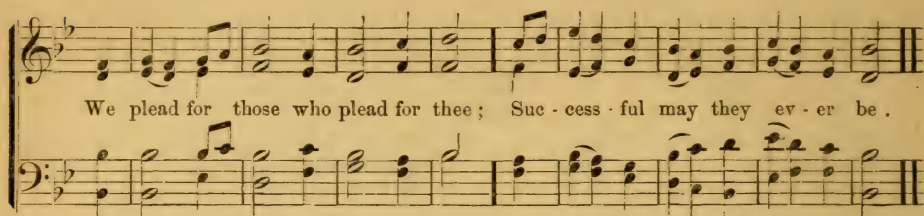
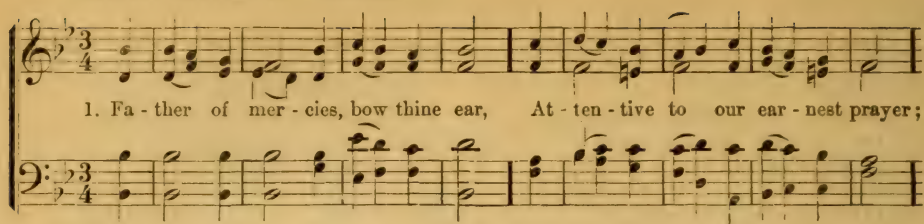
come thou nigh: Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear! 2. Fa - ther, save me from my sin;
heart to move: Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, bless! 4. Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it—thou



Sav - iour, I thy mer - cy crave; Gracious Spirit, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spirit, save,
One Je - ho - vah, shed a - broad All thy grace within me now; Be my Father and my God!



ALL SAINTS. L. M.



1009

Ministry.

BEDDOME.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for thee;
 Successful may they ever be.

2 Clothe thou with energy divine
 Their words, and let those words be thine;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,
 Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

3 Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 And light thro' distant realms be spread,
 Till Zion rears her drooping head.

1010

Welcoming a Pastor.

MONTGOMERY.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
 Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
 Come as a servant: so he came,
 And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd; guard and keep
 This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
 Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
 The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
 Charged his whole counsel to declare;
 Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
 While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
 Filled with the Spirit, fired with love!
 Live to behold our large increase,
 And die to meet us all above.

1011

For Dedication.

WILLIS.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
 Was the first temple, built of God;
 His fiat laid the corner-stone,
 And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
 The broad, illimitable sky;
 He spread its pavement, green and bright,
 And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
 The sea—the sky—and “all was good.”
 And when its first pure praises rang,
 The “morning stars together sang.”

4 Lord, 't is not ours to make the sea,
 And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
 But in thy sight our offering stands—
 An humbler temple, “made with hands.”

1012

Dan. 12: 3.

STEELE.

How blest are those, how truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road!
 How happy they whom heaven employs
 To turn rebellious hearts to God:—

2 To win them from the fatal way
 Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
 And that blest righteousness display
 Which Jesus wrought and God approves.

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light;
 But these shall know nor change nor shade,
 Forever fair, forever bright.

WARE. L. M.

1. Pour out thy Spir - it from on high; Lord! thine assembled serv - ants bless;
Gra - ces and gifts to each sup - ply, And clothe thy priests with right - eous - ness.

1013 Convocation. MONTGOMERY.

Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep:

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine!

1014 Seeking a Pastor. DODDRIDGE.

O LORD, thy pitying eye surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
Send forth, in love, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 In humble faith, behold we wait:
On thee we call at mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,—
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

3 O Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

1015 Prayer for Pastor. R. HILL.

With heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And arm him to obey thy will.

1016 Dedication. ANON.

Oh, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

1. O thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship thee.

IOI7

For Dedication.

BRYANT.

- O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the
storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

IOI8

Luke 12 : 32.

BONAR.

- CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!
- 2 A little flock!—so calls he thee
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.
- 3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and
priests
Are poor in human eyes.

- 4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.
- 5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.
- 6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

IOI9

Dan. 2 : 44.

COXE.

- On, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threat-
ening her,
And tempests are abroad;—
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

SWANWICK. C. M.

1. A moth-er may for-get-ful be, For hu-man love is frail; But thy Cre-
a-tor's love to thee, O Zi-on, can-not fail, O Zi-on, can-not fail.

IO20

Isa. 49 : 14.

STEELE.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven !
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

- A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail ;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.
- 2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands ;
And never shall remove.
- 3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.
- 4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed ;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

IO22

Heb. 13 : 17.

DODDRIDGE.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

IO21

Heb. 12 : 18-24.

WATTS.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for those for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, that must forever live
In happiness or woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

- NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;—
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God ;
Where milder words declare his will,
And speak his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight !

1023 S. M. D. *Ps. 48.*

WATTS.

- FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well—
The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;
And make a fair report.
- 3 How decent, and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God, while here below,
And ours above the sky.
- 1024 S. M. D. *Matt. 9 : 38.* C. WESLEY.
- LORD of the harvest ! hear
Thy needy servants cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
On thee we humbly wait ;
Our wants are in thy view ;
The harvest truly, Lord ! is great,
The laborers are few.
- 2 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad ;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace ;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.
- 3 Oh, let them spread thy name ;
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven,
That thou hast died for all.

1025 S. M. Ministry. MRS. VOKR.

- YE messengers of Christ !
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's—and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

1026 7S. Dedication. MONTGOMERY.

- LORD of hosts ! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise :
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread :
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land :
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply :
Hallelujah ! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

1027 7S & 6S. D. Missionaries. EDMESTON.

- ROLL on, thou mighty ocean ;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore ;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.
- 2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm !
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be :
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

1028 S. M. Ministry.—*Isa. 62 : 7.* WATTS.

- How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound !
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God !

1029 6s & 4s. Installation. ANON.

- O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray :
To thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises bring—
Their homage pay.
- 2 Here give thy word success ;
And this thy servant bless ;
His labors own ;
And while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make Him known.
- 3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day ;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn thy saints with grace ;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

1030 H. M. Corner-stone. CHANDLER

- CHRIST is our Corner-stone ;
On him alone we build ;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled :
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.
- 2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song, | That glorious Name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do thou
Forevermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower, | Each holy day,
On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.
- 1031 C. M. Dedication. ANON.
- God of the universe, to thee
This sacred fane we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.
- 2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name ;
These hallowed walls to all around
The triune God proclaim.
- 3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell ;
Thy glory here make known ;
Thy people's home, oh, come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.
- 4 When sad with care, by sin oppressed,
Here may the burdened soul
Beneath thy sheltering wing find rest ;
Here make the wounded whole.
- 5 And when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,
May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

HEBRON. L. M.

1. This child we ded - i - cate to thee, O God of grace and pu - ri - ty!

Shield it from sin and threatening wrong, And let thy love its life pro-long.

1032

Luke 1 : 17.

ANON.

- This child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.
- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

1033

John 21 : 15.

BICKERSTETH.

- With thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise;
Yet who but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love?
- 2 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.
- 3 Jesus, to thy protecting wing
Our helpless little ones we bring;
Oh, grant them grace and strength, that
they
May find and keep the heavenward way.

1034

Acts 2 : 39.

STEELE.

- O LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.
- 2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified;
Lord! thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not, for it, earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame;
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.

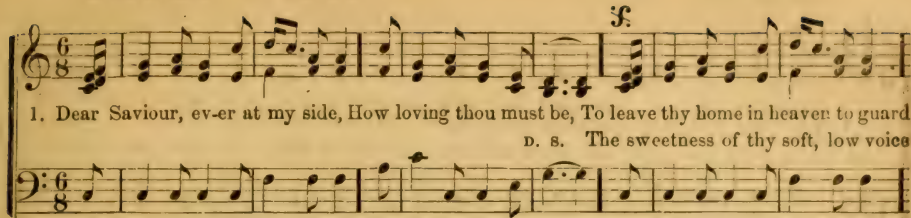
1035

Isa. 40 : 11.

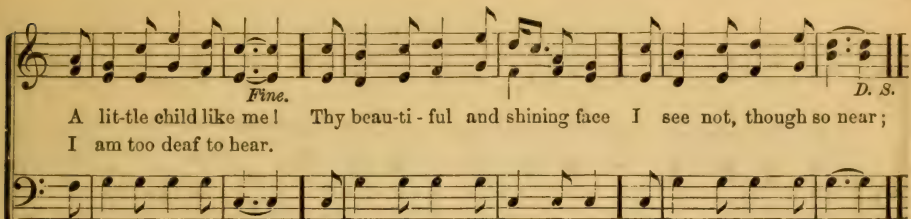
HYDE.

- DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

ORIOLA. C. M. D.



1. Dear Saviour, ev-er at my side, How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in heaven to guard
D. S. The sweetness of thy soft, low voice



Fine. A lit-tle child like me! Thy beau-ti-ful and shining face I see not, though so near;
I am too deaf to hear. *D. S.*

1036

Mark 10 : 14.

FABER,

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother doth,
While I am but a child;
But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

1037

Ecc. 12 : 1.

ANON.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

1038

1 Sam. 3 : 10.

ANON.

DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Look kindly down on me:
A sinful, weak, and helpless child,
I come thy child to be.

2 O blessed Saviour! take my heart,
This sinful heart of mine,
And wash it clean in every part;
Make me a child of thine.

3 My sins, though great, thou canst forgive,
For thou hast died for me;
Amazing love! help me, O God,
Thine own dear child to be.

4 For thou hast said, "Forbid them not:
Let children come to me:"
I hear thy voice, and now, dear Lord,
I come thy child to be.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us: Much we need thy ten-der care; }
 { In thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy fold pre-pare. }
 d. c. Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.

We are thine: do thou be-friend us, Be the guard-ian of our way;

1039

John 21:15.

ANON.

- SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
 Much we need thy tender care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy fold prepare:
 We are thine: do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early help us do thy will;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
 With thy grace our bosom fill.

1040

Rom. 2:21.

ANON.

- SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
 At thy sacred feet we bow;
 Heart with heart, in blest communion,
 Join to crave thy favor now!
 Though celestial choirs adore thee,
 Let our prayer as incense rise;
 And our praise be set before thee,
 Sweet as evening sacrifice.
- 2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
 Oft have cheered us on our way;
 By thy power and grace unceasing,
 We continue to this day:

Raise we then with glad emotion
 Thankful lays: and while we sing,
 Vow a pure, a full devotion
 To thy work, O Saviour King!

- 3 When we tell the wondrous story
 Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
 Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
 On the youthful heart to move!
 Oh, that he, the ever-living,
 May descend, as fruitful rain;
 Till the wilderness, reviving,
 Blossoms as the rose again!

1041

Isa. 40:11.

MUHLENBERG.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

- 2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way:
 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. The Sav-iour kind-ly calls Our chil-dren to his breast; He
folds them in his gra-cious arms, Him-self de-claims them blest.

1042 *Mat. 19 : 14.* ONDERDONK.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

1043 *Acts 2 : 39.* ANON.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as thine :
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine !

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore ;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace !
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God !
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

1044 *Mark 10 : 14.* ANON.

THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear ;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 To-day in love descend ;
Oh, come, this precious hour ;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

4 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign :
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

1045 *Ps. 144 : 12.* FELLOWS.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race ;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see ;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

DENFIELD. C. M.

1. O God of Be - thel! by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
Who through this wea - ry pil - grimage Hast all our fa - thers led!

I 046 *Gen. 28 : 19-22.* DODDRIDGE.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

I 047 *Mark 10 : 14.* HASTINGS.

"FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,
"But suffer them to come;"
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.

- 2 Lord, we believe, and we obey;
We bring them at thy word;
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

I 048 *Gen. 17 : 7.* BICKERSTETH.

Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

- 2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.
- 3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive
And bring our children there.

I 049 *Rom. 6 : 3.* WATTS.

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good :—
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement of my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.
- 4 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

SILOAM. C. M.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows ;

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose !

1050

Prov. 8 : 17.

HEBER.

- By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows ;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

1051

Sing HEBRON, p. 320.

ANON.

- COME, Holy Spirit, from on high ;
Baptizer of our spirits thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child, a child of God.

1052

Matt. 19 : 14.

DODDRIDGE.

- SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name ;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with fervent
prayer,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be !

1053

Gen. 17 : 7.

WATTS.

- How large the promise ! how divine
To Abr'ham and his seed :
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure :
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God !—how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

WINDHAM. L. M.

1. 'T was on that dark, that dole-ful night, When powers of earth and hell a-rose
A-against the Son of God's de-light, And friends be-trayed him to his foes.

1054

Luke 22 : 19.

WATTS.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

1055

John 6 : 55. MRS. ALEXANDER.

O JESUS, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The cup of our salvation sweet!

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still that blood is warm to save,
And still thy fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart, that with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure!
O Flesh, once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure!

4 Let nevermore our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced thy victim body through!

5 Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with thee, Jesus enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink,
His precious blood wash out our sin!

1056

1 Cor. 11 : 24.

WATTS.

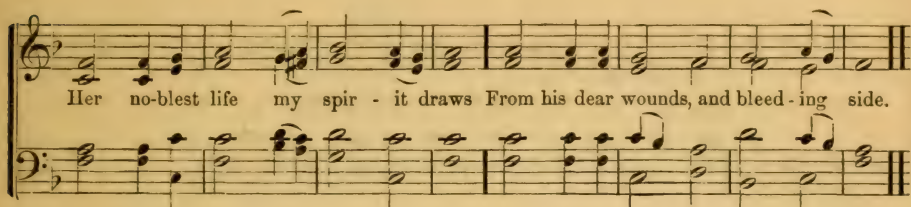
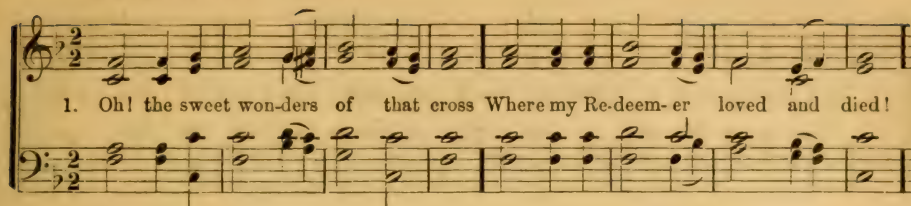
At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

HAMBURG. L. M.



1057

Gal. 6 : 14.

WATTS.

Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

- 2 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

1058

1 Cor. 6 : 20.

DAVIES.

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine!
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is passed beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

1059

Phil. 1 : 21.

DODDRIDGE.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

1060

1 Pet. 1 : 19.

ANON.

We pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love forever there.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1. I feed by faith on Christ; my bread, His body broken on the tree:
I live in him, my living Head, Who died, and rose again for me.

1061

Mark 14 : 22.

MONTGOMERY.

I FEED by faith on Christ; my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
I live in him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me.

2 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine:
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

1062

Cant. 5 : 1.

A. R. W.

DRAW near, O Holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing;
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and life, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends—drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 No room for doubt, no room for dread,
Nor tears, nor groans, nor anxious sighs;
We do not mourn a Saviour dead,
But hail him living in the skies!

4 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blessed company,
Thy banner over us is love.

1063

Isa. 44 : 5.

DODDRIDGE.

Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

1064

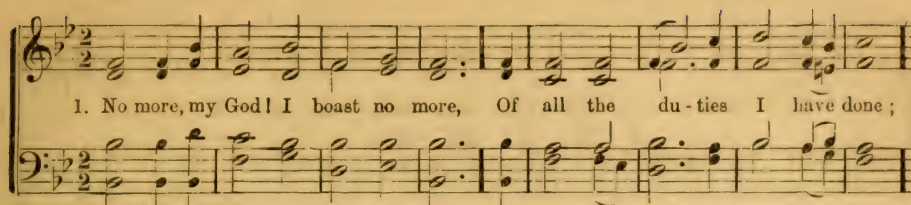
1 Cor. 5 : 7.

ANON.

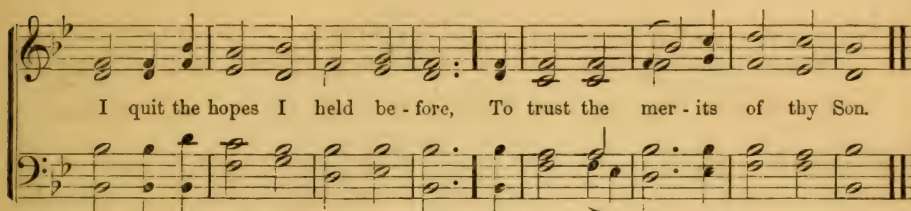
Now at the Lamb's great paschal feast,
Arrayed in blood-washed robes, we sing;
Through the Red Sea in safety brought,
By Jesus, our immortal King.

2 O Jesus, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray: so shalt thou be
The everlasting paschal joy,
Of all the souls new born in thee.

WARD. L. M.



1. No more, my God! I boast no more, Of all the du-ties I have done;



I quit the hopes I held be-fore, To trust the mer-its of thy Son.

1065

Phil. 3 : 7-10.

WATTS.

1067

John 6 : 35.

ANON.

No more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

3 Jesus, our Light! our Morning-star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

1068

Psa. 23 : 5.

DODDRIDGE.

1066

Acts 2 : 46.

STEELE.

To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

My God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
Oh, let our warm affections move,
In glad return of grateful love.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyous guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men, and from the angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore!

DEDHAM. C. M.

1. Ac - cord-ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek lu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee.

1069

Luke 22 : 19.

MONTGOMERY.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee :—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me !

1070

1 Cor. 10 : 16.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

- 2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known ;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

- 3 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.
- 4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart ;
The broken bread thy body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

1071

Isa. 32 : 2.

BONAR.

OPPREST with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee ;
Beneath its shelter take my seat :
No shade like this for me !

- 2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free ;
And there I quench my desert thirst :
No spring like this for me.
- 3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree ;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent :
No home like this for me !
- 4 For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see ;
I here cast off my weariness :
No rest like this for me !

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores!

I072

Jer. 31 : 3.

WATTS.

- How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,—
“Lord, why was I a guest?”
- 3 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there’s room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”
- 4 ’Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

I073

2 Chron. 30 : 18.

ANON.

- PREPARE US, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,
To look on thee, and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim in faith and hope—
“The Saviour died for me!”

I074

John 6 : 34.

ANON.

- TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.
- 2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus’ love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.
- I075 *John 15 : 13.* NOEL.
- If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—
- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
“Meet and remember me!”
- 4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

ALETTA. 7s.

1. When on Si - nai's top I see God de - scend, in ma - jes - ty,
To pro - claim his ho - ly law, All my spir - it sinks with awe.

1076

Luke 23 : 33. MONTGOMERY.

- WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

1077

John 21 : 17.

COWPER.

- HARK! my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
“Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?”
- 2 “I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound:
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 “Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

- 4 “Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 “Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?”
- 6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;—
Oh! for grace to love thee more.

1078

Ruth 1 : 16. MONTGOMERY.

- PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;—
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Bread of heaven! on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed:
Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread!

1079

Matt. 26 : 26.

CONDER.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! oh, let us be,
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

1080

1 Cor. 5 : 7.

CAMPBELL.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

1081

John 17 : 9.

M. F. MAUDE.

THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine forever may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! thou our Guide,—
All our wants by thee supplied,—
All our sins by thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

1082

Isa. 53 : 5.

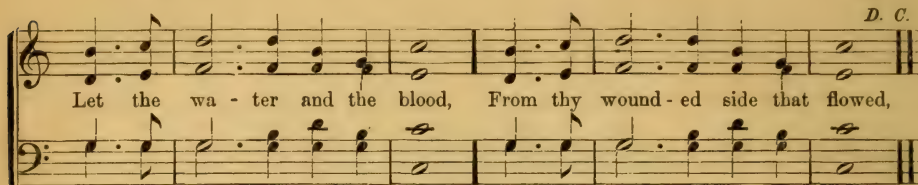
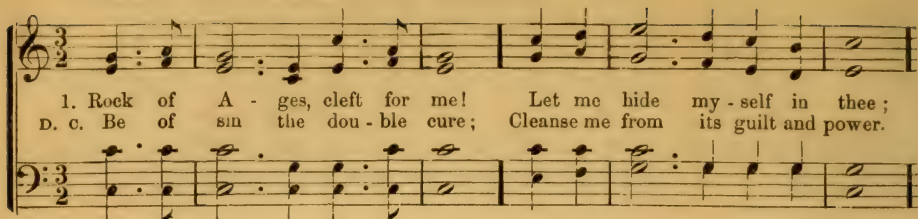
ANON.

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.



1083

John 19 : 34.

TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure ;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands ,
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
 Let me hide myself in thee.

1084

John 19 : 30.

HAWEIS.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear !—
 "Love's redeeming work is done—
 Come and welcome, sinners, come !

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
 Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
 On my piercé body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid—
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come !

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
 See with richest bounty stored ;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Thou shalt be a child confessed,
 Never from his house to roam ;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come !

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
 Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend !
 Safe your spirit to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to my eternal home—
 Come and welcome, sinner, come !"

1085

John 12 : 32.

R. HILL.

YE who in these courts are found,
 Listening to the joyful sound,—
 Lost and helpless, as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,—
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
 View his bleeding sacrifice ;
 See in him your sins forgiven,
 Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
 Glorify the King of kings,
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Son of God! to thee I cry: By the ho - ly mys - ter - y
D. C. Hear, oh, hear my low - ly plea: Man - i - fest thy - self to me!

Of thy dwell - ing here on earth, By thy pure and ho - ly birth, D. C.

1086

John 14: 21.

R. MANT.

SON of God! to thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Hear, oh, hear my lowly plea:
Manifest thyself to me!

- 2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Hear, oh, hear my lowly plea:
Manifest thyself to me!
- 3 Lord of glory, God most high!
Man exalted to the sky!
With thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform thy will:
Then thy glory I shall see—
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

1087

Phil. 3: 8.

DUFFIELD.

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

- 2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

- 3 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee!

1088

1 Cor. 11: 26.

CONDER

MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained:
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

- 2 Through the churches' long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.
- 3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.
- 4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For his flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

DORRANCE. 8s & 7s.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther! take it; Make and keep it all thine own;

Let thy Spir - it melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone.

1089

Ps. 51 : 10.

ANON.

- TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.
- 2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.
- 4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

1090

Matt. 27 : 36.

SHIRLEY.

- SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.
- 5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
- 6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

1091

Matt. 4 : 19.

ANON.

- JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!
- 2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!
- 4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

SICILY. 8s & 7s.

1. Je - sus, who on Calvary's mountain Poured thy precious blood for * me,

Wash me in its flow - ing fountain, That my soul may spotless be.

1092

Ps. 51 : 2.

ANON.

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 I have sinned, but oh, restore me !
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity.

3 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest ;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4 Grant, oh, grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

1093

Cant. 2 : 4.

R. PARK.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food ;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet ; bread of heaven ;
Wine of gladness, flowing free ;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee !

3 In thy trial, and rejection ;
In thy sufferings on the tree ;
In thy glorious resurrection ;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

1094

Luke 22 : 19.

E. DENNY.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love ;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,
Of thy life, and death of woe ;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

1095

Eph. 2 : 21.

ANON.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head !

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

GERHARDT. 7s & 6s. D.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur-
round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown; O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What
bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

1096

John 19 : 2.

GERHARDT.

- O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.
- 4 What language shall I borrow,
To praise thee, heavenly Friend:
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh! let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.
- 5 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me!
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free!
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.
- 6 Be near when I am dying,
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

1. O Lamb of God! still keep me Near to thy wounded side; 'Tis on-ly there in safe-ty
D.S. The grace that sought and found me,

And peace I can a-bide! What foes and snares surround me! What doubts and fears within!
A-lone can keep me clean.

1097

John 1 : 29.

DECK.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
I feel my life secure—
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

1098

1 Pet. 2 : 21.

ANON.

WHEN human hopes all wither,
And friends no aid supply,
Then whither, Lord, ah! whither
Can turn my straining eye?

'Mid storms of grief still rougher,
'Midst darker, deadlier shade,
That cross where thou didst suffer,
On Calvary was displayed.

2 On that my gaze I fasten,
My refuge that I make;
Though sorely thou may'st chasten,
Thou never canst forsake:
Thou, on that cross didst languish,
Ere glory crowned thy head!
And I, through death and anguish,
Must be to glory led.

1099

John 15 : 16.

CONDER.

'Tis not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee;
But thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind,
My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing,—if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing! Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }
 d. c. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up - on it!—Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some me - lo - di - ous son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; D.C.

I IOO

1 Sam. 7: 12.

ROBINSON.

- COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!—
 Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

I IOI

Rom. 5: 7, 8.

LEE.

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
 For my sins, upon the tree;
 Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
 Great his love appears to me!

Floods of deep distress and anguish,
 To impede his labors, came;
 Yet they all could not extinguish
 Love's eternal, burning flame.

- 2 Now redemption is completed,
 Full salvation is procured;
 Death and Satan are defeated,
 By the sufferings he endured.
 Now the gracious Mediator
 Risen to the courts of bliss,
 Claims for me, a sinful creature,
 Pardon, righteousness, and peace!
- 3 Sure such infinite affection
 Lays the highest claims to mine;
 All my powers, without exception,
 Should in fervent praises join.
 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
 Form me for thyself alone;
 I am thy most costly purchase,—
 Take possession of thine own.

I IO2

1 Cor. 5: 7.

BAKEWELL.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made;
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

GOSHEN. 11s.

1. O thou who hast died to re - deem us from hell, These signs hast thou
d. s. Still speak of thy

Fine. left, of thy kindness to tell; The bread we have brok-en, the cup we have blessed,
death, our A - tonement and Priest. *D. S.*

I IO3

1 Cor. 11 : 26.

BACON.

O THOU who hast died to redeem us from
hell,
These signs hast thou left, of thy kind-
ness to tell;
The bread we have broken, the cup we
have blessed,
Still speak of thy death, our Atonement
and Priest.

2 We drink of the wine, remembering thy
blood
Once shed to redeem all the chosen of
God—
Oh, come the blest day, when to us
't will be given,
To drink of it new in the kingdom of
heaven!

Though dangers surround me, I still
every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper,
art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender,
so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-
fast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold
heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in
the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled,
thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my
heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward
shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall
ascend.

I IO4

John 14 : 18.

RAY PALMER.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with
me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for
thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from
my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen
be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee
I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be
my song;

5 Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for
me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed
from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall
behold,
And praise thee with raptures forever
untold!

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

1. Dear Sav - iour! we are thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands;

Our hearts, our souls, we would re - sign En - tire - ly to thy hands.

1105

1 Cor. 12 : 27.

DODDRIDGE.

- DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

1106

Matt. 26 : 30.

A. R. W.

- A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

- 3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

1107

John 1 : 29.

WATTS.

- Nor all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

OWEN. S. M.

1. Je - sus, we thus o - bey Thy last and kind - est word,
And in thine own ap - point - ed way We come to meet thee, Lord!

II 108

Cant. 2 : 4.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet thee, Lord!
- 2 Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,—
The joy unspeakable!
- 4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he, the first-born Son.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.
- 5 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As was, and is, and shall remain
Through all eternity!

III 110

Mark 14 : 24.

ANON.

II 109

1 Cor. 10 : 16.

WATTS.

- JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet!
- 4 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!
- BLEST feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee!
- 2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

IIII C. M. *John 13 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

IIII 2 7s, 6l. *Matt. 26 : 20.* HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR of our ruined race,
Fountain of redeeming grace,
Let us now thy fullness see,
While we here converse with thee ;
Hearken to our ardent prayer,—
Let us all thy blessing share.

- 2 While we thus, with glad accord
Meet around thy table, Lord,
Bid us feast with joy divine,
On the appointed bread and wine :
Emblems may they truly prove,
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.
- 3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
Yet we seek thy heavenly smile :
Canst thou all our sins forgive ?
Dost thou bid us look and live ?
Lord, we wonder and adore !
Oh, for grace to love thee more !

IIII 3 C. M. *Matt. 26 : 29.* SIGOURNEY.

LORD, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

- 2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires :—
- 3 Still may their light our duties trace
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.
- 4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear,
To breathe the grateful prayer ;

- 5 Forget us not,—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste !

- 6 Forget not,—thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered thee.

IIII 4 C. M. *1 Cor. 11 : 26.* BRYANT.

ALL praise to Him of Nazareth !
The Holy One who came,
For love of man, to die a death
Of agony and shame !

- 2 Dark was the grave ; but when he lay
Within its dreary cell,
The beams of heaven's eternal day
Upon its threshold fell.
- 3 He grasped the iron vail, he drew
Its gloomy folds aside,
And opened to his followers' view
The glorious world they hide.
- 4 In tender memory of his grave
The mystic bread we take,
And muse upon the life he gave
So freely for our sake.
- 5 A boundless love he bore mankind ;
Oh, may at least a part
Of that strong love descend and find
A place in every heart !

IIII 5 C. M. *Job 37 : 14.* STENNETT.

LORD ! at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace ;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

- 2 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord !
I'd give them all to thee ;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

III 16 75 & 68. *Luke 23 : 33.* C. WESLEY

LAMB of God ! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find :
Think on us, who think on thee,
Every burdened soul release ;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray—
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away :
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all sin do thou release ;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Own us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal :
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !

III 17 108. *Matt. 26 : 29.* BONAR.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things
unseen ;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal
grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Herewould I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of
heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-
given.

3 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is passed
and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but thou
art here—
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and
Sun.

4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast
above,—
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
and love.

III 18 C. L. M. *Cant. 5 : 1.* HASTINGS.

FORGET thyself ! Christ bade thee come
To think upon his love,
Which could reverse the sinner's doom,
And write his name above ;
Bid the returning rebel live,
And freely all his sins forgive.

2 Forget thyself ! and think what pain,
What agony he bore,
To wash away each guilty stain,
To bless thee evermore :
To fit thee for his high abode,
The temple of the living God.

3 Forget thyself ! but let thy soul
With memories o'erflow,
Rejoice in his supreme control,
And seek his will to know :
With thankful heart approach the feast,
And thou wilt be a welcome guest.

III 19 L. M. *John 19 : 25.* ANON.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed
Around thee on the curséd tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, though crowned with
thorn ;
Like thee, thy blesséd self, endure
The cross with all its cruel scorn.

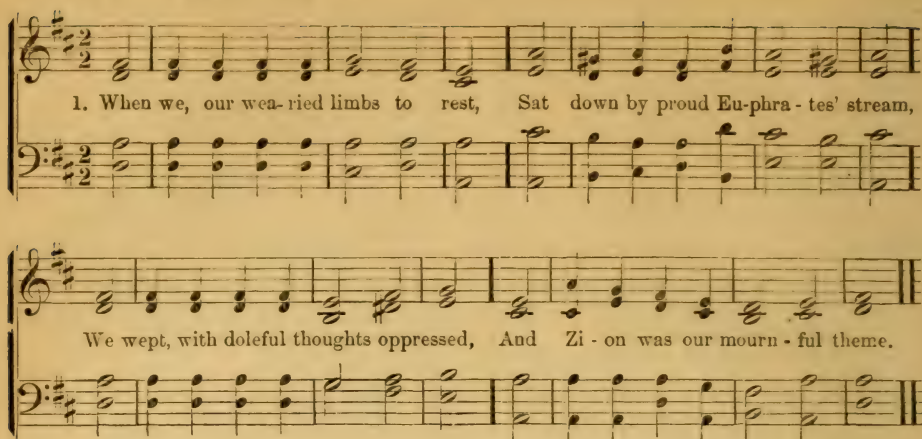
3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be ;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.

III 20 118. (See p. 411.) DE FLEURY.

O GARDEN of Olives, thou dear honored
spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be
forgot ;
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above ;
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of
love !

2 Come, saints, and adore him ; come,
bow at his feet :
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that
is meet :
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens
the skies !

ASHWELL. L. M.



1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phra - tes' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zi - on was our mourn - ful theme.

I I 2 I

Ps. 137.

TATE.

- WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Zion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 4 O Salem! our once happy seat,—
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.

I I 2 2

Ps. 80.

WATTS.

- GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep!
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now:
Shine from on high, and guide us through:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore:
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.
- 3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dew enrich the ground?

- 4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit?
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

- 5 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

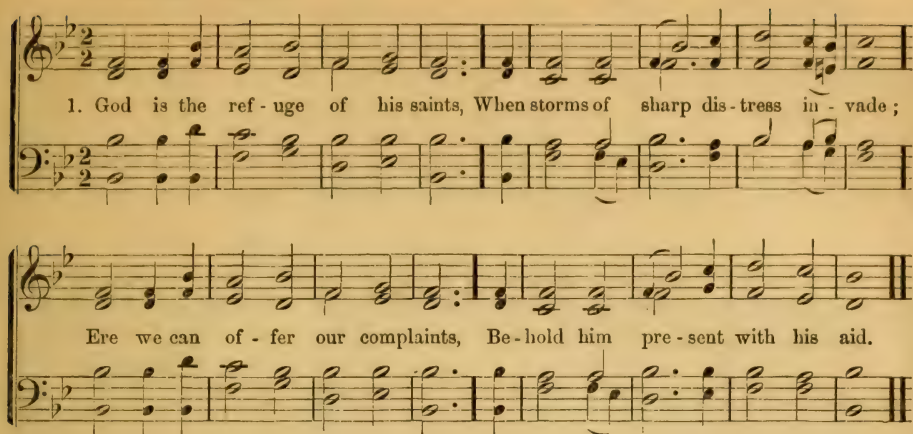
I I 2 3

Ps. 137 : 2.

ANON.

- WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing!
- 2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise!
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!
- 3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hill to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

WARD. L. M.



1. God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade ;
Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pre-sent with his aid.

I I 24

Ps. 46.

WATTS.

- God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

- 2 Events with prophecies conspire,
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

I I 26

Phil. 2 : 10, 11.

MONTGOMERY.

- O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion—order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with
might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

I I 25

Isa. 51 : 3.

MRS. VOKE.

BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear !
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom !

MENDON. L. M.

1. Tho' now the na - tions sit be - neath The darkness of o'er - spreading death,

God will a - rise with light di - vine, On Zi-on's ho - ly towers to shine.

I I 27

Isa. 9 : 2.

BACON.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise !
Let the glad morning bless our eyes !
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

I I 28

Ps. 72.

WATTS.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands ;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

I I 29

Luke 4 : 19.

RAY PALMER.

ETERNAL Father ! thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain ;
That he who once a sufferer bled,
Shall o'er the world, a conqueror, reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Saviour King !
Long ages have prepared thy way ;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
"The Cross ! the Cross !" the battle-call ;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen
stand ;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

5 Oh, fill thy church with faith and power !
Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known !
Fulfill the Father's high decree ;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

ASCENSION. L. M.

1. As-cend thy throne, al-might-y King, And spread thy glo-ries all a-broad;
Let thine own arm sal-va-tion bring, And be thou known the gra-cious God.

II 30

Rev. 11: 15.

BEDDOME.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou thro' heaven and earth adored.

II 31

Isa. 9: 7.

MONTGOMERY.

- FROM day to day, before our eyes,
Grows and extends the work begun;
When shall the new creation rise
O'er every land beneath the sun?
- 2 When, in the sabbath of his love,
Shall God from all his labors rest;
And bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures blest?
 - 3 As sang the morning stars of old,
Shouted the sons of God for joy;
His widening reign while we behold,
Let praise and prayer our tongues employ;
 - 4 Till the redeemed in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through every age of time,
The kingdom, power, and glory give.

II 32

Isa. 62: 1.

ANON.

ZION, awake! behold the day!
Put on thy beautiful array!
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire, and love thee too.

II 33

Mark 6: 34.

BRYANT

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!
- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

ANVERN. L. M.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead ; Tho' humbled

long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's

I 134

Isa. 52 : 1.

DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known :
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

I 135

Ps. 102 : 13.

ANON.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice ;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

I 136

Rev. 11 : 15.

ANON.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's !

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign !

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns !

I 137

Isa. 60 : 5.

NOEL.

MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

2 Ev'n now the hallowed scenes appear ;
Ev'n now unfolds the promised year ;
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail ;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Ye Christian her-alds! go, proclaim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

II 38

Mark 16 : 15.

ANON.

YE Christian heralds ! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all !

II 39

Dan. 7 : 27.

COLLYER.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand ;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thun-ler of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise ;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home ;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

II 40

Mat. 4 : 2.

ANON.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

- 2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers ;
That we may call our God our friend ;
That we may hail salvation ours.

II 41

Ps. 72.

WATTS

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head :
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

DETROIT. S. M.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's gloom - y hour,
And make her dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power.

I I 42

Hab. 3 : 2.

MRS. BROWN.

- O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.
- 2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessed presence share.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.
- 4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

I I 43

Lam. 1 : 4.

BETHUNE.

- Oh, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.
- 2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain;—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.
- 3 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

- 4 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

- 5 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

I I 44

Rev. 22 : 20.

BONAR

- COME, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?
- 3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.
- 4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.
- 5 Come and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

LUTHER. S. M.

1. O thou whom we a-dore! To bless our earth again, As-sume thine own al-
might-y power, And o'er the nations reign, And o'er the na-tions reign.

I I 45 *Phil. 2 : 10, 11.* C. WESLEY.

- O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!
- 3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
- 4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

I I 46 *Isa. 60 : 2.* WARDLAW.

- O LORD our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And, o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

- 4 All on the earth! arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

I I 47 *Num. 14 : 21.* ANON.

- O God of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

I I 48 *Matt. 6 : 10.* JOHNS.

- COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

PERRY. 7s. D.

1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thun - ders roar, Or the full - ness
of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore! Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord
God om - nip - o - tent shall reign! Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Echo round the earth and main.

II 49

Rev. 11 : 15.

MONTGOMERY.

II 50

2 Thess. 2 : 8.

ANON.

- HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore !
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign !
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'tis done !
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son !
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens are passed away.
Then the end : beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all !
- COME, Desire of nations, come !
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
Hear the Spirit and the Bride ;
Come, and take us to thy side :
Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward ;
Then, with all thy saints descend :
Then, our earthly trials end.
- 2 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days ;
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan !
Now destroy the Man of Sin,
Now thine ancient flock bring in !
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.
- 3 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Glorious in thy saints appear :
Speak the sacred number sealed,
Speak the mystery revealed ;
Take to thee thy royal power ;
Reign ! when sin shall be no more ;
Reign ! when death no more shall be ;
Reign to all eternity !

STANLEY. 7s. D.

SOPRANO. **BASE OR TENOR.**

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.— Traveler!

o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beaming star!

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.

Watchman! does its beauteous

CHORUS.

ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell? Trav - eler! yes; it brings the day—

BASE.

Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.

1151

Isa. 21 : 11.

BOWRING.

- WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

WESLEY. 11s & 10s.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi- on in triumph begins her mild reign.

I 152

Isa. 51 : 3.

HASTINGS.

- HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage re- turning;
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;
 Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing;
 Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and com- motion;
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Wake thee, and hail him, in glory de- scended,
 Thy darkness to scatter, thy wastes to repair.

- 2 Wake thee, O Zion, his Spirit of power
 To newness of life is awaking the dead;
 Array thee in beauty, and greet the glad hour
 That brings thee salvation, through Jesus who bled.
- 3 Saviour! we gladly with voices resound- ing,
 Loud as the thunder, our chorus would swell;
 Till from rock, wood, and mountain its echoes rebounding,
 To all the wide world of salvation shall tell!

I 154

Isa. 42 : 10-13.

C. S. R.

ISLES of the South! your redemption is nearing;
 Lift, with the waves, the glad song of the free!
 He that was promised, in triumph ap- pearing,
 Now wields his sway o'er the land and the sea.

I 153

Isa. 60 : 20.

RAY PALMER.

WAKE thee, O Zion, thy mourning is ended,
 God, thine own God, hath regarded thy prayer:

- 2 Loud from the tops of the mountains sing praises;
 Valleys shall ring with the echoing strain;
 Mighty in war, he the standard upraises,
 Glorious in peace, he advances to reign!

NUREMBURG. 7s.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea!
Now is come the prom-ised hour; Je - sus reigns with glo - rious power!

I 155

1 Tim. 6 : 15.

BACON.

WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore—
"Jesus reigns forevermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

I 156

Acts 2 : 16.

RAY PALMER.

FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! thy church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy, to thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

I 157

Luke 1 : 78.

C. WESLEY.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered men aright.

2 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste, to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

3 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

I 158

1 Kings 18 : 44.

C. WESLEY.

SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as the human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

4 Sons of God! your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified!

STOUGHTON. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Sav-iour, vis - it thy plan-ta - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain:

All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
d. s. Lest, for want of thine as - sist - ance, Ev - ery plant should droop and die.

Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high,

1159

Cant. 4: 16.

NEWTON.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

- 2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

1160

Ps. 87.

NEWTON.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion! city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let him hear the loud hosanna,
Rising to his throne on high.

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

Fine.

1. { Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death ! }
 { Rise on us, thy love re-veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath : }
 D. C. Scat-ter-ing all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing day up-on our eyes,

D. C.

Thou of heaven and earth Cre-a-tor, In our deep-est dark-ness rise,—

1161

John 1 : 9.

C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death !
 Rise on us, thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath ;
 Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,—
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart :
 Come and manifest thy favor
 To the ransomed, helpless race ;
 Come, thou glorious God and Saviour !
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Every weary, wandering spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

1162

Isa. 54 : 10.

HASTINGS.

ZION, dreary and in anguish,
 'Mid the desert hast thou strayed !
 Oh, thou weary, cease to languish ;
 Jesus shall lift up thy head.

Still lamenting and bemoaning,
 'Mid thy follies and thy woes !
 Soon repenting and returning,
 All thy solitude shall close.

2 Though benighted and forsaken,
 Though afflicted and distressed ;
 His almighty arm shall waken ;
 Zion's King shall give thee rest :
 Cease thy sadness, unbelieving ;
 Soon his glory shalt thou see !
 Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
 And the voice of melody !

1163

Rev. 22 : 20.

C. WESLEY.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee :
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

PROCTOR. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Songs a - new of hon - or fram-ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone

All his won-drous works pro - claim-ing; Je - sus wondrous works hath done;

Glorious victory, Glo-rious victory His right hand and arm have won.

1164

Ps. 98 : 2.

ANON.

- SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming,—
Jesus wondrous works hath done!
Glorious victory
His right hand and arm have won.
- 2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told;
Spread the news through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold;
All the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.
- 3 Shout aloud, and hail the Saviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim;
As ye triumph in his favor,
All ye lands, declare his fame;
Loud rejoicing,
Shout the honors of his name.

1165

Rev. 19 : 3.

BREVIAKY.

HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;

- Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel Host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.
- 2 Hallelujah! Church Victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye Saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.
- 3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Make us all thy joys to see.
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. { On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, }
 Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing— Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; } Mourning
 captive! God himself shall loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

I 166

Isa. 52 : 7.

KELLY.

- On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion, long in hostile lands :
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
 All thy warfare now is past;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee;
 Victory is thine at last :
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

I 167

Ps. 125 : 2.

KELLY.

Zion stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine;
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove :
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight;
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

I 168

Luke 2 : 32.

WILLIAMS.

- O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Cheered by no celestial ray,
 Sun of righteousness! arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day;
 Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
 Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour! all the world around.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Africa's sunny
fountains Roll down their golden sand,— From many an ancient river, From
many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

I 169

Acts 16 : 9.

HEBER.

- FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

I 170

Ps. 60 : 4.

HASTINGS.

- Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout,—“Hosanna!”
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 Yes,—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.

1. The morning light is breaking ; The darkness disappears ; The sons of earth are waking
 . D. s. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,

To pen-i-ten-tial tears ; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

Fine. D. s.

1171

Isa. 66: 8.

S. F. SMITH.

- THE morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears ;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
 A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation !
 Pursue thine onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home :
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come !"

- Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go :
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever,—
 That name to us is—Love.

1172

Ps. 72.

MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !

I I 73 C. M. *Matt. 13: 17.*

GILL.

- O God! our God! thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear;
Here beams thy glorious way!
- 2 The fathers had not all of thee!
New births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.
- 3 On us thy Spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come;
We feel, we bless thee, quickening Lord,
Thou shalt not find us dumb!
- 4 Thou comest near; thou standest by;
Our work begins to shine;
Thou dwellest with us mightily;
On speed the years divine!

I I 74 ITS & IOS. *Isa. 52: 2.* ANON.

- DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

I I 75 C. M. *Ps. 102.*

WATTS.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.

- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the soul condemned to death,
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That nations yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

I I 76 P. M. *1 Pet. 1: 10, 11.* ANON.

- WAKE! the welcome day appeareth,
Every heart with joy it cheereth!
Wake! the Lord's great year behold
That which holy men of old,
Those who throng the sacred pages,
Waited for through countless ages:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 2 Patriarchs erst and priests aspiring,
Kings and prophets long desiring,
Saw not this before they died:—
Lo! the light to them denied!
See its beams to earth directed!
Welcome, O thou long-expected!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 3 In our stead himself he offers,
On the accursed tree he suffers,
That his death's sweet savor may
Take our curse for aye away;
Cross and curse for us enduring,
Hope and heaven to us securing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 4 Rent the temple curtain's centre;
Come, ye nations, freely enter
Through the veil the holy place!
Freely stand before his face,
Here your grateful tributes bringing:
Come thou Bride, forever singing,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

II77 C. M. D. *Luke 2 : 13.*

SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold ;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King :"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow ;—
Look up ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

4 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold !
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing !

II78 C. M. *Gen. 1 : 2.* MONTGOMERY.

SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed !
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the word : that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars of joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,

How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

5 Lo ! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

II79 P. M. *Eph. 5 : 25.* ANON.

BEHOLD the temple of the Lord,
The work of God, by man abhorred,
Appearing fair and splendid ;
It lifts its head in spite of foes,
And though a hostile world oppose,
The work will yet be ended !

2 A building this, not made with hands ;
On firm foundations, lo ! it stands,
For God himself has laid them !
The workmanship of God alone—
The rich materials all his own—
'T was he himself who made them.

3 He builds it for his glory's sake,
Its solid frame no force can shake,
However men despise it ;
And Time, that other work destroys,
'Gainst this in vain its power employs ;
The work of God defies it !

II80 C. M. *Isa. 52 : 1, 2.* MONTGOMERY.

DAUGHTER of Zion ! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,—
Thy beautiful array ;
Thy day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the south,—“ Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north !”

4 They come ! they come ! thine exiled
bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs, thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

REST. L. M.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;

A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un-bro - ken by the last of foes.

I 181

1 Thess. 4 : 14. MRS. MACKAY.

- ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

I 182

John 19 : 41.

ANON.

- DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?—
They are not lost, but gone before.
- 2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

- 3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.
- 4 To Jordan's bank when'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

I 183

Rev. 14 : 43.

BARBAULD.

- How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

1184

Ps. 127 : 2.

WATTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

1185

Ps. 90.

WATTS.

THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord! was just,—
“Return, ye sinners! to your dust.”

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord! how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

1186

Isa. 57 : 2.

HILL.

GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
Ev'n till my last, expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, forever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let child-like patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 Oh, speed thy chariot, God of love!
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

5 There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing,—
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King!

DIRGE. L. M.

1. Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb! Take this new treasure to thy trust; And give these sacred relics room To slumber in the si - lent dust; And give these sacred relics room To slumber in the si - lent dust.

II 87

Ecc. 12 : 7.

WATTS.

- UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

- 4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring,
Thro' heaven, with joy, their myriads rise
And hail their Saviour and their King!

II 89

Heb. 13 : 14.

KELLY.

"We've no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

II 88

Ps. 88 : 10.

DWIGHT.

- SHALL man, O God of life and light!
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,

- 2 "We've no abiding city here;"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 4 But hush, my soul! nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1. So fades the love - ly, bloom - ing flower, Frail, smiling sol - ace of an hour!

So soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.

1190

Ps. 103 : 16.

STEELE.

So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die!

3 Then gentle Patience smiles on Pain,
And dying Hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,
And Faith points upward to the sky.

1191

Ps. 17.

WATTS.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh! glorious hour!—oh! blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

1192

Job 16 : 22.

ANON.

BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own:
Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.

3 And must I, from the cheerful light,
Pass to the grave's perpetual night,—
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass?

4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose, in this, each mortal care;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

1193

Ps. 39.

MERRICK.

Oh! let me, gracious Lord! extend
My view, to life's approaching end:
What are my days?—a span, their line;
And what my age, compared with thine!

2 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

3 Oh! spare me, Lord! in mercy, spare,
And nature's failing strength repair;
Ere, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more!

CHINA. C. M.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms!

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

I 194

2 Cor. 5 : 8.

WATTS.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations underground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

I 195

Phil. 1 : 21.

ANON.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

- 2 Is not ev'n death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
And let our hearts in every woe,
Still say,—“Thy will be done!”

I 196

Job 3 : 17-20.

ANON.

- How still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 4 All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

BARBY. C. M.

1. Oh, for an o-ver-com-ing faith, To cheer my dy-ing hours;
To tri-umph o'er ap-proach-ing death, And all his fright-ful powers!

II 97

1 Cor. 15 : 55.

WATTS.

Oh, for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
“Where is thy boasted victory, grave;
And where, O death, thy sting?”

3 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;—
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head!

II 98

2 Sam. 12 : 23. H. K. WHITE.

Thro' sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

II 99

2 Cor. 4 : 14. RAY PALMER.

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

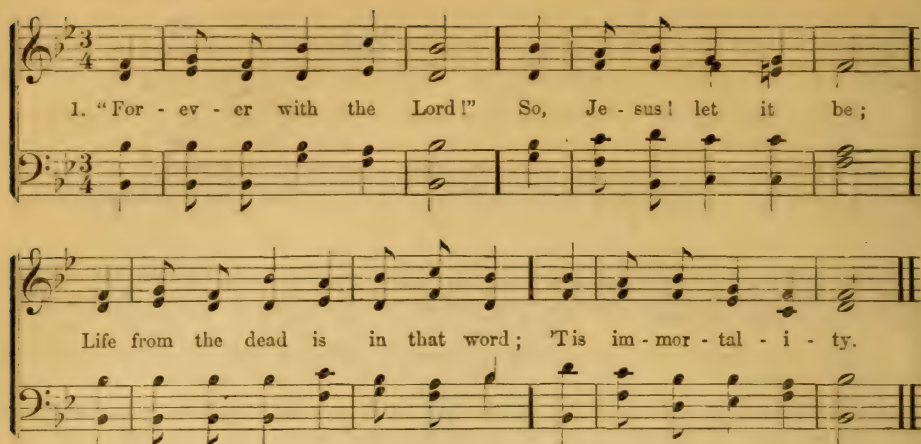
2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's em-
brace
Once Jesus captive slept:
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died from death to save.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" So, Je - sus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

1200 1 Thess. 4 : 17. MONTGOMERY.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

1201 Num. 23 : 10. ANON.

Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

1202 Zech. 1 : 5. DODDRIDGE.

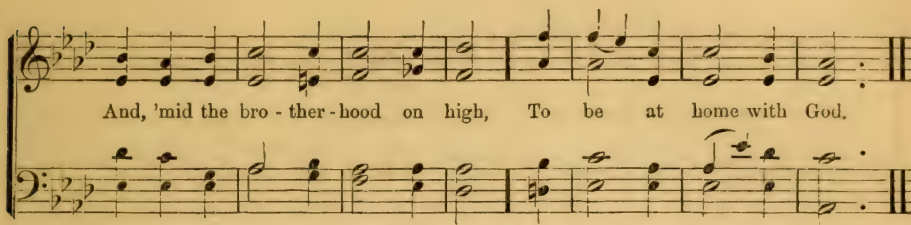
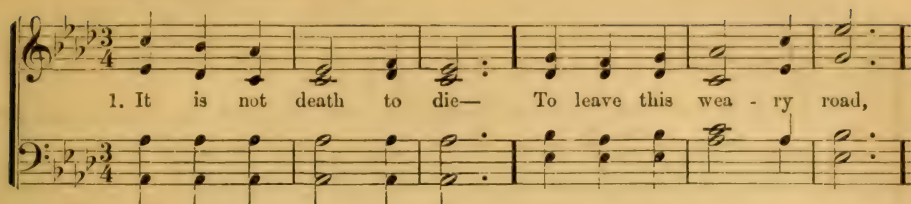
How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own!
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone!

3 God of our fathers hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

GREENWOOD. S. M.



I 203

1 Cor. 15 : 55.

BETHUNE.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall wake no more :—

4 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !

I 205

Heb. 4 : 9.

BONAR.

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now ;—

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the sealéd ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake ! come forth and sing ;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'T was sown in weakness here :
'T will then be raised in power ;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower !

I 204

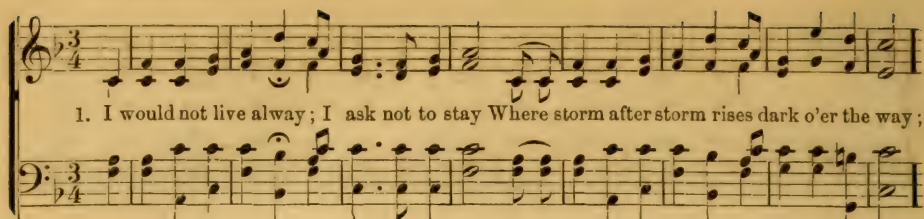
Job 14 : 14.

BONAR.

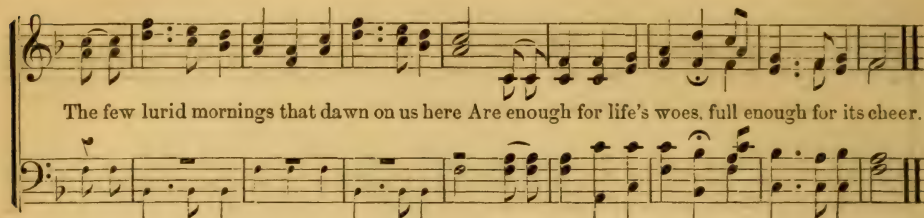
A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come ;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb ;—

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :—

FREDERICK. 11s.



1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;



The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I 206

Job 7: 16.

MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on
us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough
for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by
sin—

Temptation without and corruption with-
in:
Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled
with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
tent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the
tomb;

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me
arise
To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from
his God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns?—

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported
to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceas-
ingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

I 207

2 Cor. 12: 10.

C. FRY.

FOR what shall I praise thee, my God
and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of grati-
tude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health,
or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden
of peace?

2 For this I should praise; but if only for
this,

I should leave half untold the donation
of bliss!
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow,
and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the an-
guish I bear;—

3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and
my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath
bestowed!

BAXTER. 10s.

1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime! In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power ;

A Christian cannot die before his time ; The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

I 208

Ps. 102 : 24.

MONTGOMERY.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime !
In full activity of zeal and power ;
A Christian cannot die before his time ;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's
hour.

2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor
cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is
done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in
peace,
Soldier ! go home ; with thee the fight
is won.

3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its
trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep ;
While, safe as watched by cherubim,
thy dust
Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.

4 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow
way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

5 Go to the grave ? no, take thy seat
above !
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast
perfect love,
And open vision for the written Word.

I 209

Rev. 21 : 10.

ANON.

Often at evening comes a glowing thought
Of that which lies beyond our present
sense ;
Of those high scenes whose glories all
are wrought,
By God's pure love, and his omnipotence.

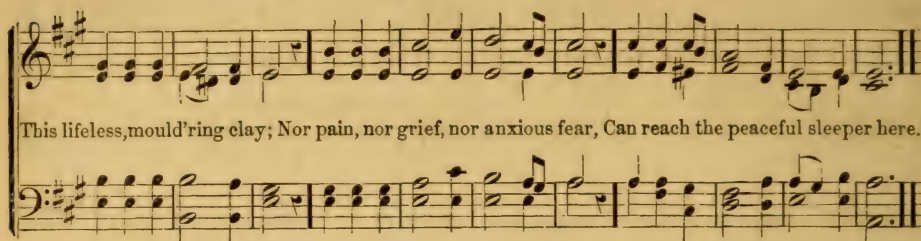
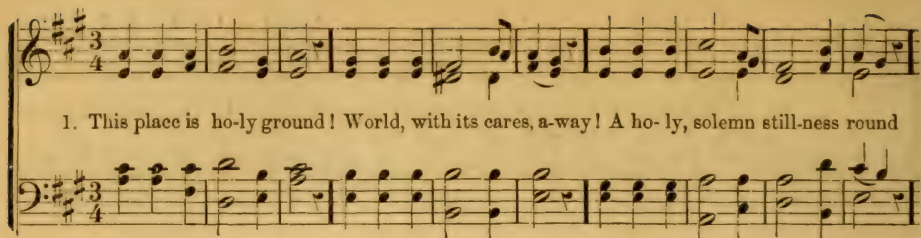
2 The golden bars that shine behind the sun,
The glorious seas that seem beneath
him poured,
The splendid hues, all melting into one,—
These look thy outworks, palace of the
Lord !

3 Yet not, not here, O city of our God !
Do we thy ageless glories truly see,
As when the souls, submissive 'neath
the rod,
Or white in pureness, testify of thee !

4 A holy charity still tells us more
Of thy real beauty, bright, serene and
high,
Where love and faith walk on the em-
blazoned floor,
And perfect joy doth sing unceasingly.

5 O Son of God ! exalted on thy throne,
By whom our pardon, light, and peace
are given,
Impart the grace that comes from thee
alone,
And make us feel, that we may see, thy
heaven.

REQUIEM. S. H. M.



I 2 I O

1 Cor. 15 : 36.

MONTGOMERY.

THIS place is holy ground !
 World, with its cares, away !
 A holy, solemn stillness, round
 This lifeless, mouldering clay ;
 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death,
 The pale and mortal clay !
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Marked ye the eye's last ray ?
 No ! life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead ?
 Why sorrows swell our eyes ?
 Can sighs recall the spirit fled ?
 Shall vain regrets arise ?
 Though death has caused this altered
 mien,
 In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead ! in Christ they sleep
 Who bore on earth his cross ;
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image to the skies.

I 2 I I

1 Cor. 15 : 19.

MONTGOMERY.

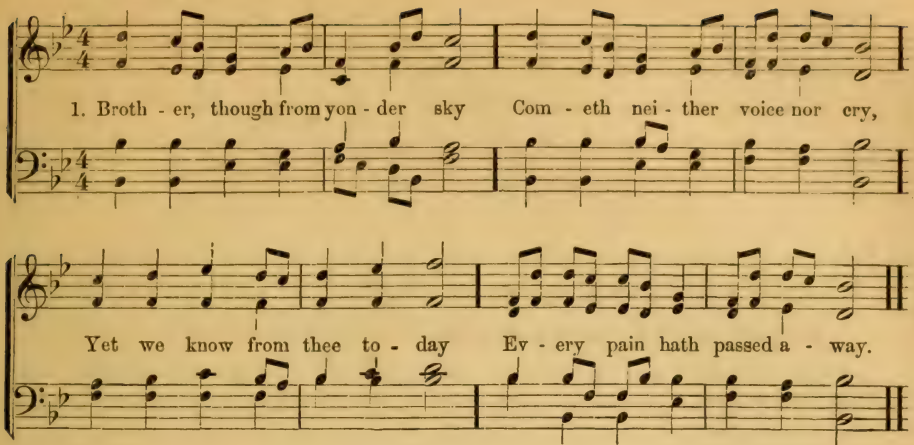
FRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who has not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day :
 Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
 They hide themselves in heaven's own
 light.

FULTON. 7s.



1. Broth - er, though from yon - der sky Com - eth nei - ther voice nor cry,
Yet we know from thee to - day Ev - ery pain hath passed a - way.

I 2 I 2

John 11 : 28.

BANCROFT.

- BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know from thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.
- 2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven ;
For he gave thee sweet release ;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.
- 3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death ;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.
- 4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust !
In that faith we wait, till, risen
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.
- 5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept ;
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

I 2 I 3

Rev. 7 : 9.

MONTGOMERY.

- PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light ;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,—
"Take the kingdom ; it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'T was their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, that made them so.

I 2 I 4

Rev. 14 : 13.

C. WESLEY.

- HARK ! a voice divides the sky !
Happy are the faithful dead
In the Lord who sweetly die !
They from all their toils are freed.
- 2 Ready for their glorious crown,
Sorrows past and sins forgiven,—
Here they lay their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Yes ! the Christian's course is run !
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done ;
Death is swallowed up in life !
- 4 Lo ! the prisoner is released—
Lightened of his heavy load ;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God !
- 5 When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead !"
Angels sing, "A child is born !"

DORRANCE. 8s & 7s.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this sol - emn meet - ing, Calm - ly say,—thy will be done.

1215 *Matt. 6: 10.* HASTINGS.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing,—thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done!

1216

Luke 24: 29. MRS. C. S. SMITH.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

1217

Ps. 116: 15.

COLLYER.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

1. See the leaves a-round us fall-ing, Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mor-tals call-ing, In a sad and sol-lemn sound!

I 2 I 8

Isa. 64 : 6.

HORNE.

- SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :—
- 2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
When like him, ye blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading,
'Tis alas! the truth we tell.
- 3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 4 "Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 "Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing—
Ye, like us, shall pass away."
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

- 2 Ready to be freed from sorrow,
Tears and partings, toil and pain;
Ready for the heavenly mansion;
Life is dear, but death is gain.
- 3 Ready with the just made perfect,
Clothed in robes of light to be;
Swelling the enraptured chorus,
Singing joy and victory.
- 4 As the bird with warbling music
Soars above our feeble sight,
Singing still, and still ascending,
Melting in the glorious light,—
- 5 So the dying saint, departing,
Joyful takes his heavenward way;
Life, and time, and gladness blending
In the light of perfect day.

I 2 2 O

Mark 5 : 39.

S. F. SMITH.

- SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed!

I 2 I 9

2 Tim. 4 : 6.

ANON.

READY now to spread my pinions,
Glad to wing my flight away
From the gloom that hovers round me,
To the realms of endless day.

SCOTLAND. 12s.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain, For Adam's lost race Christ hath
opened a fountain; { For sin and uncleanness, and ev - ery trans - gression, His
Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll
blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation. }
praise him again, when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan. }

Sing the small notes for the 123d hymn.

I 22 I

Gen. 19 : 17.

BURDSALL.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every trans-
gression,
His blood flows most freely in streams
of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who
hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when
we pass over Jordan!

2 Ye souls that are wounded ! oh, flee to
the Saviour!

He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing, escape to the
mountain—

His blood can remove them, it flows from
the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

3 O Jesus ! ride onward, triumphantly
glorious!

O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more
than victorious;

Thy name is the theme of the great
congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout
of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped
to the shore;

With harps in our hands, we'll praise
him the more;

We'll range the sweet plains on the
banks of the river,

And sing of salvation forever and ever !
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

I 222

John 11 : 25.

HEBER.

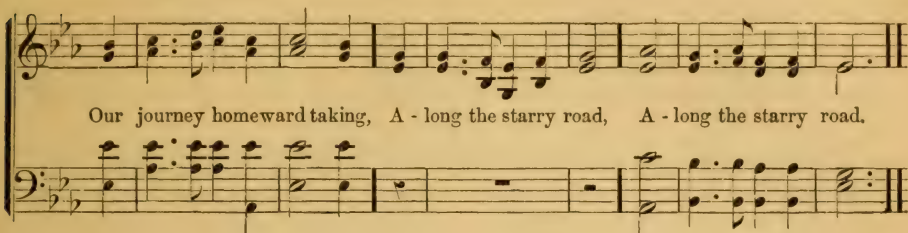
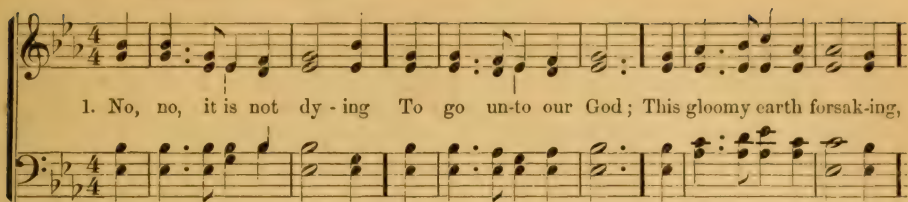
THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will
not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb;

The Saviour hath passed through its
portals before thee;

And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

POMEROY. 7s & 6s.



I 223

Phil. 3 : 20.

MALAN.

No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God ;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be ;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know ;

His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

4 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a heavenly crown ;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling,
Of him whose sway we own.

5 Oh, no ! this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind !
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing ;
Here, only drops we find.

I 222 (*Concluded.*)

2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world
by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread
to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless
hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its
mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lin-
gered long ;

But the sunshine of heaven beamed
bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will
not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
thy guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will
restore thee ;
And death hath no sting, since the Sa-
viour hath died.

I 224 P. M. *John 14 : 19.* GELLERT.

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me ;
Jesus lives ! and well I know,
From the dead he will recall me ;
Better life will then commence,
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives ! to him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
I shall go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven :
God is pledged ; weak doubtings, hence !
This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives ! I know full well,
Naught from him my heart can sever ;
Life nor death, nor powers of hell,
Joy nor grief, henceforth, forever :
God will power and grace dispense,
This shall be my confidence.

4 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal ;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal ;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence !

I 225 8s & 4s. *Job 3 : 17.* MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil ;
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

5 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky :
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

I 226 P. M. *2 Cor. 5 : 4.* POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame ;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh, the pain !—the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away ;"
What is this absorbs me quite ?—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes—it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
" O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?"

I 227 P. M. *Rom 13 : 11.* CAREY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne ;
Nearer the crystal sea ;—

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross ;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

5 Father, perfect my trust !
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink ;—
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think !

BARNES. P. M.

1. Je - sus lives! no long - er now Can thy ter - rors, Death, ap - pall... me;

Je - sus lives! and well I know, From the dead he will re - call.... me;

Bet - ter life will then com - mence, This shall be my con - fi - dence.

DAWN. S. M.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—

Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.

I 227* Hy. (Metrical.)

CAREY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

NUNDA. L. M. D.

1. { How vain is all be - neath the skies, How transient ev - ery earth - ly bliss! } { 2. The evening
How slen - der all the fond - est ties, That bind us to a world like this! } { The with'ring

cloud, the morning dew, }
grass, the fading flow'r, } Of earthly hopes are emblems true, The glo - ry of a pass - ing hour.

WARREN. 7s.

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on his word; Thou wilt soon have

cause to bless His un - chang - ing faith - ful - ness, His un - chang - ing faith - ful - ness.

MILLINGTON. 8s, 7s & 7.

1. { What is life? 'tis but a va - por; Soon it van - ish - es a - way; }
Life is but a dy - ing ta - per; O my soul! why wish to stay? } Why not spread thy wings and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?

I 228 L. M. *Ps. 103 : 15.*

ANON.

How vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties,
 That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour!

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land, whose confines lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

I 229 7s. *Matt. 28 : 6.*

COLLYER.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus scatters all its gloom;
 Day of triumph through the skies,—
 See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scattered shade;
 Drive your anxious cares away;
 See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
 Chase your unbelieving fears;
 Look on his deserted grave;
 Doubt no more his power to save.

I 230 8s, 7s & 7s. *Jas. 4 : 14.*

KELLY.

WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor,
 Soon it vanishes away.
 Life is but a dying taper—
 O my soul, why wish to stay?
 Why not spread thy wings and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
 Brighter far than fancy paints;
 There, in majesty transcendent,
 Jesus reigns the King of saints.
 Why not spread, etc.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of his love;
 Thro' the heavens his praise resounding,
 Filling all the courts above.
 Why not spread, etc.

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
 'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;
 Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear.
 Why not spread, etc.

I 231 C. M. *Ps. 90 : 12.*

ANON.

O THOU whose gently chastening hand
 In mercy deals the blow!
 Make but thy servant understand
 Wherefore thou layest me low!

2 I ask thee not the rod to spare
 While thus thy love I see;
 But oh! let every suffering bear
 Some message, Lord, from thee!

3 Oh! silence thou this murmuring will,
 Nor bid thy rough wind stay,
 Till with a furnace hotter still
 My dross is purged away!

I 232 C. M. *Ps. 116 : 15.*

PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
 It melts in deepening gloom:
 So calmly Christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree:
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
 The crimson light is shed!
 'T is like the peace the Christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast!
 'T is like the memory left behind
 When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And now above the dews of night
 The rising star appears:
 So faith springs in the heart of those
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

6 But soon the morning's happier light
 Its glory shall restore,
 And eyelids that are sealed in death
 Shall wake to close no more.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril every hour!
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
- 5 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

I 234 C. M. *Matt. 24 : 44.*

REED.

THERE is an hour when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life, with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

- 2 There is an hour when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death;
And yield to him who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.
- 3 There is an hour when I must stand
Before the judgment-seat;
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.
- 4 There is an hour when I must look
On one eternity;
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.
- 5 O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me:
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.

I 235 7S, 3 L *Matt. 24 : 30.*

ALFORD.

DAY of anger! that dread day
Shall the sign in heaven display,
And the earth in ashes lay!

- 2 Oh, what trembling shall appear,
When his coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!
- 3 When the trumpet shall command,
Through the tombs of every land,
All before the throne to stand!
- 4 What shall I before him say?
How shall I be safe that day—
When the righteous scarcely may?
- 5 King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,—
Fount of mercy! save thou me!
- 6 Leave me not, my Saviour! one,
For whose soul thy course was run!
Lest I be that day undone!
- 7 Though unworthy is my prayer,
Make my soul thy mercy's care,
And from death eternal spare!
- 8 When thy voice in wrath shall say,
Curséd one, depart away!
Call me with thy blest, I pray.

I 236 7S. *Matt. 24 : 29.*

HEBER.

In the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunder rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud
Wilt thou, Judge of man! appear.
- 4 But, though from thine awful face,
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly;
Fear not we, thy chosen race,
Our redemption draweth nigh.

I 237 7s. *Isa. 24 : 6-8.*

ALFORD.

- EARTH is past away and gone,
 All her glories, every one,
 All her pomp is broken down;
 God is reigning, God alone !
- 2 All her high ones lowly lie,
 All her mirth hath passéd by,
 All her merry-hearted sigh;
 God is reigning, God on high !
- 3 No more sorrow, no more night;
 Perfect joy and purest light !
 With his spotless saints and bright,
 God is reigning in the height !
- 4 Blessing, praise and glory bring,
 Offer every holy thing;
 Everlasting praises sing;
 God is reigning, God our King !

I 238 S. M. *Rev. 20 : 12.* BEDDOME.

- BEHOLD, the day is come;
 The righteous Judge is near;
 And sinners, trembling at their doom,
 Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 How awful is the sight !
 How loud the thunders roar !
 The sun forbears to give his light,
 And stars are seen no more.
- 3 The whole creation groans;
 But saints arise and sing:
 They are the ransomed of the Lord,
 And he their God and King.

I 239 S. M. *1 Thess. 4 : 16.* DODDRIDGE.

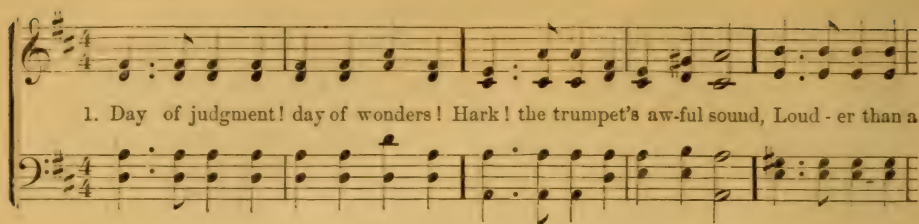
- AND will the Judge descend,
 And must the dead arise,
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face
 Astonished shrink away ?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound
 What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners ! seek his grace
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.

I 240 L. M. 7l. *Isa. 57 : 15.*

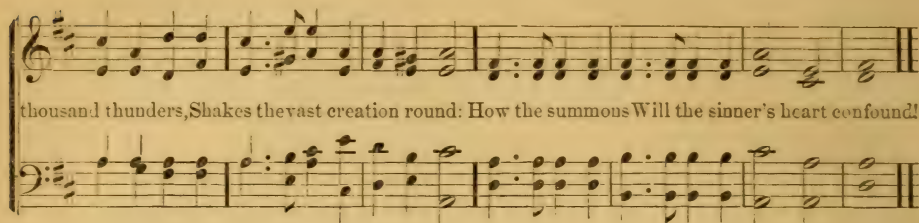
GERMAN.

- ETERNITY ! eternity !
 How long art thou, eternity !
 And yet to thee time hastes away,
 Like as the war-horse to the fray,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go,
 Or ships to port, or shaft from bow;
 Ponder, O man, eternity !
- 2 Eternity ! eternity !
 How long art thou, eternity !
 As long as God is God, so long
 Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
 So long the joys of heaven remain;
 Oh, lasting joy ! oh, lasting pain !
 Ponder, O man, eternity !
- 3 Eternity ! eternity !
 How long art thou, eternity !
 O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
 Upon the pains of sin and hell,
 And on the glories of the pure,
 That do beyond all time endure;
 Ponder, O man, eternity !
- I 241** C. M. *Matt. 25 : 41.* WATTS.
- THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour make haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart !
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart !"
- 3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair !
 To see my God remove,—
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love !
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast:
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.
- 5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands !
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.
- 6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
 To sink my fears again;
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait
 Her threescore years and ten.

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s.



1. Day of judgment! day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, Loud - er than a



thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round: How the summons Will the sinner's heart confound!

I 242 *Matt. 25 : 34.* NEWTON.

Day of judgment! day of wonders!

Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:

How the summons

Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,

Clothed in majesty divine!

You, who long for his appearing,

Then shall say, "This God is mine!"

Gracious Saviour!

Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,

Rise to life from earth and sea;

All the powers of nature, shaken

By his looks, prepare to flee:

Careless sinner!

What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confesséd,

Loved and served the Lord below,

He will say,—“Come near, ye blesséd!

See the kingdom I bestow:

You forever

Shall my love and glory know.”

I 243 *Matt. 24 : 27.* GOODE.

Lo! the mighty God appearing—

From on high Jehovah speaks!

Eastern lands the summons hearing,

O'er the west his thunder breaks:

Earth beholds him:

Universal nature shakes.

2 Zion all its light unfolding,

God in glory shall display:

Lo! he comes,—nor silence holding,

Fire and clouds prepare his way:

Tempests round him

Hasten on the dreadful day.

3 To the heavens his voice ascending,

To the earth beneath he cries—

“Souls immortal now descending,

Let the sleeping dust arise!

Rise to judgment;

Let my throne adorn the skies.

4 “Gather first my saints around me,

Those who to my covenant stood;

Those who humbly sought and found me,

Through the dying Saviour's blood:

Blest Redeemer!

Choicest sacrifice to God!”

5 Now the heavens on high adore him,

And his righteousness declare:

Sinners perish from before him,

But his saints his mercies share:

Just his judgment!

God, himself the Judge, is there.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. { See th'e - ter - nal Judge de - scend - ing, View him seat - ed on his throne ! }
 { Now poor sin - ner, now la - ment - ing, Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom ! }

Trum-pets call thee, Trum-pets call thee ; Stand and hear thine aw - ful doom !

I 244

John 19 : 37.

ANON.

SEE the eternal Judge descending !
 View him seated on his throne !
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thine awful doom ;
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thine awful doom !

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Filled with dread of fiercer pain ;
 While in anguish thus lamenting
 That he ne'er was born again—
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 Oh, that I had sought his favor
 When I felt his Spirit move—
 Golden moments,
 When I felt his Spirit move !"

I 245

Matt. 25 : 34.

CENNICK.

Lo ! he cometh,—countless trumpets
 Wake to life the slumbering dead ;
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted Head :
 Hallelujah—
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God !

2 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear :
 Truth and justice go before him—
 Now the joyful sentence hear ;
 Hallelujah !—
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine !

3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father !
 Enter into life and joy ;
 Banish all your fears and sorrows ;
 Endless praise be your employ ;
 Hallelujah !—
 Welcome, welcome to the skies !"

I 246

Zech. 12 : 10.

C. WESLEY.

Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain !
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train !
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty !
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see !

3 Lo ! the last long separation,
 As the cleaving crowds divide,
 And one dread adjudication
 Sends each soul to either side !
 Lord of mercy !
 How shall I that day abide ?

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Make thy righteous sentence known !
 Men and angels
 Kneel and bow to thee alone !

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M. 7 lines.

1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things creat-ed! }
 { The Judge of man I see appear, On clouds of glory seat-ed : } The trumpet sounds ; the

graves restore The dead which they contained before : Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

I 247

Rev. 20 : 6.

COLLYER.

I 248

Ps. 31 : 5.

GERMAN

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
 My last sad journey taken,
 Do thou, Lord Jesus ! by me stand ;
 Let me not be forsaken :
 O Lord ! my spirit I resign
 Into thy loving hands divine ;
 'Tis safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
 My sins may then appall me ;
 Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
 Despair shall not enthrall me ;
 For as I draw my latest breath,
 I'll think, Lord Christ ! upon thy death,
 And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
 Since thou death's bonds hast severed :
 By hope with thee to rise again,
 From fear of death delivered,
 I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,
 Live with thee, from thee never part ;
 Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
 My longing arms extending ;
 So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
 Slumber that knows no waking,
 Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
 To heaven, to life eternal.

JUDGMENT. L. M.

1. The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound Does through the rend-ing tombs re-bound ;

{ The Judge as - cends his aw - ful throne, }
 { He makes each se - cret sin be known, } And all with shame con - fess their own.

I 249 2 Cor. 5 : 10. ROSCOMMON.

THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
 Does through the rending tombs rebound ;
 The Judge ascends his awful throne,
 He makes each secret sin be known,
 And all with shame confess their own.

- 2 Thou great Creator of mankind !
 Amazing fears o'erwhelm my mind ;
 My sins my heart with anguish rend ;
 My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
 Do not forsake me in the end.
- 3 Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
 Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
 Let not those agonies be vain ;
 Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
 Before the last accounting day.
- 4 From that insatiable abyss,
 Where flames devour, where Satan is,
 Oh, save and bring me to thy bliss !
 Give to my ransomed soul a place
 Among thy chosen right-hand race.

And louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead !

- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

I 251 2 Thess. 1 : 7. HEBER.

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall
 quake ;
 The mountains to their centre shake ;
 And withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

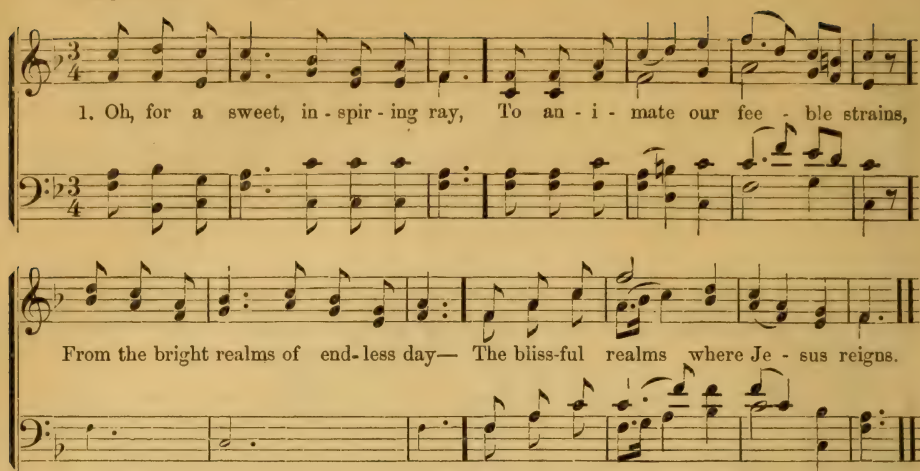
- 2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came,—
 A silent Lamb before his foes,
 A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
 On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind !
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppress, and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene, the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 "Rocks, hide us ! mountains, on us fall !"
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come !"

I 250 2 Pet. 3 : 10. W. SCOTT.

THE day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?—

- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll,

LOWRY. L. M.



I 252

Rev. 21 : 23.

STEELE.

- On for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day—
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns !
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And, with delightful worship, own
Hissmile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze ;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir :
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire !
- 3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge !
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

I 254

Rev. 22 : 4.

ANON.

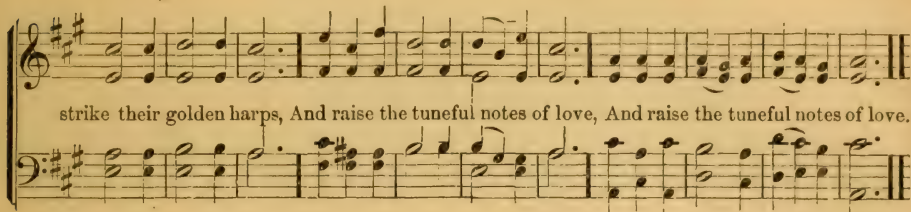
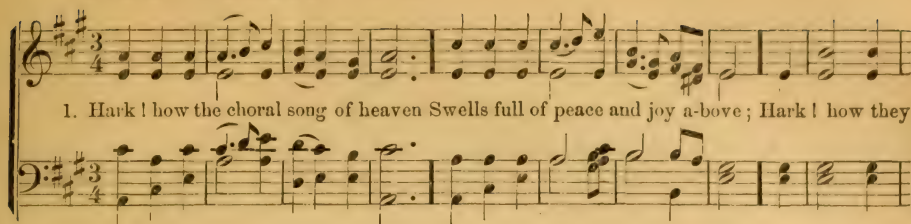
I 253

1 Cor. 2 : 9.

GIBBONS.

- Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face ;
They sing the triumph of his grace ;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod ;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life !

PARK STREET. L. M.



I 255

Rev. 5 : 9.

ANON.

- 4 Around that throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
And shining forms, an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.
- 5 There, Lord, thy way-worn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to thee forevermore.
- 6 O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round!

- HARK! how the choral song of heaven
Swells full of peace and joy above;
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love.
- 2 No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair, nor gloomy woe
They feel, when high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.
- 3 When shall we join the heavenly host,
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our doubts and fears,
To swell the chorus of the sky?
- 4 Oh, come, thou rapture-bringing morn!
And usher in the joyful day;
We long to see thy rising sun
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

I 257

Rev. 4 : 3.

WATTS.

- On, for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 3 Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount, to dwell above;
And stand, and bow, and worship there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

I 256

Heb. 4 : 9.

RAY PALMER.

- LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day!
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for thine own a rest remains.
- 2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night,
God and the Lamb, forever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.
- 3 The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

WOODLAND. C. M.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given ; There is a joy for
souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast : 'T is found a - bove—in heaven.

I 258

Rev. 21 : 3, 4.

TAPPAN.

- There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast :
'T is found above—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven !

I 259

Rev. 7 : 9.

WATTS.

- Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 I ask them—whence their victory came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

- 3 They marked the footsteps he had trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,—
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

I 260

Phil. 1 : 23.

WATTS.

- FATHER ! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight ;
But, to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight !
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen ;
In shining ranks they move ;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Father ! I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thine earthly courts to be
Forever with my God !

TAPPAN. C. M.

1. On Jordan's rugged banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's
fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my posses-sions lie.

I 261

Deut. 3 : 25.

STENNETT.

- On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes :—
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

I 263

Rev. 21 : 23.

WATTS.

I 262

Deut. 34 : 1.

WATTS.

- THERE, on a high, majestic throne,
The Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 2 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 3 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there ?

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

RHINE. C. M.

1. O mother dear, Je-ru-salem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor-rows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

I 264

Rev. 21 : 10.

DICKSON.

- O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!
- 4 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!
- 5 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
- 6 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

I 265

Rev. 3 : 11.

ALEXANDER.

- THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
- 2 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!
- 3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
- My feet are weary with the march
Over the steep hill-side;
City of God! I fain would see
Thy peaceful waters glide!
- 2 My hands are weary, toiling on
For perishable meat;
City of God! I fain would reach
Thy glorious mercy-seat!
- 3 Patience, poor heart! His feet were worn.
His hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-torn,
His head wet with the dew.
- 4 Love thou the path thy Saviour trod,
And patient wait thy rest;
His holy city thou shalt see,
Home of the loved and blest!

RANDALL. C. M.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal, and on high;
And here my spir - it wait - ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

I 267

2 Cor. 5 : 1.

WATTS.

- THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high :
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

I 268

Phil. 3 : 20.

MONTGOMERY.

- WHILE thro' this changing world we roam
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither, his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There, his adoring spirit bends,
While here, he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
Where all is perfect love.

- 4 There, too, may we our treasure place —
There let our hearts be found ;
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

- 5 Henceforth, our conversation be
With Christ before the throne ;
Ere long we, eye to eye, shall see,
And know as we are known.

I 269

Job 14 : 10.

NEWTON.

- IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh the bondage breaks ;
We scarce can say—he's gone !
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace the spirit's flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much, and 't is enough to know,
Saints are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
And see him face to face ;
Oh, let us catch the heavenly flame,
And live in his embrace !

PALMER. S. M.

1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free ;
A man - sion which e - ter - nal love De - signed and formed for me.

I 270

John 14 : 2.

BENNETT.

I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free ;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode ;
From everlasting it was planned—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure ;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

I 271

Heb. 11 : 14.

KELLY.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste, with songs of joy ;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease,
On Canaan's happy shore !
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share ;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

I 272

Ps. 137.

LYRE

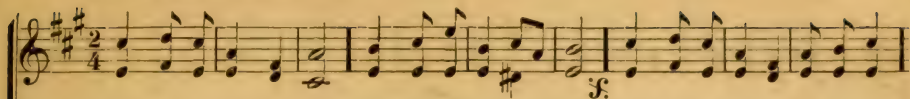
FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest !"

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung ;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue ?

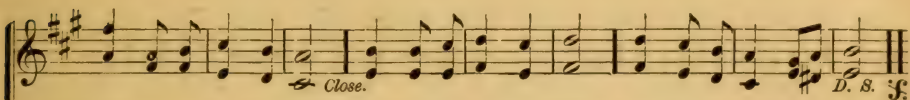
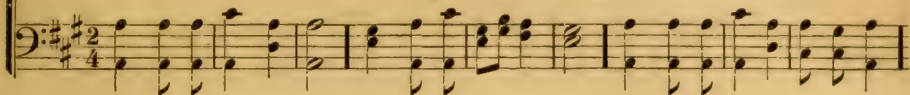
3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road :
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

STRICKLAND. S. M. D.



1. There is no night in heaven ; In that blest world above Work nev-er can bring weariness.
D. S. And tears are of those former things



For work it - self is love. There is no grief in heaven ; For life is one glad day,
Which all have passed a-way.



I 273

Rev. 21 : 23-27.

ANON.

I 274

Heb. 4 : 9.

RAY PALMER.

THERE is no night in heaven ;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.
There is no grief in heaven ;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

2 There is no want in heaven ;
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.
There is no sin in heaven ;
Behold that blessed throng !
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

3 There is no death in heaven ;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven ;
But when the Christian dies,
The angels wait his parted soul,
And waft it to the skies !

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find ?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat ?

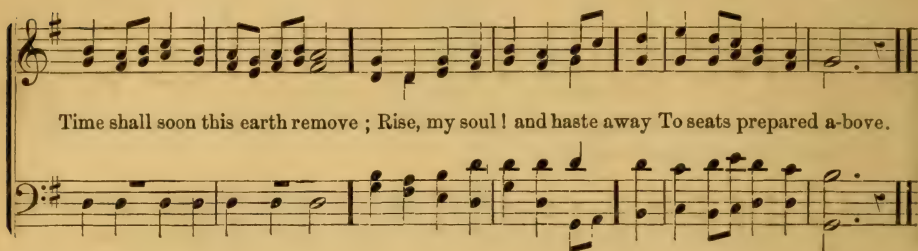
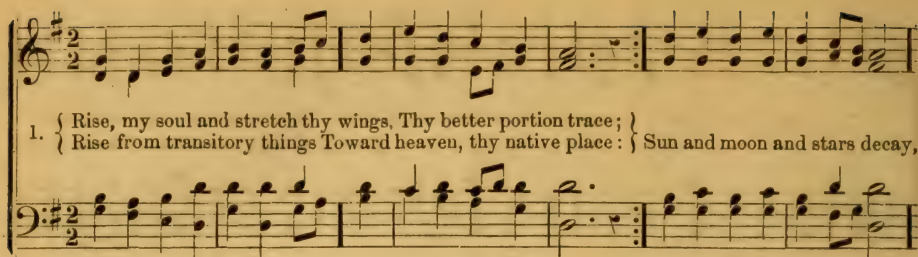
3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die ;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure
yields,
And healthful breezes sigh ?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside ?

5 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land !

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given ;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven !

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



I 275

1 John 3 : 2.

SEAGRAVE.

Rise, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place :
 Sun and moon and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul ! and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul, that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me, riches ! fly me, cares !
 While I that coast explore ;
 Flattering world ! with all thy snares,
 Solicit me no more :
 Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
 Strangers tarry but a night ;
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies !
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

I 276

2 Cor. 5 : 1.

BURTON.

Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb ;
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day—
 A journey to the tomb ;
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty, soon, above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

SHINING SHORE. P. M.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,
d. s. just before, the Shining Shore,

Those hours of toil and danger. *Fine.* For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And
We may almost discover! *D.S.*

I 277

Josh. 1 : 11.

NELSON.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—*Ref.*

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—*Ref.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our
home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

LAND OF REST. C. M.

HYMN I 278

ANON.

1. Sweet Land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come When I shall lay my armor by,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome; This world's a wilderness of woe,
3. Weary of wandering round and round This vale of sin and gloom, I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,

REFRAIN. | 1st. | 2d.

And dwell with Christ at home! { Home, home, sweet, sweet home, With Christ shall be my home.
This world is not my home. { Home, home, sweet, sweet home, With Christ shall be my -- home!
And dwell with Christ at home.

LOOKING HOME. P. M.

1st. 2d. REFRAIN.

1. { Ah, this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging ; }
 { For my Father's mansions still Earnestly is - - longing ; } Looking home! Looking home!

Toward the heavenly mansions Jesus hath prepared for me In his Fa- ther's kingdom!

1279

John 14 : 2.

GERMAN.

- AH, this heart is void and chill,
 'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
 For my Father's mansions still
 Earnestly is longing ;
 Looking home ! looking home !
 Toward the heavenly mansions
 Jesus hath prepared for me
 In his Father's kingdom !
- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
 Heavenly pleasures bringing ;
 Night will be exchanged for morn,
 Sighs give place to singing.

Looking home ! looking home !
 Toward the heavenly mansions
 Jesus hath prepared for me
 In his Father's kingdom !

- 3 With this load of sin and care,
 Then no longer bending,
 But with waiting angels there
 On our soul attending :—
 Blesséd home ! blesséd home !
 All for which we're sighing ;
 Soon our Lord will bid us come
 To our Father's kingdom !

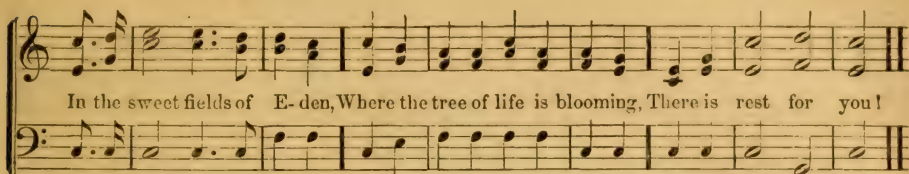
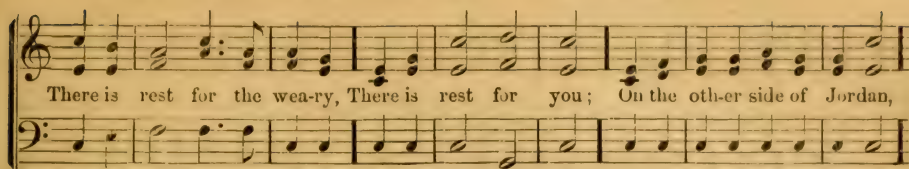
REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. D.

1. In the Christian's home in glory There remains a land of rest ; There my Saviour's gone before me,

CHORUS.

To fulfill my soul's request. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,

REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.



1280

Heb. 4 : 9.

HUNTER.

In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;

For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

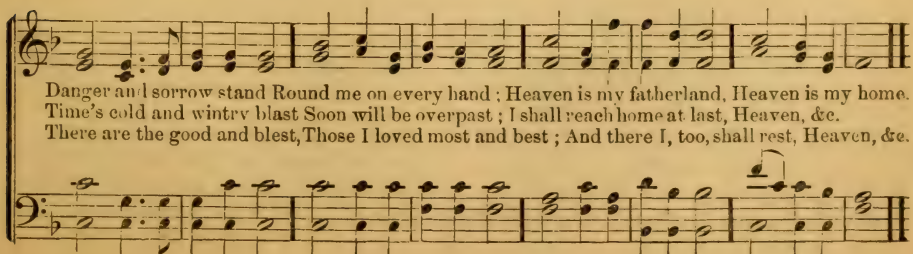
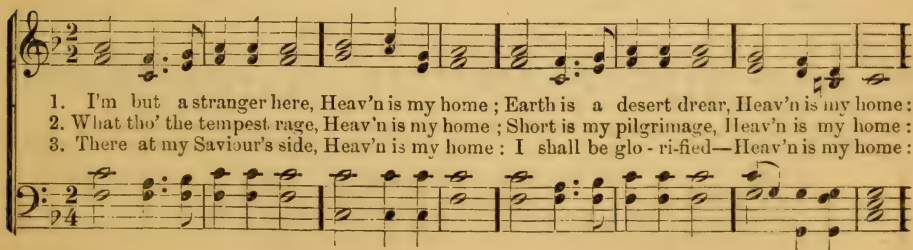
3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

FATHERLAND. 6s & 4s.

HYMN 1281

TAYLOR.



MT. BLANC. P. M.

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ, our Lord, is gone ; We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

I 282

Rev. 21 : 2.

C. BEECHER.

- We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone ;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one,
In the new Jerusalem.
- 2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between ;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

- 3 Oh, holy, heavenly home !
Oh, rest eternal there !
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem !
- 4 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see ;
O Lord ! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee,
To the new Jerusalem.

I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ! { Do not detain me, for I am go - ing }
D. C. I'm a pilgrim, &c. { To where the fountains are ever flowing : }

I 283

Heb. 11 : 13.

ANON.

- I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night !
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing :
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining !
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart
is there !
- 3 There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying !
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

BEULAH. 7s. D.

1. Who are these in bright array, This in - nu - mer-a-ble throng, Round the altar, night and day,
 v. s. Wisdom, riches, to ob-tain,

The first system of the musical score is written in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/4. It consists of four measures. The first measure contains a whole note chord of B-flat, D, and F. The second measure contains a whole note chord of B-flat, D, and F. The third measure contains a whole note chord of B-flat, D, and F. The fourth measure contains a whole note chord of B-flat, D, and F.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score consists of 16 measures. The first measure is a whole note G4. The second measure is a half note A4. The third measure is a half note B4. The fourth measure is a half note C5. The fifth measure is a half note D5. The sixth measure is a half note E5. The seventh measure is a half note F#5. The eighth measure is a half note G5. The ninth measure is a half note F#5. The tenth measure is a half note E5. The eleventh measure is a half note D5. The twelfth measure is a half note C5. The thirteenth measure is a half note B4. The fourteenth measure is a half note A4. The fifteenth measure is a half note G4. The sixteenth measure is a whole note G4. The score ends with a double bar line.

Hyming one triumphant song?—"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power,
New do-min-ion ev - ery hour."

A single line of musical notation for the bass part of the song. It is written in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several measures, including chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

1284

Rev. 7 : 13. MONTGOMERY.

WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came :
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispel all fears ;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

1285

Isa. 60 : 20.

RAFFLES.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
 Dwell the raptured saints above ;
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love :
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
 Passed this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more—
 Never, never weep again :
 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,
 Hark, their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love !

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose :
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows :
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect,— O dear and future vis - ion
D. S. To thee my thoughts are kindled.

That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls discern;
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

I 286

Heb. 11 : 14.

BERNARD.

JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

I 287

Matt. 25 : 6.

BORTHWICK.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;

BERNARD. 7s & 6s. D.

1. For thee, O dear, dear Country! Mine eyes their vigils keep: For ve - ry love, be -

hold - ing Thy happy name, they weep;—O one, O on - ly man - sion! O Par - a -

dise of joy! Where tears are ev - er ban - ished, And bliss hath no al - loy.

I 288

Rev. 21 : 10.

BERNARD.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep:
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep;—
 O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And bliss hath no alloy.

2 Thy ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up the fabric,
 The corner-stone is CHRIST!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 Conjubilant with song;
 And bright with many an angel,
 With many a martyr-throng;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The light is aye serene,
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

4 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast;
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white!

I 289

John 17 : 24.

BONAR.

No seas again shall sever,
 No desert intervene;
 No deep sad-flowing river
 Shall roll its tide between:
 Love and unsevered union
 Of soul with those we love,
 Nearness and glad communion,
 Shall be our joy above.

2 No dread of wasting sickness,
 No thought of ache or pain,
 No fretting hours of weakness,
 Shall mar our peace again:
 No death our homes o'ershading,
 Shall e'er our harps unstring;
 For all is life unfading
 In presence of our King!

1290 P. M. 2 Cor. 5 : 1. ANON.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking ;
Those who slept its sleep are waking ;
Heaven opens its portals fair !
Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark ! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love ;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth ;
There no tear of misery wellet ;
Hearts will bleed or break no more ;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore !

1291 C. M. Rev. 21 : 2. WATTS.

Lo ! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God re-
sides—

That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals ! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King :—

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode ;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God :—

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
fears,
And death itself shall die !"

6 How long, dear Saviour ! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time !
And bring the welcome day.

1292 C. M. Rev. 7 : 15. ANON.

JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee ?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
Or feel, at death, dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

1293 7S. Rev. 11 : 12. NEVIN.

"COME up hither ! come away ;"
Thus the ransomed spirits sing ;
Here is cloudless, endless day ;
Here is everlasting spring.

2 Come up hither ; come and dwell
With the living hosts above ;
Come, and let your bosoms swell
With their burning songs of love.

3 Come up hither ; come and share
In the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere
Through the myriads of the skies.

4 Come up hither ; come and shine
In the robes of spotless white ;
Palms, and harps, and crowns are thine ;
Hither, hither wing your flight.

5 Come up hither ; hither speed ;
Rest is found in heaven alone ;
Here is all the wealth you need ;
Come and make this wealth your own.

I 294 L.M. *Rev. 21 : 23.* MRS. HINSDALE.

A LIGHT streams downward from the sky,
An open door the radiance shows,
Through which the ransomed spirits fly,
To enter bliss no mortal knows.

2 Girded with gladness in that home,
No soul its sackcloth ever wears;
No sickness, griefs, or fears can come,
Nor burdened heart with heavy cares.

3 A tree of life, with pleasant shade,
Grows in that upper Paradise;
Renewed from Eden's early glade,
Its various fruit each want supplies.

4 There flowers of grace in beauty stand,
With fragrance of immortal bloom;
No blighting breath, nor icy hand,
Demands their sweetness for the tomb.

5 Sweet sinless home! my spirit longs
To mount the skies, and breathe thine air;
With grateful heart to join the songs,
Whose rolling tide flows ceaseless there!

I 295 L.M. *John. 17 : 24.* C. ELLIOTT.

LET me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be false to thee and cold.

3 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

I 296 L.M. *Deut. 34 : 1.* NEWTON.

As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home though distant still:—

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day!
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away!

I 297 7s D. *Rev. 5 : 12.* CONDER.

SEE the ransomed millions stand,—
Palms of conquest in their hands!
This before the throne their strain,—
"Hell is vanquished—death is slain!—
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right!
Thrones and powers before him fall,—
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power!
Still thy foes are unsubdued:
Nature sighs to be renewed:
Time has nearly reached its sum:
All things with the Bride, say, "Come!"
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come,—and reign forevermore!

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

The

1. Lo, what a glorious sight ap- pears To our be- liev- ing eyes!

The earth and seas are passed away, And the old roll- ing skies.

The earth and seas are passed a - - way, And the old roll- ing skies.

The earth and seas are passed away,

passed a-way, The earth and seas are passed a - - way,

I 298 L. M. 61. *Ps. 50 : 2.*

ANON.

- BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city, that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple,—God its light !
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me.
- 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir !
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there !
 Thither I press with eager feet ;
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.
- 4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace !
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see :
 Haste to this heavenly home with me !

VESPER. 8s & 7s.

1. This is not my place of rest - ing,— Mine's a cit - y yet to come ;

On - ward to it I am hast - ing— On to my e - ter - nal home.

I 299 8s & 7s. *Deut. 12 : 9.*

BONAR.

- THIS is not my place of resting,—
 Mine's a city yet to come ;
 Onward to it I am hastening—
 On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory ;
 O'er it shines a nightless day :
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse, hath passed away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along,—
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
 Never more are sad or weary,
 Never, never sin again !

I 300 8s & 7s. *Rev. 22 : 16.*

ANON.

- GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners !
 Thou hast wondrous power to save ;
 Grant me grace, and still protect me,
 Over life's tempestuous wave.
- 2 May my soul, with sacred transport,
 View the dawn while yet afar ;
 And, until the sun arises,
 Lead me by the Morning Star.
- 3 See the happy spirits, waiting
 On the banks beyond the stream ;
 Sweet responses still repeating,—
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
- 4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
 Seraphs, lend your glittering wings ;
 Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
 Heavenly sounds around me ring !

1301 P. M. *Heb. 6 : 19.*

BONAR.

- BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon !
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope ! Lord, tarry not, but come !
- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon !
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope ! Lord, tarry not, but come !

1302 7s & 6s. D. *Heb. 11 : 16.*

ANON.

- THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love ;
An everlasting temple—
And saints arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.
- 2 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun ;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty ?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.
- 3 The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace ;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

- 4 And what shall be my journey,
How long my stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know ;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

1303 S. M. *Acts 6 : 16.*

ANON.

- COME, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die ;
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.
Cho.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there !
- 2 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which on each feature plays.—*Cho.*
- 3 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music charm me last on earth.
And greet me first in heaven !—*Cho.*

1304 C. M. D. *Ps. 126 : 5.*

TAPPAN.

- THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest :—
'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy ;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.
- 2 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore :
There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy ;
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

CANA. 11s.

(HYMN 1120.)

Fine. *D. C.*

1. { O Garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot, }
 D. C. { The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ; } { The theme most transporting to seraphs above ; }
 D. C. { The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love ! }

GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Time, thou speed-est on but slow-ly, Hours, how tar-dy is your pace! Ere with Him, the high and ho-ly, I hold con-verse face to face. Here is nought but care and mourning; Comes a joy, it will not stay; Fair-ly shines the sun at dawn-ing, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day.

1305 8s & 7s D. *Isa. 33 : 17.*

GERMAN.

- TIME, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with Him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face.
Here is nought but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.
- 2 Onward then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.
Oh! the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh! the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

1306 8s & 7s D. *Rev. 7 : 17.*

CONDOR.

JESUS, blesséd Mediator!
Thou the airy path hast trod;

Thou the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!
Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.

- 2 Blesséd fold! no foe can enter;
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence!
Blesséd, for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.
- 3 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought! repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall;
Oh, the ineffable Forever!
And the eternal All in All!

RUSSELL. 7s & 6s. D.

1. There is a land im - mortal, The beau-ti - ful of lands; Beside its ancient
por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And
o - pen wide the door; And mortals who pass through it, Are mortal nev - er more.

I 307 7s. D. *Rev. 7: 13.* C. WESLEY.

Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.

- 2 Out of great distress they came;
Washed their robes, by faith below,
In thy blood, O glorious Lamb!
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

I 308 7s & 6s. D. *Heb. 2: 14.* MCKELLAR.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;

Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

- 2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.
- 3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears;
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. Great God of na-tions! now to thee Our hymn of grat-i-tude we raise;
With hum-ble heart, and bend-ing knee, We of-fer thee our song of praise.

I 309

National.

ANON.

- 1 GREAT God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God!
For all the kindness thou hast shown,
To this fair land the Pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here, freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;—
Here, thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety, through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light,
Through all our land, its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

I 310

Thanksgiving.

DODDRIDGE.

- ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year!
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.

- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

I 311

New Year.

DODDRIDGE.

- Our Helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy merey known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. O God, be-neath thy guid - ing hand, Our ex-iled fa - thers crossed the sea ;

And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

I 3 I 2

National.

BACON.

- O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song,
the prayer ;
Thy blessing came ; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

I 3 I 3

New Year.

DODDRIDGE.

- GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 While o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale ;
And on their hearts where'er they go,
Oh, let thy heavenly breezes blow !
- 2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye ;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to
hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.
- 3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark !
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side !
- 4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore ;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

GLASGOW. C. M.

1. Lord! while for all man-kind we pray, Of ev - ery clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our na - tive land— The land we love the most.

I 315

National

WREFORD.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

I 316

A Marriage Hymn.

BERRIDGE.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 Oh, may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee!
Clad in thy robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity!

I 317

Fast.

STEELE

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Alarming judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Oh, bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

I 318

Seamen.

ANON.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

MEAR. C. M.

1. Our Fa - ther ! through the com - ing year We know not what shall be ;

But we would leave with - out a fear Its or - dering all to thee.

I 319

New Year.

ANON.

OUR Father ! through the coming year
We know not what shall be ;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ord'ring all to thee.

- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair ;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain ;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest ;
No fears our trust shall move ;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

I 320

Close of the Year.

WATTS.

THEE we adore, eternal Name !
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !

- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

- 3 Great God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !

- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet, how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death !

- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road !
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

I 321

Close of the Year.

DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, ye saints ! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high :
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 On 'all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature ! speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers ! decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.

1. { Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord! to know }
 d. c. { Thou didst press a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe; }
 Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - ing; "All, all's well," thy con - stant cheer.

Ne - ver slumbering, nev - er sleep - ing, Though the night be dark and drear,

Fine.
D. C.

I 322 Seamen—Mark 4: 35. ANON.

- TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
 Sweet it is, O Lord! to know
 Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
 And canst feel a sailor's woe;
 Never slumbering, never sleeping,
 Though the night be dark and drear,
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
 "All, all's well," thy constant cheer.
- 2 And though loud the wind is howling,
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
 Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
 O'er the sailor's anxious head;—
 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
 All its noise and tumult still,
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
 At the bidding of thy will.
- 3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
 While to thee I lift mine eye,
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
 And though mast and sail be riven,
 Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 In thy holy place we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all;
 Let that mercy veil transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

I 324

Reform.

COXE.

WE are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time,
 In an age on ages telling,—
 To be living is sublime!
 Hark! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray!
 Hark! what soundeth? is creation
 Groaning for its latter day?

- 2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On—right onward, for the right!
 On! let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages—tell for God!

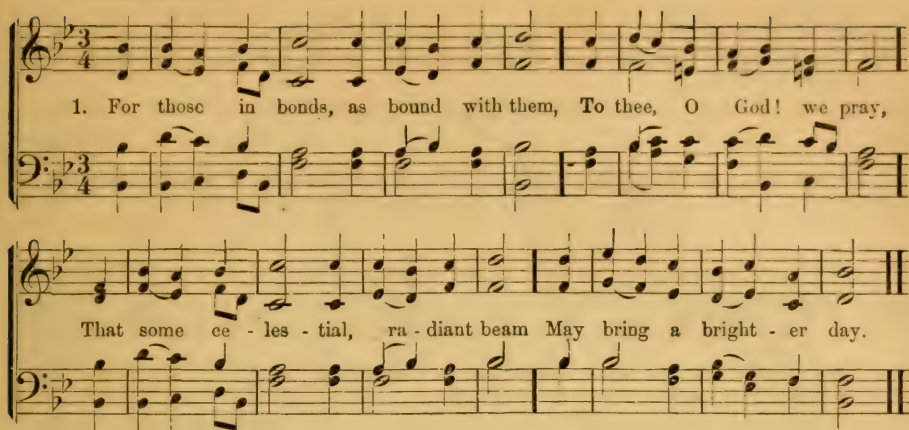
I 323

Fast.

ANON.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliverance rise;—

ARMENIA. C. M.



1. For those in bonds, as bound with them, To thee, O God! we pray,
That some ce - les - tial, ra - dant beam May bring a bright - er day.

I 325

Those in Bonds.

HASTINGS.

FOR those in bonds as bound with them,
To thee, O God! we pray,
That some celestial, radiant beam
May bring a brighter day.

2 Pity, O Lord! that injured race,
And thy deliverance send;
Grant them the treasures of thy grace,
And bid their bondage end.

3 They sit in darkness, slow to learn
The blessings that they need;
Nor can our anxious thought discern,
How best their cause to plead.

4 All helpless, and without a plan,
We come before thy throne;
We put no confidence in man,
But trust in thee alone.

5 The means of rescue, and the hour,
Thy mercy will reveal:
Thine is the wisdom, thine the power,
Teach us to do thy will.

I 326

Winter.

STEELE.

STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Of late with verdure crowned!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart,—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold, inactive chains;
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 Oh, happy state, divine abode!
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

I 327

Spring.

STEELE.

WHILE verdant hill and blooming vale
Put on their fresh array,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Oh, let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove!

3 The bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

4 That hand, in this hard heart of mine
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the former year, Many souls their race have run,
d.s. We a lit - tle longer wait;

Never more to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ternal state, They have done with all below:
But how little none can know. *Fine.*

1328

New Year.

NEWTON.

- WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

1329

Harvest.

ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:

God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.
- 4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

HEROLD. 7s.

1. Thank and praise, Je - ho - vah's name! For his mer - cies, firm and sure,
From - e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.

I 330 Thanksgiving.—*Ps. 107.* MONTGOMERY.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name!
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

- 2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
- 4 Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

I 331 Close of the Year. RAY PALMER.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.

- 2 Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!
- 3 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.

- 4 Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

- 5 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.

- 6 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

I 332 Fast.—*Ps. 60.* HATFIELD.

WHY, O God! thy people spurn?
Why permit thy wrath to burn?
God of mercy! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.

- 2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the sorrows thou dost make;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.
- 3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord, we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm—thy chosen free.
- 4 Give us now relief from pain,—
Human aid is all in vain:
We, through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help, when foes assail.

DODGE. L. M.

1. O Lord our God, with ear-nest care, With con-trite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mer-cy and of love, We pray for par-don from a-bove.

I 333

Fast.

ANON.

O LORD our God, with earnest care,
With contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
We pray for pardon from above.

2 Be present now, be present here,
And mark thy Church's falling tear;
And own the grief that fills her eyes,
In mourning her iniquities.

3 Oh, by thy grace be pardon won,
For sins that former years have done;
And let thy mercy guard us still,
From crimes that threaten future ill.

4 So mortify our every sense,
Through grace of outward abstinence,
That from each stain and spot of sin,
Our souls may keep their fast within.

5 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally!

And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh, spare our guilty country: spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

4 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

5 These pleas presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings
down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

I 335

Prayer for Peace.

ANON.

GREAT God, whom heaven, and earth,
and sea,

With all their countless hosts obey,
Upheld by thee the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command.

2 Oh, show thyself the Prince of peace!
Command the din of war to cease;
With sacred love the world inspire,
And burn its chariots in the fire.

3 In sunder break each warlike spear,
Let all the Saviour's ensigns wear;
The universal Sabbath prove,
The perfect rest of Christian love!

I 334

Fast.

DAVIES.

WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword,
Oh, whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall;

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1. My coun-try! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

I336

National.

S. F. SMITH.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

I337

Harvest.

MONTGOMERY.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice!

The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord!

I338

The Poor.

NICOLL.

LORD, from thy blesséd throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

1339 75. Thanksgiving. STRONG.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land :
Kept by him, no foes annoy ;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey ;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

1340 P. M. Seamen. ANON.

STAR of peace ! to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope ! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith ! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee ;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine ! oh, safely guide him,—
Bring the wanderer home to thee !
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

1341 105, 55. New Year. C. WESLEY.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master ap-
pear ;
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor
of love.

2 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :

The arrow is flown : the moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's
near.

3 Oh, that each, in the day of His coming,
may say,

"I have fought my way through ;
I have finished the work thou didst give
me to do ;"

Oh, that each from his Lord may receive
the glad word,

"Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne !"

1342 65 & 55. Parting Hymn. ANON.

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never !

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever ?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never !

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour !
May we all there unite,
Happy forever ;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never !

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes ;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never !

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.

1. { A migh - ty for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing : }
 { Our Hel - per he, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal illa pre - vail - ing. }

For still our au - cient foe, Doth seek to work his woe ; His craft and power are great,

And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

I 343

Ps. 46 : 1. DR. HEDGE, *tr.*

- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is he;
 Lord Sabaoth is his name,
 From age to age the same,
 And he must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The Prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,—
 One little word shall fell him!
- 4 That word above all earthly powers—
 No thanks to them—abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,

This mortal life also :
 The body they may kill :
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is forever.

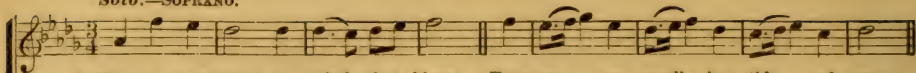
I 344

L. P. M. *Ps. 146.*

WATTS.

- I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God;—he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their
 His truth forever stands secure; [train:
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

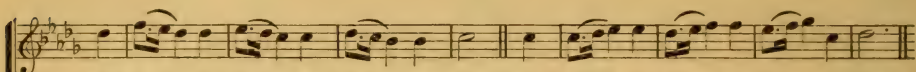
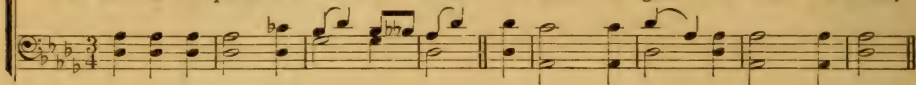
'STOWELL. L. M.

Solo.—SOPRANO.

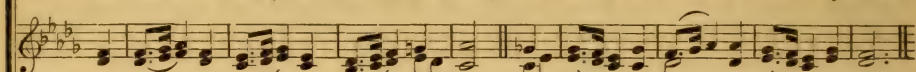
1. From ev-ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev-ery swell-ing tide.. of woes,
Chorus.



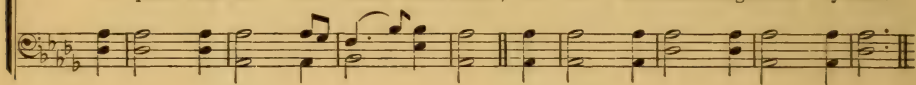
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil.... of glad-ness on... our heads,



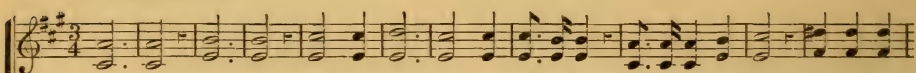
There is.... a calm, a sure.. re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.



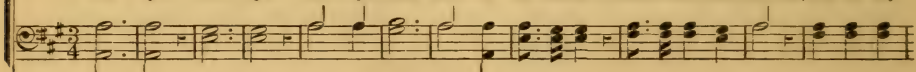
A place than all.... be-sides more sweet; It is.... the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.



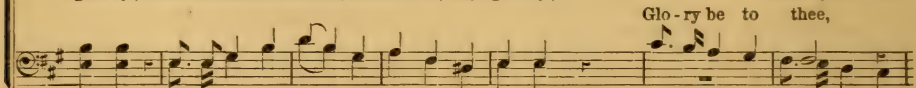
SANCTUS.



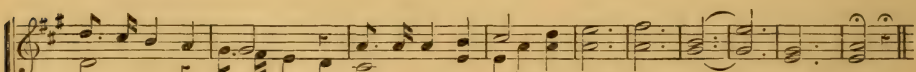
Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Lord God of Sa-baoth! Heaven and earth are full, full of thy



glo-ry; Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glo-ry; Glo-ry be to



Glo-ry be to thee,



thee, Glo-ry be to thee, to thee, to thee, O Lord... most high
 Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be, &c.



SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

I

The Lord's Prayer.



- 1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, ' ' as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread ;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- pass a- | gainst us.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil ;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

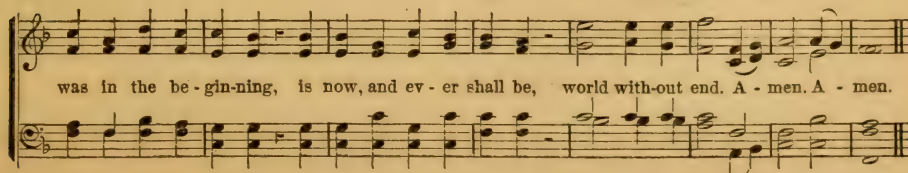
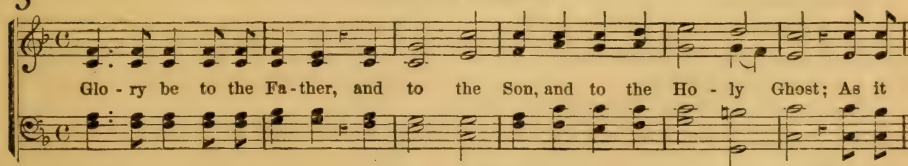
2

The Apostles' Creed.

- | | |
|---|--|
| I BELIEVE in God the FATHER Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth : | right hand of God the Father Al-
mighty ; |
| And in JESUS CHRIST his only Son our Lord ;
who was conceived by the HOLY GHOST,
 born of the Virgin Mary, | From thence he shall come to judge the
quick and the dead. |
| Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was cruci-
fied, dead, and buried ; | I believe in the HOLY GHOST ; the holy
 catholic Church, |
| He descended into hell ; the third day
he rose from the dead ; | The communion of saints ; the for- give-
ness of sins ; |
| He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the | The — resur- rection of the body, and
the life ever- lasting. A- men. |

3

Gloria Patri.



4 Psalm I.

- 1 BLESSED is the man that walketh not in
the counsel | of the un- | godly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor
| sitteth in the | seat of the | scornful.
- 2 But his delight is in the law | of the |
Lord ;
And in his law doth he | meditate | day
and | night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by
the | rivers of | water,
That bringeth | forth his | fruit in his |
season ;
- 4 His leaf also | shall not | wither ;
And whatsoever he | doeth | shall — |
prosper.
- 5 The ungodly | are not | so :
But are like the chaff which the |
wind — | driveth a- | way.
- 6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand |
in the | judgment,
Nor sinners, in the congre- | gation | of
the | righteous :
- 7 For the Lord knoweth the way | of the |
righteous :
But the way of the un- | godly | shall
— | perish.

5 Psalm V.

- 1 GIVE ear to my | words, O | Lord ;
Con — | sider my | medi- | tation.
- 2 Harken unto the voice of my cry, my
King, | and my | God ;
For unto | thee — | will I | pray.
- 3 My voice shalt thou hear in the | morn-
ing, O | Lord ;
In the morning will I direct my prayer
unto | thee, and | will look | up.
- 4 For thou art not a God that hath | pleas-
ure in | wickedness,
Neither shall | evil — | dwell with | thee.
- 5 The foolish shall not stand | in thy |
sight ;
Thou hatest all | workers | of in- | iquity.
- 6 Thou shalt destroy them that | speak — |
falsehood :
The Lord will abhor the bloody | and
de- | ceitful | man.
- 7 But as for me, I will come into thy house
in the multitude | of thy | mercy ;

And in thy fear will I worship to- | ward
thy | holy | temple.

- 8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness,
because | of mine | enemies ;
Make my way | straight be- | fore my |
face.
- 9 Let all those that put their trust in thee
rejoice : let them ever shout for joy,
be- | cause thou de- | fendest them.
Let them also that love thy name, be |
joyful | in — | thee.
- 10 For thou, Lord, wilt | bless the | right-
eous ;
With favor wilt thou compass | him as |
with a | shield.

6 Psalm VIII.

- 1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy
name in | all the | earth !
Who hast set thy | glory a- | bove the |
heavens.
- 2 Out of the mouth of babes and suck-
lings hast thou ordained strength be- |
cause of thine | enemies,
That thou mightest still the | enemy |
and the a- | venger.
- 3 When I consider thy heavens, the | work
of thy | fingers,
The moon and the stars | which thou |
hast or- | dained ;
- 4 What is man, that thou art | mindful
of | him ?
And the son of man | that thou | visit-
est | him ?
- 5 For thou hast made him a little lower
| than the | angels,
And hast crowned | him with | glory
and | honor.
- 6 Thou madest him to have dominion
over the | works of thy | hands ;
Thou hast put | all things | under his |
feet :
- 7 All — | sheep and | oxen,
Yea, and the | beasts — | of the | field ;
- 8 The fowl of the air, and the | fish of
the | sea,
And whatsoever passeth | through the |
paths of the | seas.
- 9 O — | Lord our | Lord,
How excellent is thy | name in | all
the | earth !

7

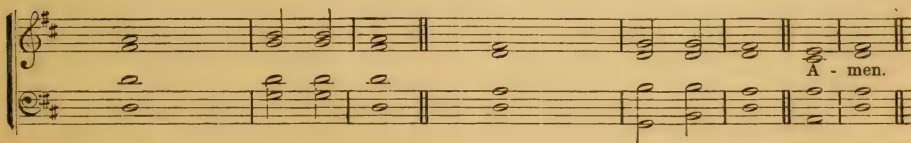
Psalm XIX.

- 1 THE heavens declare the | glory of |
God;
And the firmament | showeth his |
handi-work.
- 2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night
unto night | showeth | knowledge.
There is no speech nor language, | where
their | voice is not | heard.
- 3 Their line is gone out through | all the |
earth,
And their words | to the | end of the |
world.
- 4 In them hath he set a tabernacle | for
the | sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out
of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a
strong | man to | run a | race.
- 5 His going forth is from the end of the
heaven, and his circuit unto the | ends
of | it:
And there is nothing hid | from the |
heat there- | of.
- 6 The law of the Lord is perfect, con- |
verting the | soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure | mak-
ing | wise the | simple.

- 7 The statutes of the Lord are right, re- |
joicing the | heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure,
en- | lightening | the — | eyes.
- 8 The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | dur-
ing for- | ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true,
and | righteous | alto- | gether.
- 9 More to be desired are they than gold,
yea, than | much fine | gold:
Sweeter also than honey | and the | hon-
ey- | comb.
- 10 Moreover by them is thy | servant |
warned:
And in keeping of them | there is |
great re- | ward.
- 11 Who can under- | stand his | errors?
Cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.
- 12 Keep back thy servant also from pre-
sumptuous sins; let them not have
dominion | over | me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be
innocent | from the | great trans- |
gression.
- 13 Let the words of my mouth and the
meditation of my heart, be accept-
able | in thy | sight,
O Lord, my | Strength, and | my Re- |
deemer!

8

Psalm XXIII.



- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. || He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still — | waters. ||
- 2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his |
name's — | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff | they — |
comfort me. ||
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest
my head with oil: my | cup runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the |
Lord, for | ever. || A- | men. ||

9 Psalm XXIV.

- 1 THE earth is the Lord's, and the | full-
ness there- | of.
The world, and | they that | dwell
there- | in.
- 2 For he hath founded it up- | on the |
seas,
And established | it up- | on the | floods.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the |
Lord?
Or who shall stand | in his | holy | place?
- 4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure
— | heart:
Who hath not lifteth up his soul unto
vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.
- 5 He shall receive the blessing | from the |
Lord,
And righteousness from the | God of |
his sal- | vation.
- 6 This is the generation of | them that |
seek him,
That | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.
- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be
ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come |
in.
- 8 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the |
Lord — | mighty in | battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even
lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come |
in.
- 10 Who is this | King of | glory?
The Lord of hosts, he | is the | King
of | glory.

10 Psalm XXVII.

- 1 THE Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom | shall I | fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
of | whom shall | I be a- | fraid?
- 2 Though a host should encamp against
me, my heart | shall not | fear:
Though war should rise against me,
in | this will | I be | confident.
- 3 One thing have I desired of the Lord,
that will | I seek | after:
That I may dwell in the house of the
Lord | all the | days of my | life,

- 4 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord,
And to in- | quire in | his — | temple.
- 5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide
me in | his pa- | vilion:
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he
hide me: he shall set me | up, up- |
on a | rock.
- 6 And now shall mine head be lifted up
above mine enemies | round a- | bout
me:
Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle
sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will
sing | praises | unto the | Lord.
- 7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry | with my |
voice,
Have mercy also upon me, | and — |
answer | me.
- 8 When thou saidst, seek | ye my | face;
My heart said unto thee, Thy face, |
Lord, — | will I | seek.
- 9 Hide not thy face | far from | me;
Put not thy | servant a- | way in | anger.
- 10 Thou hast | been my | help;
Leave me not, neither forsake me, O |
God of | my sal- | vation.

11 Psalm XXIX.

- 1 GIVE unto the Lord, | O ye | mighty,
Give unto the | Lord — | glory and |
strength.
- 2 Give unto the Lord the glory due un- |
to his | name;
Worship the Lord | in the | beauty
of | holiness.
- 3 The voice of the Lord is up- | on the |
waters:
The God of | glory | thunder- | eth;
- 4 The voice of the Lord is | power- | ful;
The voice of the | Lord is | full of | ma-
jesty.
- 5 The voice of the Lord breaketh the ce-
dars; yea, the Lord breaketh the |
cedars of | Lebanon.
- 6 The voice of the Lord di- | videth the |
flames of | fire.
- 7 The voice of the Lord shaketh the wil-
derness; and maketh | bare the | for-
ests.
- 8 And in his temple doth every one |
speak of | his — | glory.

- 9 The Lord sitteth up- | on the | flood ;
 Yea, the Lord | sitteth | King for- | ever.
 10 The Lord will give strength | unto
 his | people ;
 The Lord will | bless his | people with
 | peace.

I 2 Psalm XXXVI.

- 1 I HAVE seen the wicked | in great | pow-
 er,
 And spreading himself | like a | green
 — | bay-tree.
 2 Yet he passed away, and lo, | he was |
 not ;
 Yea, I sought him, but | he could | not
 be | found.
 3 Mark the perfect man, and be- | hold
 the | upright ;
 For the end of | that man | is — | peace.
 4 But the transgressors shall be de- |
 stroyed to- | gether,
 The end of the | wicked shall | be cut |
 off.
 5 But the salvation of the righteous is | of
 the | Lord :
 He is their | strength in | time of | trou-
 ble.
 6 And the Lord will help them, and de- |
 liver | them ;
 He will deliver them from the wicked,
 and save them, be- | cause they | trust
 in | him.

I 3 Psalm XXXIX.

- 1 LORD, make me to know mine end, and
 the measure of my days, | what it | is ;
 2 That I may know how | frail, how | frail
 I | am.
 ° Behold, thou hast made my days | as
 an | handbreadth,
 And mine age | is as | nothing be- | fore
 thee.
 4 Verily every man at his | best es- | tate,
 Is — | alto- | gether | vanity.
 5 Surely every man walketh in a | vain
 — | show ;
 Surely they are dis- | quiet- | ed in | vain.
 6 He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not
 | who shall | gather them.
 7 And now, Lord, what wait I for ? My |
 hope is | in — | thee.
 8 Deliver me from | all my trans- | gres-
 sions ;

Make me not the re- | proach — | of
 the | foolish.

- 9 I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth ;
 Because | thou — | didst — | it.
 10 Remove thy stroke a- | way from | me ;
 I am consumed by the | blow of | thine
 — | hand.
 11 When thou with rebukes dost correct
 man for in- | iqui- | ty,
 Thou makest his beauty to consume
 a- | way — | like a | moth.
 12 Surely every | man is | vanity ;
 Every | man is | vani- | ty.
 13 Hear my prayer, | O — | Lord,
 And give | ear un- | to my | cry ;
 14 Hold | not thy | peace,
 Hold not thy | peace — | at my | tears :
 15 For I am a | stranger with | thee,
 And a sojourner, as | all my | fathers |
 were.
 16 Oh, spare me, that I may re- | cover |
 strength,
 Before I go | hence, and | be no | more.

I 4 Psalm XLI.

- 1 BLESSED is he that con- | sidereth the |
 poor ;
 The Lord will deliver | him in | time of
 | trouble.
 2 The Lord will preserve him and keep |
 him a- | live,
 And he shall be | blessed up- | on the |
 . earth.
 3 The Lord will strengthen him upon the |
 bed of | languishing ;
 Thou wilt make all his | bed — | in his
 | sickness.
 4 Blessed is he that con- | sidereth the
 poor ;
 The Lord will deliver | him in | time of
 | trouble.

I 5 Psalms XLII and XLIII.

- 1 As the hart panteth after the | water- |
 brooks,
 So panteth my soul | after | thee, O |
 God.
 2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the | liv-
 ing | God !
 When shall I come and ap- | pear be-
 | fore — | God ?
 3 My tears have been my meat | day and
 | night,

- While they continually say unto me,
Where | is thy | God?
- 4 When I re- | member these | things,
I pour | out my | soul in | me;
- 5 For I had gone with the multitude, I
went with them to the | house of
| God,
With the voice of joy and praise, with a
multitude that | kept — | holy | day.
- 6 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis- | quieted | in
— | me.
- 7 Hope | thou in | God:
For I shall yet praise him for the | help
of his | counte- | nance.
- 8 Oh, send out thy light and thy truth: |
let them | lead me;
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, |
and to thy | taber- | nacles.
- 9 Then will I go unto the altar of God,
unto God, my ex- | ceeding | joy:
Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, |
O — | God, my | God.
- 10 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul?
And why art thou dis- | quieted with-
| in — | me:
- 11 Hope | thou in | God:
For I shall yet praise him, who is the
health of my | countenance | and my |
God.

16 Psalm XLVI.

- 1 God is our | refuge and | strength,
A very | present | help in | trouble.
- 2 Therefore will not we fear, though the
earth | be re- | moved,
And though the mountains be carried
into the | midst — | of the | sea;
- 3 Though the waters thereof roar | and
be | troubled,
Though the mountains | shake with the
swelling there- | of.
- 4 There is a river, the streams whereof
shall make glad the | city of | God,
The holy place of the tabernacles | of
the | Most — | High.
- 5 God is in the midst of her; she shall |
not be | moved;
God shall help her, | and — | that right
early.
- 6 The heathen raged, the | kingdoms were
| moved:

- He uttered his | voice, the | earth — |
melted.
- 7 The Lord of | hosts is | with us;
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.
- 8 Come, behold the works | of the | Lord,
What desolations he hath | made — |
in the | earth;
- 9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end |
of the | earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the
spear in sunder; he burneth the |
chariot | in the | fire.
- 10 Be still, and know that | I am | God:
I will be exalted among the heathen, I
will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.
- 11 The Lord of | hosts is | with us;
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

17 Psalm XLVIII.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be
praised in the city | of our | God,
In the | mountain | of his | holiness.
- 2 Beautiful for | situ- | ation,
The joy of the whole | earth is | Mount
— | Zion.
- 3 On the sides of the north, the city of
the | great — | King,
God is known in her | palaces | for a |
refuge.
- 4 We have thought of thy loving-kindness,
| O — | God,
In the | midst — | of thy | temple.
- 5 According to thy name, O God, so is
thy praise unto the ends | of the |
earth;
Thy right hand is | full of | righteous-
ness.
- 6 Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daugh-
ters of | Judah be | glad,
Because | of thy | judg- — | ments.
- 7 Walk about Zion, and go | round a- |
bout her;
Tell the | towers | there- — | of.
- 8 Mark ye well her bulwarks, con- | sider
her | palaces;
That ye may tell it to the | gener- | a-
tion | following.
- 9 For this God is our God for- | ever and
| ever:
He will be our guide | even | unto |
death.

18

Psalm LI.

- 1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving- | kindness;
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies, | blot out | my trans- | gressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me | from my | sin,
For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my | sin is | ever be- | fore me.
- 3 Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight:
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when | thou — | judgest.
- 4 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right | spirit with- | in me.
Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
- 5 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with | thy free | Spirit;
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.

19

Psalm LXVII.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And cause his | face to | shine up- | on us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | na-
tions.
- 3 Let the people | praise thee, | O God;
Let all the | people | praise — | thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations be glad, and | sing
for | joy;
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people | praise thee, | O God;
Let all the | people | praise — | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | in-
crease;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless us.
- 7 God | shall — | bless us;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear — | him.

20

Psalm LXXII.

- 1 He shall come down like rain upon the | mown — | grass;
As | showers that | water the | earth.
- 2 In his days shall the | righteous | flourish;
And abundance of peace as long | as
the | moon en- | dureth.
- 3 He shall judge the people with | right-
eous- | ness,
And the | poor — | with — | judgment.
- 4 He shall have dominion also from | sea
to | sea,
And from the river to the | ends — | of
the | earth.
- 5 His name shall en- | dure for- | ever;
His name shall be continued as | long
— | as the | sun.
- 6 And men shall be | blessed in | him:
All | nations shall | call him | blessed.

21

Psalm LXXXIV.

- 1 How amiable | are thy | tabernacle*,
O | Lord — | of — | hosts!
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts | of the | Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out | for
the | living | God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may | lay her | young.
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my |
King, — | and my | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that dwell | in thy |
house;
They will be | still — | praising | thee.
- 5 Blessed is the man whose strength | is
in | thee;
In whose heart | are the | ways of |
them,
- 6 Who passing through the valley of Baca |
make it a | well;
The rain | also | filleth the | pools.
- 7 They go from | strength to | strength,
Every one of them in Zion ap- | pear-
eth be- | fore — | God.
- 8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my |
prayer:
Give ear, | O — | God of | Jacob.

9 Behold, O | God, our | shield,
And look upon the | face of | thine
An- | ointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better | than
a | thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the
house of my God, than to dwell in
the | tents of | wicked- | ness.

11 For the Lord God is a | sun and |
shield :

The Lord will give grace and glory :
no good thing will he withhold from
| them that | walk up- | rightly.

12 O | Lord of | hosts,
Blessed is the man that | trusteth | in
— | thee.

22 Psalm LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou hast been favorable un- | to
thy | land :

Thou hast brought back the cap- | tivi-
| ty of | Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of
thy | people,

Thou hast | covered | all their | sin.

3 Thou hast taken away | all thy | wrath :
Thou hast turned thyself from the |
fierceness | of thine | anger.

4 Turn us, O God of | our sal- | vation,
And cause thine | anger to- | ward us
to | cease.

5 Wilt thou be angry with | us for- | ever?
Wilt thou draw out thine anger to | all
— | gener- | ations?

6 Wilt thou not revive | us a- | gain :
That thy people | may re- | joice in |
thee?

7 Show us thy | mercy, O | Lord,
And | grant us | thy sal- | vation.

8 I will hear what God the | Lord will |
speak :

For he will speak peace unto his people,
and to his saints; but let them not |
turn a- | gain to | folly.

9 Surely his salvation is nigh | them that
| fear him :

That glory may | dwell — | in our |
land.

10 Mercy and truth are | met to- | gether;
Righteousness and | peace have | kissed
each | other.

11 Truth shall spring out | of the | earth.
And righteousness and truth | shall
look | down from | heaven.

12 Yea, the Lord shall give that | which
is | good ;

And our | land shall | yield her | in-
crease.

13 Righteousness shall | go be- | fore him;
And shall set us | in the | way of his |
steps.

23 Psalm XC.

1 LORD, thou hast | been our | dwelling-
place || in | all — | gener- | ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought
forth, or ever thou hadst formed the
earth | and the | world, || even from
everlasting to everlasting, | thou — |
art — | God.

3 Thou turnest man | to de- | struction ;
And sayest, Re- | turn, ye | children of
| men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are
but as yesterday when | it is | past,
And | as a | watch in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ;
they are | as a | sleep :
In the morning they are like | grass
which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and |
groweth | up ;

In the evening it is cut down, *cut* | *down*
and | wither- | eth.

7 For we are consumed | by thine | an-
ger, || and by thy | wrath — | are
we | troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities be- | fore
— | thee, || our secret sins in the |
light of | thy — | countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away | in
thy | wrath ;

We spend our years | as a | tale that is
| told.

10 The days of our years are threescore |
years and | ten ;

And if by reason of strength they be
fourscore years, yet is their strength
labor and sorrow : for it is soon cut
off, | and we | fly a- | way.

11 Who knoweth the power | of thine |
anger? [thy | wrath.

Even according to thy fear, | so — | is

12 So teach us to | number our | days,
That we may apply our | hearts — |
unto | wisdom.

24 Psalm XCII.

- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- |
to the | Lord;
And to sing praises unto thy | name,
O | Most — | Highest!
- 2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in
the | morning;
And of thy truth | in the | night — |
season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and
up- | on the | lute;
Upon a loud instrument | and up- | on
the | harp.
- 4 For thou, Lord, hast made me glad |
through thy | works;
And I will rejoice in giving praise for
the oper- | ation | of thy | hands.

25 Psalm XCV.

- 1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord,
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with
thanks- | giving,
And show ourselves | glad in | him
with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great — | God;
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In his hand are all the corners | of the |
earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his
— | also.
- 5 The sea is his, | and he | made it;
And his hands pre- | pared the | dry — |
land.
- 6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall |
down,
And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our |
Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture,
and the | sheep of | his — | hand.
- 8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty
of | holiness;
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of |
him.

9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge
the | earth;
And with righteousness to judge the
world, and the | people | with his |
truth.

26 Psalm XCVI.

- 1 Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song;
sing unto the Lord, | all the | earth.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name:
show forth his sal- | vation from | day
to | day.
- 2 Declare his glory among the heathen,
his wonders a- | mong all | people.
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be
praised: he is to be feared a- | bove
— | all — | gods.
- 3 For all the gods of the nation are idols;
but the Lord | made the | heavens.
Honor and majesty are before him;
strength and | beauty are | in his |
sanctuary.
- 4 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of
the people, give unto the Lord |
glory and | strength:
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto
his name: bring an offering, and |
come in- | to his | courts.
- 5 Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness: fear before him, | all the |
earth.
Say among the heathen, that the Lord
reigneth: the world also shall be es-
tablished that it shall not be moved;
he shall | judge the | people | right-
eously.
- 6 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth
be glad; let the sea roar, and the |
fullness there- | of.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is
therein: then shall all the trees of
the wood re- | joice be- | fore the |
Lord;
- 7 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge
the | earth:
He shall judge the world with right-
eousness, and the | people | with his |
truth.

27 Psalm XCVIII.

- 1 OH, sing unto the Lord a | new — |
song ;
For he hath | done — | marvelous |
things.
- 2 With his own right hand and with his |
holy | arm,
Hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.
- 3 The Lord hath declared | his sal- | vation ;
His righteousness hath he openly showed
| in the | sight of the | heathen.
- 4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth
toward the | house of | Israel ;
And all the ends of the world have seen
the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord,
| all ye | lands ;
Sing, re- | joice, and | give — | thanks.
- 6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp ;
Sing to the harp with a | psalm of |
thanks — | giving.
- 7 With trumpets | also and | shawms ;
Oh, show yourselves joyful be- | fore
the | Lord the | King.
- 8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that |
therein | is ;
The round world, and | they that | dwell
there- | in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let
the hills be joyful together, be- | fore
the | Lord ;
For he | cometh to | judge the | earth :
- 10 With righteousness shall he | judge
the | world ;
And the | people | with — | equity.

28 Psalm C.

- 1 OH, be joyful in the Lord, | all ye |
lands ;
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come
before his | presence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God ; it
is he that hath made us and not | we
our- | selves ;
We are his people, | and the | sheep of
his | pasture.
- 3 Oh, go your way into his gates with
thanksgiving, and into his | courts
with | praise ;

Be thankful unto him, and | speak good
| of his | name.

- 4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is |
ever- | lasting ;
And his truth endureth from gener- |
ation to | gener- | ation.

29 Psalm CIII.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul :
And all that is within me | praise his |
holy | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul ;
And for- | get not | all his | benefits.
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin ;
And healeth | all — | thine in- | firmi-
ties.
- 4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struc-
tion,
And crowneth thee with | mercy and |
loving- | kindness.
- 5 Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of his,
ye that ex- | cel in | strength.
Ye that fulfill his commandment, and
hearken unto the | voice of | his — |
word.
- 6 Oh, praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts ;
Ye servants of | his that | do his | pleas-
ure.
- 7 Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye
works of his, in all places of | his
do- | minion.
Praise thou the | Lord, — | O my | soul.

30 Psalm CIII.

- 1 THE Lord is merciful | and — | gracious.
Slow to anger, | and a- | bundant in |
mercy.
- 2 He will not | always | chide ;
Neither will he | keep his | anger for- |
ever.
- 3 He hath not dealt with us | after our |
sins.
Nor rewarded us according to | our in- |
iqui- | ties.
- 4 For as the heaven is high a- | bove
the | earth,
So great is his mercy toward | them
that | fear — | him.
- 5 As far as the east is | from the | west,
So far hath he removed our trans- |
gressions | from — | us.

- 6 Like as a father pitieth | his — | children,
So the Lord pitieth | them that | fear — | him.
- 7 For he | knoweth our | frame;
He remembereth | that — | we are | dust.
- 8 He knoweth | our — | frame;
He remembereth that we, that | we — | are — | dust.

3 I Psalm CIII.

- 1 As for man, his days | are as | grass;
As a flower of the field, | so he | flourish- | eth :
- 2 For the wind passeth over it, and | it is | gone;
And the place thereof shall | know it | no — | more.
- 3 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him,
And his righteousness | unto | children's | children;
- 4 To such as | keep his | covenant,
And to those that remember | his com- | mandments to | do them.

32 Psalm CV.

- 1 OH, give thanks un- | to the | Lord;
Call upon his name; make known his | deeds a- | mong the | people.
- 2 Sing unto him, sing psalms | unto | him:
Talk ye of | all his | wondrous | works.
- 3 Glory ye in his | holy | name;
Let the heart of them re- | joice, that | seek the | Lord.
- 4 Seek the Lord, | and his | strength;
Seek his | face — | ever- | more.
- 5 Remember his marvelous works that | he hath | done:
His wonders and | judgments | of his | mouth;
- 6 O ye seed of Abraham | his — | servant,
Ye children of | Jacob | his — | chosen.
- 7 Glory ye in his | holy | name;
Let the heart of them re- | joice, that | seek the | Lord.
- 8 Seek the Lord | and his | strength;
Seek his | face — | ever- | more.

33 Psalm CXVIII.

- 1 THE Lord is my | strength and | song,
And is be- | come — | my sal- | vation.
- 2 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles | of the | righteous:
The right hand of the Lord | doeth | valiant- | ly.
- 3 Open to me the gates of | righteous- | ness:
I will go into them, and | I will | praise the | Lord;
- 4 This gate | of the | Lord,
Into which the | righteous | shall — | enter.
- 5 I will praise thee; for | thou hast | heard me,
And art be- | come — | my sal- | vation.
- 6 Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for | he is | good;
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

34 Psalm CXXI.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills,
From | whence — | cometh my | help.
- 2 My help cometh | from the | Lord,
Which | made — | heaven and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved:
He that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 Behold he that | keepeth | Israel,
Shall | not — | slumber nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lord | is thy | keeper;
The Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right — | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not | smite thee by | day
Nor the | moon — | by — | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil;
He | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | coming | in,
From this time forth, and | even for- | ever- | more.

35 Psalm CXXII.

- 1 I WAS glad when they said | unto | me,
Let us go into the | house — | of the | Lord.

- 2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, |
O Je- | rusalem,
Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is
com- | pact to- | gether.
- 3 Whither the tribes go up; the tribes | of
the | Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give
thanks unto the | name — | of the |
Lord.
- 4 For there are set | thrones of | judg-
ment,
The thrones | of the | house of | David.
- 5 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem,
They shall | prosper | that love | thee.
- 6 Peace be with- | in thy | walls;
And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- |
ces.
- 7 For my brethren and com- | panions' |
sakes,
I will now say, | Peace — | be with- |
in thee.
- 8 Because of the house of the | Lord our |
God,
I will | seek, will | seek thy | good.

36

Psalm CXXX.



- 1 OUT of the | depths || Have I cried unto thee, O | Lord. ||
- 2 Lord, hear my | voice : || Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my suppli- |
cations. ||
- 3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord, who shall | stand ? ||
- 4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || That thou mayst be | feared. ||
- 5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, || And in his word do I | hope. ||
- 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning : || I
say, more than they that watch for the | morning. ||
- 7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord : || For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is
plenteous re- | demption. ||
- 8 And he shall redeem | Israel || From all his in- | iquities. ||

37

Psalm CXXXVI.

- 1 OH, give thanks unto the Lord, for | he
is | good;
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 2 Oh, give thanks unto the | God of | gods :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 3 Oh, give thanks unto the | Lord of |
lords :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 4 To him who alone | doeth great | won-
ders :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 5 To him that by wisdom | made the |
heavens :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 6 To him that stretched out the earth
a- | bove the | waters :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 7 To him that | made great | lights ;
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 8 The sun to rule by day : the moon and
stars to | rule by | night :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 9 To him that smote Egypt in | their
first- | born :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.
- 10 And brought out Israel | from a- |
mong them :
For his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

38

Psalm CXLV.

- 1 I WILL extol thee, my | God, O | King ;
And I will bless thy | name for- | ever
and | ever.
- 2 Every day | will I | bless thee,
And I will praise thy | name for- | ever
and | ever.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be |
praised ;
And his | greatness | is un- | searchable.
- 4 One generation shall praise thy works |
to an- | other,
And shall de- | clare thy | mighty | acts.
- 5 I will speak of the glorious honor | of
thy | majesty,
And | of thy | wondrous | works.
- 6 And men shall speak of the might of
thy | terrible | acts,
And I | will de- | clare thy | greatness.
- 7 They shall abundantly utter the memory
of | thy great | goodness,
And shall sing | of thy | righteousness.
- 8 They shall abundantly utter the memory
of | thy great | goodness,
And shall sing | of thy | righteousness.

39

Isaiah LII. 7-9.

- 1 How beautiful up- | on the | mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good
tidings, | that — | publisheth | peace ;
- 2 That bringeth good tidings of good,
that publish- | eth sal- | vation ;
That saith unto Zion, | thy — | God — |
reigneth !
- 3 Thy watchman shall lift | up the | voice ;
With the voice to- | gether | shall they |
sing :
- 4 For they shall see | eye to | eye,
When the Lord shall | bring a- | gain — |
Zion.
- 5 Break forth | into | joy,
Sing together, ye waste places | of Je-
rusa- | lem :
- 6 For the Lord hath comforted | his — |
people,
He hath re- | deemed Je- | rusa- | lem.
- 7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm
in the eyes of | all the | nations :
And all the ends of the earth shall see
the sal- | vation | of our | God.

40

Isaiah LIII.

- 1 HE is despised and re- | jected of | men ;
A man of sorrows and ac- | quainted |
with — | grief :
- 2 And we hid as it were our | faces | from
him ;
He was despised and | we es- | teemed
him | not.
- 3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and |
carried our | sorrows :
Yet we did esteem him stricken, | smit-
ten of | God, and af- | flicted.
- 4 But he was wounded for | our trans- |
gressions,
He was bruised for | our in- | iqui- |
ties ;
- 5 The chastisement of our peace | was
up- | on him,
And with his | stripes — | we are |
healed.
- 6 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray ;
We have turned every | one to | his own
| way ;
- 7 And the Lord hath | laid on | him,
The in- | iquity | of us | all.
- 8 When thou shalt make his soul an
| offering for | sin,
He shall see his seed, he | shall pro-
| long his | days,
- 9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall
prosper | in his | hand.
He shall see of the travail of his soul,
and | shall be | satis- | fied.

41

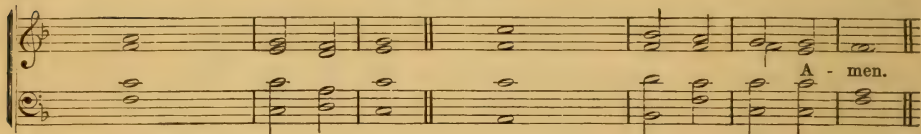
Habakkuk III.

- 1 O LORD, I have heard thy speech, and
| was a- | fraid :
- 2 O Lord, revive thy work in the midst
of the years, in the midst of the years
make known ; in | wrath re- | mem-
ber | mercy.
- 3 God came from Teman, and the Holy
One | from mount | Paran.
- 4 His glory covered the heavens, and the
earth was | full — | of his | praise.

- 5 And his brightness was | as the | light; || he had horns coming out of his hand; and there was the | hiding | of his | power.
- 6 Before him went the | pesti- | lence, || and burning coals went | forth — | at his | feet.
- 7 He stood and | measured the | earth: || he beheld and drove asunder the na- tions; the everlasting mountains were scattered, the per- | petual | hills did | bow:
- 8 His ways are | ever- | lasting.
- 9 The mountains saw thee, and they trem- bled; the deep uttered his voice, and lifted | up his | hands on | high.
- 10 The sun and moon stood still in their | habi- | tation: || at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shin- ing | of thy | glittering | spear.
- 11 Although the fig-tree | shall not | blos- som, || neither shall | fruit be | in the | vines;
- 12 The labor of the | olive shall | fail, || and the | fields shall | yield no | meat;
- 13 The flock shall be cut off | from the | fold, || and there shall be no | herd — | in the | stalls:
- 14 Yet I will rejoice | in the | Lord, || I will joy in the God of my salvation. Halle- | lujah! | A- | men.

42

Matt. XI.



- 1 COME unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden,
And | I will | give you | rest.
- 2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly .. in | heart:
And ye shall find | rest .. unto | your — | souls.
- 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden .. is | light,
For my yoke is easy, | and my | burden .. is | light.
- 4 And the Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that | heareth .. say, | come.
And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | wa-
ter .. of | life — | freely.

43

Luke I.

- 1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel;
For he hath | visited .. and re- | deemed his | people;
- 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation .. for | us;
In the | house .. of his | servant | David;
- 3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | Prophets,
Which have | been .. since the | world be- | gan;
- 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

44

Luke II.

- 1 THERE were shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their | flock by | night.

- 2 And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,
And the glory of the Lord shone round about them,
And | they were | sore a- | fraid.
- 3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not ;
For behold, I bring you good tidings
Of great joy, which shall be to | all — | people.
- 4 For unto you is born this day, in the city of David,
A | Saviour . . who is | Christ the | Lord.
- 5 And suddenly there was with the angel,
A multitude of the heavenly host, praising | God, and | saying :
- 6 Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth | peace, good | will to | men.

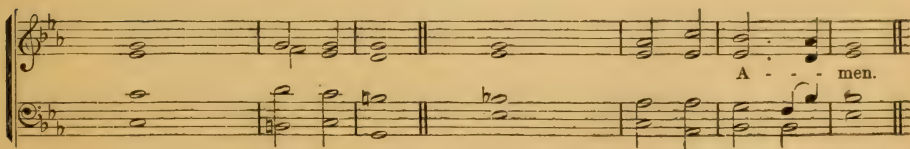
45

Isa. IX.—Luke II.

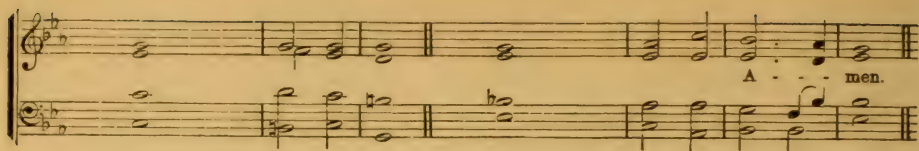
- 1 THE people that walked in darkness,
Have | seen a . . great | light ;
- 2 They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death,
Upon | them . . hath the | light — | shined.
- 3 For unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given ;
And the government shall be up- | on his | shoulder ;
- 4 And his name shall be called Wonderful,
Counselor, The Mighty God,
The Everlasting | Father, . . The | Prince of | Peace.
- 5 Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end,
Upon the throne of David, and up- | on his | kingdom,
- 6 To order it, and to establish it with judgment
And with justice, from | henceforth | even . . for- | ever.
- 7 Glory be to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good | will to | men.

46

Rev. IV.



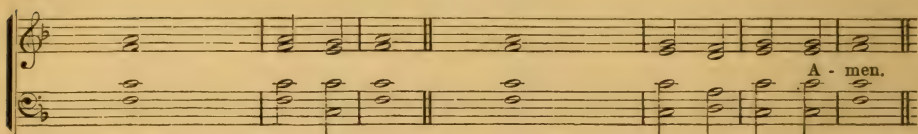
- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, | Lord . . God Al- | mighty !
- 2 Which was, and | is, and | is to | come.
- 3 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor . . and | power ;
- 4 For thou hast created all things,
And for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.



- 5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain,
 6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
 And strength, and | honor, .. and | glory, .. and | blessing.
 7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, .. and | power,
 8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
 And unto the | Lamb for- | ever .. and | ever.

47

Funereal.



- 1 BLESSED are the dead,
 Who die in the | Lord from | henceforth :
 2 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ;
 And their | works do | follow | them.
 3 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection :
 On such the second death | hath no | power ;
 4 But they shall be priests of God and of Christ,
 And shall reign with | him a | thousand | years.
 5 Unto him that loved us,
 And washed us from our sins in | his own | blood,
 6 And hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father ;
 To him be glory and do- | minion .. for- | ever and | ever.

48

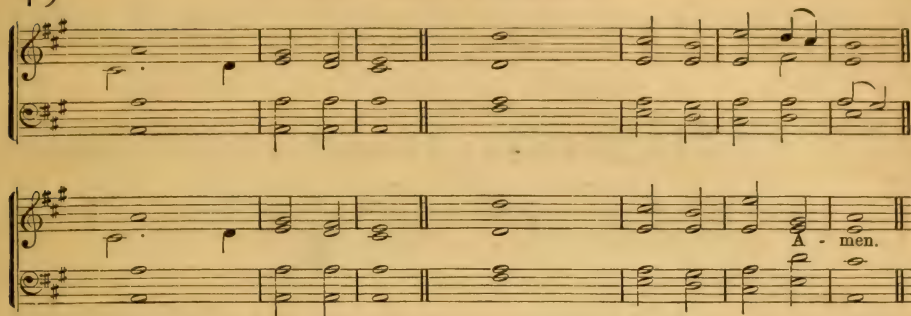
Funereal.

- 1 BLESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth ;
 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works
 do | follow them.
 2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding ;
 We are but of yesterday ; there is but a | step .. between | us and | death ;
 3 Man's days are as grass : as a flower of the field | so he | flourisheth ;
 He appeareth for a little time, then | vanish-eth | a — | way.
 4 Watch ! for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come ;
 Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | Man — |
 cometh.
 5 It is the Lord ; let him do what | seemeth .. him | good ;
 The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the | name — |
 of the | Lord.

- 6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth ;
 Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works
 do | follow them.

49

Te Deum Laudamus.



- 1 WE praise thee, | O — | God ; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. ||
 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the Father | ever- | last- — | ing. ||
- 2 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud, || the heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
 To thee cherubim and seraphim, con- | tinually ·· do | cry, || Holy, holy, holy, Lord |
 God of | Saba- | oth ; ||
- 3 Heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glory. || The glorious company
 of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise — |
 thee. ||
 The noble army of martyrs | praise — | thee. || The holy church throughout all the |
 world ·· doth ac- | knowledge | thee, ||
- 4 The Father, of an | infi ·· nite | majesty ; || thine adorable, | true and | only | Son ; ||
 Also the Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. || Thou art the King of glory, O Christ,
 thou art the everlasting | Son ·· of the | Fa- — | ther. ||
- 5 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to
 be | born — | of a | virgin. ||
 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness ·· of | death, || thou didst open the king-
 dom of | heaven ·· to | all be- | lievers. ||
- 6 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory ·· of the | Father. || We believe
 that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge.
 We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed | with
 thy | precious | blood. ||
- 7 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||
 O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage ; || govern them and | lift them |
 up for- | ever. ||
- 8 Day by day we | magni ·· fy | thee ; || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- |
 out — | end. ||
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with- out | sin ; || O Lord, have mercy
 upon us, have | mer- cy up- | on — | us. ||
- 9 O Lord, let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust — | is in | thee. ||
 O Lord, in | thee ·· have I | trusted ; || let me | never | be con- | founded. || A- |
 men. ||

50

Gloria in Excelsis.

Musical score for Gloria in Excelsis, featuring three parts (PART I, PART II, PART III) with staves and lyrics.

PART I.

PART II.

PART III.

A - men.

PART I.

GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will .. towards | men. ||
 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks
 to thee | for thy | great — | glory. ||

PART II.

O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father † Al- — | mighty ! ||
 O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, ||
 O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son .. of the | Fa- — | ther, ||

PART III.

That takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || have mercy up- | on — | us. ||
 Thou that takest away the | sins .. of the | world, || receive | our — | prayer.
 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on — |
 us. ||

PART I.

For thou only | art — | holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord. ||
 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory .. of |
 God the | Father. † A- | men. ||

51

Thou Maker of my vital frame,
 Unvail thy face, pro- | nounce thy |
 name;
 Shine to my sight, and let the ear
 Which thou hast | formed, thy | lan-
 guage | hear;
 Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
 The Power that | gives me | leave to |
 be.

3 Where is thy residence? oh! why
 Dost thou avoid my | searching | eye!

Mysterious Being! Great Unknown,
 Say, do the | clouds con- | ceal thy |
 throne?

Or art thou all diffused abroad,
 Thro' boundless | space, a | present | God?

3 Is there not some delightful art
 To feel thy | presence .. at my | heart?
 To hear thy whispers, soft and kind,
 In | holy | silence .. of the | mind?—
 Then rest, my thoughts; no longer roam
 In quest of joy—for | heaven's at | home!

52

Baptismal.



- 1 THUS saith the Lord that made thee, and formed thee, | who will | help thee,
Fear not, O Jacob my servant, and | Israel .. whom | I have | chosen.
- 2 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him.
And his righteousness | unto | children's | children,
- 3 To such as | keep his | covenant :
And to those that remember his com- | mand- .. ments to | do — | them.
- 4 One shall say, I am the Lord's ; and another shall call himself by the | name of |
Jacob ;
And another shall subscribe with his hand to the Lord, and surname himself |
by the | name of | Israel.
- 5 Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel ac- |
knowledge .. us | not.
Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer ; from ever- | lasting | is thy | name.

53

Baptismal.

Before the Administration.

- 1 AND Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not to | come .. unto | me ;
For of | such .. is the | kingdom .. of | heaven.
- 2 He shall feed his | flock .. like a | shepherd :
He shall gather the lambs with his arm and | carry .. them | in his | bosom.
- 3 I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing up- | on thine | offspring ;
And they shall spring up as among the grass, as | willows .. by the | water — |
courses.

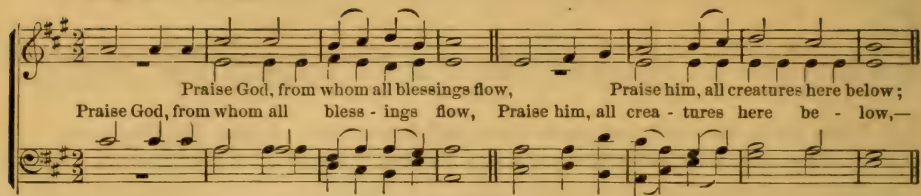
After the Administration.

- 1 THEN will I sprinkle clean | water .. up- | on you,
And | ye shall | be — | clean :
- 2 A new heart also | will I | give you,
And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you,
- 3 And I will take away the stony heart | out of .. your | flesh,
And I will | give .. you a | heart of | flesh.

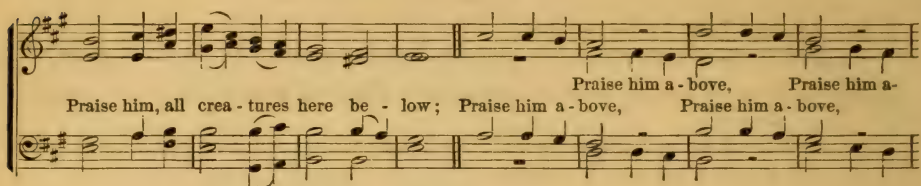
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DOXOLOGIES.

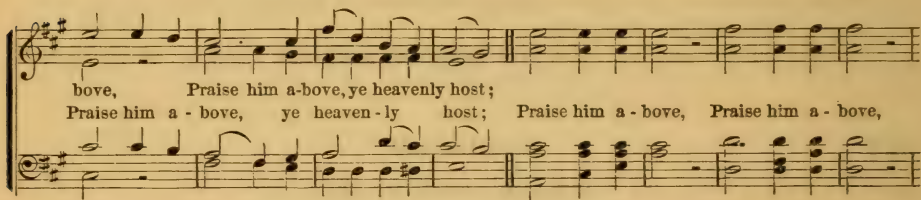
No. 1. L. M.



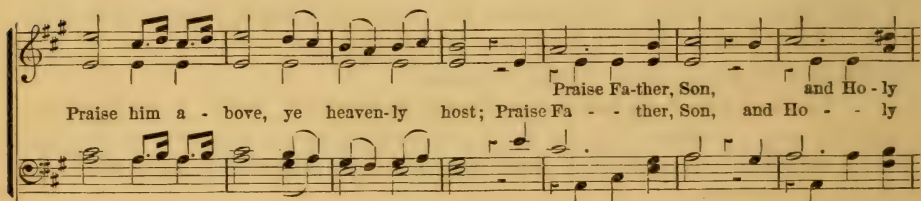
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low,—



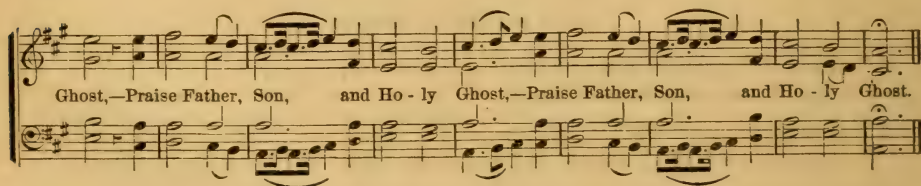
Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,



bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host;
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove,

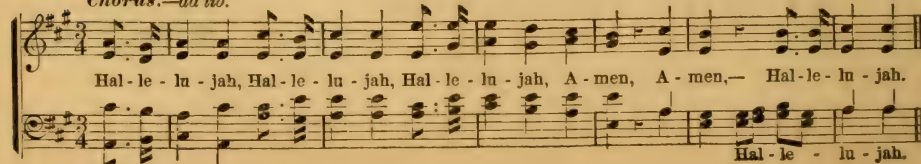


Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - ly
Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - - ther, Son, and Ho - - ly



Ghost,—Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,—Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Chorus.—ad lib.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men,— Hal - le - lu - jah.
Hal - le - lu - jah.

*Duet.**Tutti.*

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

No. 2. BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

1. To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir-it, Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glo-ry given, Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.

No. 3. CONCORD. S. M.

Wor-

1. Ye an-gels round the throne, And saints that dwell be-low, Wor-ship the Fa-ther, ship the Fa-ther, praise the Son, praise the Son,..... Wor-ship the Father, praise the Son, And bless the Spir-it, too.

No. 4. EXHORTATION. C. M.

1. Let God... the Fa - ther, and.... the Son, And Spir - it, be..... a-

dored, Where there are works to make him known, Or saints to love the Where there are works to make him known, Or

Lord; Where there are works to make him known, Or saints to love the Lord. saints to love the Lord,..... Where there are works to make him known,

No. 5. TURNER. C. M.

1. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One God, whom we a - dore, Be

Be glo - ry as it glo - ry as it was, is now, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - Be glo - ry as it was, is now, and shall be ev - er -

was,..... is now, And shall be ev - er - more, And shall be ev - er - more; Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

No. 6. AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.

{ Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise the Father's boundless love; }
 { Praise the Lamb, our expi - a - tion; Praise the Spirit from a - bove; } Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spir - its live; Un - di - vid - ed a - do - ra - tion. To the one Je - ho - vah give!

7 L. M.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow!
 Praise him, all creatures here below!
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

8 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

9 L. M. Double.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
 Thou fountain of redeeming love!
 Eternal Word! who left thy throne
 For man's rebellion to atone;
 Eternal Spirit, who dost give
 That grace whereby our spirits live:
 Thou God of our salvation, be
 Eternal praises paid to thee!

10 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

11 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

12 C. M. Double.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word
 And new-creating breath;
 To praise the Father and the Son
 And Spirit all-divine,—
 The one in three, and three in one—
 Let saints and angels join.

13 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit, too.

14 S. M.

THE Father and the Son
 And Spirit we adore;
 We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
 Both now and evermore!

15 H. M.

To God the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise;
 Glory to God the Son;
 To God, the Spirit, praise;
 With all our powers, Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

16 7s.

SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

17 7s. 6 lines.

PRaise the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

18 C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,
 And in the church below;
 From whom all creatures draw their breath,
 By whom redemption blessed the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

19 8s & 7s.

PRaise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

20 8s & 7s. Double.

PRaise the God of all creation;
 Praise the Father's boundless love:
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above:
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live:
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

21 8s, 7s & 4s.

GRaT Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne;
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

22 10s.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
 And spread his fame, till time shall be no
 more.

23 7s & 6s. Iambic.

To thee be praise forever,
 Thou glorious King of kings!
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings:
 We'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

24 7s & 6s. Trochaic.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Join we with the heavenly host
 To praise thee evermore:
 Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee!

25 5s & 6s.

By angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be addressed
 To God in three persons—
 One God ever blest:
 As hath been, and now is,
 And always shall be.

26 11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

27 6s & 4s.

To God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One,
 All praise be given!
 Crown him in every song;
 To him your hearts belong;
 Let all his praise prolong—
 On earth, in heaven.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

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And must I part with all I have.....	942	Behold the Man! How glorious he!.....	321
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Approach, my soul! the mercy-seat....	529	Behold, where, in a mortal form.....	293
Arise, my soul, arise.....	929	Be joyful in God, all ye lands.....	137
Arise, O King of grace, arise.....	29	Be merciful to me, O God.....	566
Arise, ye people, and adore.....	382	Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....	1233
Arise, ye saints, arise.....	685	Be still, my heart! these anxious cares..	988

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Be tranquil, O my soul.....	997	Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell....	3
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go.....	879	Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove....	392
Beyond, beyond the boundless sea.....	250	Come, happy souls, approach your God....	454
Beyond the smiling and the weeping....	1301	Come hither, all ye weary souls.....	475
Beyond the starry skies.....	355	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come.....	395
Bless, O my soul, the living God.....	106	Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire.....	804
Blessed angels, high in heaven.....	958	Come, Holy Ghost! our hearts inspire....	420
Blessed are the sons of God.....	827	Come, Holy Spirit! calm my mind.....	388
Blessed Comforter, come down.....	419	Come, Holy Spirit, come! Let.....	399
Blesséd fountain, full of grace!.....	779	Come, Holy Spirit, come, With.....	405
Blesséd Saviour! thee I love.....	1087	Come, Holy Spirit, from on high.....	1051
Blest are the pure in heart.....	816	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!.....	393
Blest are the souls that hear and know..	190	Come in, thou blesséd of the Lord, Enter	846
Blest be the dear, uniting love.....	851	Come in, thou blesséd, etc., Stranger....	156
Blest be the tie that binds.....	847	Come, Jesus, Redeemer.....	1104
Blest be thou, O God of Israel.....	126	Come join, ye saints, with heart and....	753
Blest Comforter divine!.....	401	Come, kingdom of our God.....	1148
Blest day of God, most calm, most bright	30	Come, let us anew our journey pursue..	1341
Blest day! when our ascended Lord....	412	Come, let us join our cheerful songs....	342
Blest feast of love divine.....	1110	Come, let us join our songs.....	250
Blest hour! when mortal man retires....	83	Come, let us lift our joyful eyes.....	33
Blest is the man whose softening heart..	944	Come, let us sing the song of songs....	337
Blest Jesus! when my soaring.....	724	Come, Lord, and tarry not.....	1144
Blest morning! whose young dawning..	18	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	887
Blest Trinity! from mortal sight.....	253	Come, O Creator Spirit blest!.....	386
Blow ye the trumpet! blow.....	330	Come, O my soul! in sacred lays.....	217
Bread of heaven! on thee we feed.....	1079	Come, sacred Spirit, from above.....	411
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	611	Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.....	495
Brightest and best of the sons of the....	285	Come, shout aloud the Father's grace....	114
Bright King of Glory, dreadful God....	338	Come, sing to me of heaven.....	1303
Broad is the road that leads to death....	426	Come, sound his praise abroad.....	35
Brother, hast thou wandered far.....	498	Come, Spirit, source of light.....	404
Brother, though from yonder sky.....	1212	Come, thou Almighty King.....	122
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	1050	Come, thou desire of all thy saints!....	28
		Come, thou Fount of every blessing....	1100
Call Jehovah thy salvation.....	673	Come, thou long-expected Jesus.....	1163
Calm me, my God, and keep me calm....	809	Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit....	173
Calm on the listening ear of night.....	278	Come to Calvary's holy mountain.....	509
Can sinners hope for heaven.....	439	Come to the ark, come to the ark.....	483
Cast thy bread upon the waters.....	957	Come to the house of prayer.....	85
Cast thy burden on the Lord.....	666	Come to the land of peace.....	462
Ceaseless praise be to the Father.....	128	Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast	478
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish..	1217	Come up hither! come away.....	1293
Cheer up, desponding soul.....	995	Come, weary souls, with sins distressed..	474
Child of sin and sorrow! Filled.....	499	Come, we who love the Lord.....	42
Child of sin and sorrow! Where.....	500	Come, ye disconsolate, where'er.....	505
Children of God, who, faint and slow....	686	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched....	512
Children of the heavenly King.....	662	Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted.....	511
Chosen not for good in me.....	838	Come, ye thankful people, come.....	1329
Christ, above all glory seated.....	362	Come, ye that know and fear the Lord..	242
Christian, let your heart be glad.....	665	Come, ye that love the Saviour's name..	27
Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er..	688	Command thy blessing from above.....	872
Christ is our corner-stone.....	1030	Complete in thee, no work of mine....	796
Christ, of all my hope the ground.....	821	Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	410
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Our....	383	Cross, reproach, and tribulation.....	672
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons....	57	Crown his head with endless blessing...	361
Christ, whose glory fills the skies.....	62		
Church of the ever-living God.....	1018	Darkly rose the guilty morning.....	324
Come, all ye saints of God.....	374	Daughter of Zion, awake from thy.....	1174
Come at the morning hour.....	886	Daughter of Zion! from the dust.....	1180
Come, blesséd Spirit! source of light....	387	Day of anger! that dread day.....	1235
Come, Desire of nations, come.....	1150	Day of judgment! day of wonders.....	1243
Come, divine and peaceful Guest.....	422	Dearest of all the names above.....	706
Come, every pious heart.....	328	Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat.....	867

	HYMN		HYMN
Dear is the spot where Christians sleep..	1182	Firm as the earth thy gospel stands....	914
Dear Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	1038	For a season called to part.....	165
Dear Lord, amid the throng that pressed	1119	"Forbid them not," the Saviour cried...	1047
Dear Refuge of my weary soul.....	704	Forever here my rest shall be.....	1111
Dear Saviour, ever at my side.....	1036	Forever with the Lord!.....	1200
Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray	1035	Forget thyself! Christ bade thee come..	1118
Dear Saviour! we are thine.....	1105	Forgive us, Lord! to thee we cry.....	563
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall.	640	For me to live is Christ.....	736
Deep in our hearts let us record.....	307	For the mercies of the day.....	171
Delay not, delay not, O sinner.....	503	For thee, O dear, dear country.....	1288
Depth of mercy! can there be.....	592	Forth from the dark and stormy sky....	80
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	487	For those in bonds, as bound.....	1325
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!...	151	For what shall I praise thee, my God...	1207
Does the Gospel word proclaim.....	608	Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free...	700
Do not I love thee, O my Lord.....	719	Fount of everlasting love.....	1156
Draw near, O Holy Dove, draw near...	1062	Frequent the day of God returns.....	21
Dread Jehovah! God of nations.....	1323	Friend after friend departs.....	1211
Drooping souls, no longer mourn.....	464	From all that dwell below the skies....	96
Early, my God, without delay.....	17	From Calvary a cry was heard.....	310
Earth has nothing sweet or fair.....	780	From day to day before our eyes.....	1131
Earth is past away and gone.....	1237	From deep distress and troubled thoughts	632
Earth's transitory things decay.....	900	From Egypt's bondage come.....	1271
Enthroned is Jesus now.....	352	From every earthly pleasure.....	74
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord....	414	From every stormy wind that blows....	868
Ere to the world again we go.....	153	From Greenland's icy mountains.....	1169
Eternal God, celestial King!.....	11	From the cross uplifted high.....	1084
Eternal God! eternal King!.....	143	From the recesses of a lowly spirit.....	625
Eternal Father! thou hast said.....	1129	From the table now retiring.....	1095
Eternal Source of every joy.....	1210	Full of trembling expectation.....	616
Eternal Sun of righteousness.....	24	Gently, gently lay the rod.....	594
Eternal Spirit, God of truth.....	417	Gently, my Saviour, let me down.....	1186
Eternal Spirit, we confess.....	385	Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us.....	175
Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise.....	235	Give glory to God in the highest.....	141
Eternity! eternity!.....	1240	Giver of each perfect gift!.....	826
Fade, fade, each earthly joy.....	774	Give me the wings of faith, to rise.....	1259
Fading, still fading, the last beam is...	184	Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame.....	101
Faint not, Christian! though the road...	667	Give to the winds thy fears.....	656
Fairest Lord Jesus!.....	757	Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	1160
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss..	813	Glory, glory to our King.....	376
Faith is the polar star.....	837	Glory to God on high.....	372
Far as thy name is known.....	1023	Glory to God the Father be.....	396
Far from my heavenly home.....	1272	Glory to God, whose witness-train....	802
Far from my thoughts, vain world.....	695	Glory to thee, my God, this night.....	154
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee....	20	God Almighty and All-seeing!.....	75
Father, bless thy word to all.....	167	God eternal! Lord of all!.....	130
Father, hear our humble claim.....	823	God guard the poor! we may not see...	932
Father, hear the prayer we offer.....	959	God, in the gospel of his Son.....	196
Father! how wide thy glory shines....	249	God, in the high and holy place.....	227
Father, I long, I faint to see.....	1260	God is in his holy temple.....	88
Father of eternal grace!.....	822	God is love; his mercy brightens.....	270
Father of glory! to thy name.....	271	God is my strong salvation.....	677
Father of heaven, whose love profound..	209	God is the refuge of his saints.....	1124
Father of mercies, bow thine ear.....	1009	God moves in a mysterious way.....	237
Father of mercies! God of love.....	228	God of mercy! God of grace! Hear....	596
Father of mercies, in thy word.....	206	God of mercy! God of grace! Show....	65
Father of mercies! send thy grace.....	943	God of my life, through all my days....	635
Father of our spirits! hear.....	169	God of my life, thy boundless grace....	518
Father, thy thoughts are peace.....	905	God of my life, to thee belong.....	216
Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.....	806	God of my life, to thee I call.....	880
Fear not, O little flock, the foe.....	755	God of our salvation, hear us.....	174
Feeble, helpless, how shall I.....	778	God of the morning ray.....	123
Fight the good fight! lay hold.....	689	God of the prophets' power!.....	162
		God of the sunlight hours, how sad....	34

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God of the universe, to thee.....	1031	Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord.....	889
God's glory is a wondrous thing.....	654	Heavenly Shepherd, guide us.....	181
God's holy law, transgressed.....	441	Heavenly Spirit! may each heart.....	892
God with us! oh, glorious name.....	783	He dies!—the friend of sinners dies.....	327
Go, labor on; spend and be spent.....	931	He has come, the Christ of God!.....	782
Go, labor on, while it is day.....	938	Heirs of unending life.....	925
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	319	He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed.....	320
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime.....	1208	He lives! the great Redeemer lives.....	897
Go, tune thy voice to sacred song.....	716	Heralds of creation! cry.....	258
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet.....	381	Here I can firmly rest.....	919
Grace! 'tis a charming sound!.....	921	Here let us see thy face, O Lord.....	1067
Gracious Spirit, Love divine!.....	406	Here, O my Lord, I see thee face.....	1117
Great Former of this various frame.....	251	He that goeth forth with weeping.....	953
Great God, attend while Zion sings.....	10	He, who on earth as man was known.....	349
Great God! how infinite art thou.....	233	High in the heavens, eternal God!.....	103
Great God, now condescend.....	1045	High in yonder realms of light.....	1285
Great God of nations! now to thee.....	1309	Ho! every one that thirsts!.....	476
Great God! this sacred day of thine.....	78	Holy and reverend is the name.....	239
Great God! to thee my evening song.....	878	Holy Bible! book divine.....	194
Great God, we sing that mighty hand.....	1313	Holy Father, hear my cry.....	272
Great God, what do I see and hear.....	1247	Holy Father, thou hast taught me.....	669
Great God, when I approach thy throne.....	456	Holy Ghost the Infinite!.....	421
Great God, whom heaven and earth.....	1335	Holy Ghost! with light divine.....	408
Great God, whose universal sway.....	1128	Holy, holy, holy Lord!.....	116
Great is the Lord our God.....	36	Holy Spirit! gently come.....	415
Great is the Lord! what tongue can.....	100	Holy Spirit! Lord of light!.....	407
Great Redeemer, Friend of sinners.....	1300	Hosanna to the Prince of light.....	341
Great Ruler of all nature's frame.....	241	How are thy servants blest.....	229
Great Shepherd of thine Israel.....	1122	How beauteous are their feet.....	1028
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!.....	198	How beauteous were the marks.....	304
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	176	How blest are those, how truly wise.....	1012
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.....	793	How blest the righteous when he dies.....	1183
Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest.....	71	How blest the sacred tie that binds.....	843
Hail, sovereign love that formed.....	450	How calm and beautiful the morn.....	375
Hail the day that sees him rise.....	380	How charming is the place.....	48
Hail, thou bright and sacred morn.....	61	How condescending and how kind.....	318
Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	358	How did my heart rejoice to hear.....	26
Hail to the brightness of Zion's.....	1152	How firm a foundation, ye saints.....	678
Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	1172	How gentle God's commands.....	658
Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!.....	862	How heavy is the night.....	440
Hallelujah! best and sweetest.....	1165	How helpless guilty nature lies.....	434
Happy, Saviour, would I be.....	831	How large the promise! how divine.....	1053
Happy the heart where graces.....	810	How long, O Lord, shall I complain.....	629
Happy the meek, whose gentle breast.....	798	How oft, alas! this wretched heart.....	577
Happy the souls to Jesus.....	854	How pleasant, how divinely fair.....	7
Hark! a voice divides the sky.....	1214	How pleasant 'tis to see.....	842
Hark! hark! the notes of joy.....	291	How pleased and blest was I.....	52
Hark! how the choral song of heaven.....	1255	How precious is the book divine.....	203
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord.....	1077	How sad our state by nature is.....	433
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.....	357	How shall the sons of men appear.....	444
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour.....	277	How shall the young secure their hearts.....	205
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	292	How still and peaceful is the grave.....	1196
Hark! the song of Jubilee.....	1149	How sweet and awful is the place.....	1072
Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....	322	How sweetly flowed the gospel sound.....	302
Hark! what celestial sounds.....	286	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.....	853
Hark! what mean those holy voices.....	288	How sweet the melting lay.....	884
Hasten, Lord! to my release.....	598	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	707
Hasten, sinner! to be wise.....	497	How sweet to leave the world awhile.....	876
Haste, traveler, haste! the night.....	468	How swift the torrent rolls.....	1202
Hearken, Lord, to my complaints.....	599	How tedious and tasteless the hours.....	747
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you.....	513	How tender is thy hand.....	984
Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken.....	670	How vain is all beneath the skies.....	1228
Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing.....	186	I ask not now for gold to gild.....	1005

	HYMN		HYMN
I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent.....	962	Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky.....	459
I cannot always trace the way.....	963	Jesus! and shall it ever be.....	697
I cannot call affliction sweet.....	971	Jesus, at whose supreme command.....	1070
I feed by faith on Christ; my bread.....	1061	Jesus, blessed Mediator.....	1306
If God is mine, then present things.....	903	Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.....	1091
If human kindness meets return.....	1075	Jesus comes, his conflict over.....	363
If life in sorrow must be spent.....	965	Jesus demands this heart of mine.....	622
If on our daily course our mind.....	792	Jesus, engrave it on my heart.....	427
If thou impart thyself to me.....	909	Jesus, full of all compassion.....	613
If, through unruffled seas.....	981	Jesus! I come to thee.....	536
I have a home above.....	1270	Jesus, I love thee! thou dost know.....	752
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	922	Jesus! I love thy charming name.....	708
I know that my Redeemer lives.....	348	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	762
I lay my sins on Jesus.....	767	Jesus, in sickness and in pain.....	979
I left the God of truth and light.....	573	Jesus invites his saints.....	1109
I lift my soul to God.....	588	Jesus, Lamb of God, for me.....	550
I'll praise my Maker with my breath.....	1344	Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	618
I love the sacred Book of God.....	200	Jesus lives! no longer now.....	1224
I love the volume of thy word.....	191	Jesus, Lord, we look to thee.....	825
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	885	Jesus! lover of my soul.....	605
I love to steal awhile away.....	865	Jesus, Master! hear me now.....	1082
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger.....	1283	Jesus, merciful and mild.....	607
I'm but a stranger here.....	1281	Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	784
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	647	Jesus, my happy heart.....	996
In all my vast concerns with thee.....	245	Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep.....	977
In every trying hour.....	917	Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	819
Infinite Love! what precious stores.....	470	Jesus only, when the morning.....	764
In heavenly love abiding.....	675	Jesus! our best beloved Friend.....	935
Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way.....	467	Jesus, our Lord, how rich thy grace.....	941
Inspirer and hearer of prayer.....	748	Jesus, save my dying soul.....	561
In the Christian's home in glory.....	1280	Jesus, shall reign where'er the sun.....	1141
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	366	Jesus spreads his banner o'er us.....	1093
In the dark and cloudy day.....	1002	Jesus, the Christ of God.....	738
In the sun and moon and stars.....	1236	Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee.....	527
In this calm impressive hour.....	61	Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	709
In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....	76	Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend.....	721
In time of fear, when trouble's near.....	651	Jesus, thou source of calm repose.....	739
In time of tribulation.....	683	Jesus! thy love shall we forget.....	296
In true and patient hope.....	817	Jesus, thy name I love.....	769
In vain our fancy strives to paint.....	1269	Jesus! thy robe of righteousness.....	927
In vain we seek for peace with God.....	435	Jesus, we look to thee.....	848
I once was a stranger to grace.....	924	Jesus, we thus obey.....	1108
I saw One hanging on a tree.....	316	Jesus, where'er thy people meet.....	874
I send the joys of earth away.....	526	Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding.....	1215
I sing the almighty power of God.....	240	Jesus, who knows full well.....	883
Isles of the south! your redemption is.....	1154	Jesus, whom angel hosts adore.....	311
I stand on Zion's mount.....	659	Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain.....	1092
Is there ambition in my heart?.....	807	Jesus, who on his glorious throne.....	722
Is this the kind return?.....	443	Joyful be the hours to-day.....	59
It came upon the midnight clear.....	1177	Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....	274
It is not death to die.....	1203	Just as I am, without one plea.....	516
It is the Lord, enthroned in light.....	969	Keep silence, all created things!.....	232
It is thy hand, my God.....	982	Keep us, Lord, oh, ever keep us.....	178
I want a heart to pray.....	636	Kindred in Christ! for his dear sake.....	844
I was a wandering sheep.....	735	Kingdoms and thrones to God belong.....	218
I would be thine; oh! take my heart.....	585	Laborers of Christ, arise.....	949
I would love thee, God and Father.....	368	Laboring and heavy-laden.....	551
I would not live alway: I ask.....	1206	Laden with guilt, and full of fears.....	193
Jehovah God! thy gracious power.....	246	Lamb of God! whose bleeding.....	1116
Jehovah reigns; his throne is high.....	95	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....	177
Jerusalem! my happy home.....	1292	Let all on earth their voices raise.....	144
Jerusalem, the glorious.....	1286	Let every mortal ear attend.....	460
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb!.....	836		

HYMN		HYMN	
Let glory be to God on high.....	145	Lord of earth! thy forming hand.....	117
Let me be with thee where thou art.....	1295	Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean....	364
Let me but hear my Saviour say.....	694	Lord of hosts! to thee we raise.....	1026
Let party names no more.....	849	Lord of mercy, just and kind.....	634
Let saints below in concert sing.....	852	Lord of the harvest! hear.....	1024
Let the world their virtue boast.....	621	Lord of the worlds above.....	51
Let us awake our joys.....	369	Lord, thou art my rock of strength.....	606
Let us with a joyful mind.....	115	Lord, thou hast searched and seen.....	212
Let worldly minds the world pursue....	727	Lord, thou hast won—at length I yield..	545
Let Zion and her sons rejoice.....	1175	Lord, thou on earth didst love thine....	855
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	1022	Lord, thou wilt bring the joyful day....	1256
Lift up to God the voice of praise.....	110	Lord, thy glory fills the heaven.....	265
Light of life, seraphic fire.....	68	Lord, we adore thy boundless grace.....	466
Light of the soul! O Saviour blest.....	703	Lord, we come before thee now.....	54
Light of those whose dreary dwelling....	1161	Lord, when my raptured thought.....	269
Like morning, when her early breeze....	428	Lord! when we bend before thy throne..	31
Like sheep we went astray.....	446	Lord! where shall guilty souls retire... 267	
Like the eagle, upward, onward.....	955	Lord, while for all mankind we pray....	1315
Lo, God is here!—let us adore.....	92	Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee	266
Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets.....	1245	Lord hallelujahs to the Lord.....	98
Lo! he comes with clouds descending....	1243	Love divine, all love excelling.....	760
Lone, amidst the dead and dying.....	614	Love me, O Lord, forgivingly.....	618
Long as the darkening cloud abode.....	687	Lowly and solemn be.....	1007
Long have I sat beneath the sound.....	628		
Look from thy sphere of endless day....	1133	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.....	345
Look to Jesus! till reviving.....	510	Make haste, O man, to live.....	948
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious....	359	Make us, by thy transforming grace....	300
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	548	Man's wisdom is to seek.....	815
Lo! round the throne a glorious band....	1254	Marked as the purpose of the skies....	1137
Lo! the day of rest declineth.....	183	Mark the soft falling snow.....	192
Lo! the mighty God appearing.....	1243	Many centuries have fled.....	1088
Lo, the seal of death is breaking.....	1290	May not the sovereign Lord on high....	215
Lo! what a glorious sight appears.....	1291	May the grace of Christ, our Saviour....	182
Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee.....	297	Messiah! at thy glad approach.....	280
Lord, at this closing hour.....	160	Mighty God! while angels bless thee..	360
Lord! at thy feet we sinners lie.....	530	Millions within thy courts.....	156
Lord! at thy table I behold.....	1115	Mine eyes and my desire.....	591
Lord, before thy throne we bend.....	602	Morning breaks upon the tomb.....	1229
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid..	180	Mortals, awake, with angels join.....	452
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill..	172	Mourn for the thousands slain.....	952
Lord, from thy blessed throne.....	1338	Much in sorrow, oft in woe.....	664
Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!.....	104	Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	978
Lord God, the Holy Ghost!.....	400	My country! 'tis of thee.....	1336
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways.....	221	My days are gliding swiftly by.....	1277
Lord, how secure and blest are they....	896	My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....	299
Lord, how secure my conscience was.....	436	My faith looks up to thee.....	771
Lord, I address thy heavenly throne....	910	My Father, God! how sweet the sound..	913
Lord, I am come! thy promise is my.....	567	My feet are weary with the march.....	1266
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	1058	My former hopes are fled.....	437
Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin.....	425	My God, accept my heart this day.....	532
Lord, I believe; thy power I own.....	805	My God, and is thy table spread.....	1068
Lord, I cannot let thee go.....	888	My God, how endless is thy love.....	795
Lord, if at thy command.....	951	My God, is any hour so sweet.....	873
Lord, if thou thy grace impart.....	824	My God, my Father, blissful name!....	915
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	615	My God, my Father, while I stray.....	961
Lord! I look for all to thee.....	601	My God, my King, thy various praise... 12	
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear....	22	My God, my Life, my Love.....	733
Lord, in this sacred hour.....	41	My God, permit me not to be.....	631
Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	714	My God, permit my tongue.....	37
Lord Jesus, are we one with thee.....	711	My God, the covenant of thy love.....	907
Lord, may the spirit of this feast.....	1113	My God! the spring of all my joys....	723
Lord, now we part in thy blest name....	150	My God, thy boundless love I praise....	257
Lord of all being; throned afar.....	223	My gracious Lord, I own thy right....	1059
Lord of all worlds! incline thy bounteous	69	My gracious Redeemer I love.....	749

	HYMN		HYMN
My heart lies dead; and no increase....	637	O! for a shout of sacred joy.....	344
My Jesus, as thou wilt.....	992	O, for a sight, a pleasing sight.....	1257
My opening eyes with rapture see.....	4	O, for a sweet inspiring ray.....	1252
My Saviour, thou thy love to me.....	744	O, for a strong and lasting faith.....	211
My Saviour, whom absent I love.....	746	O! for a thousand tongues to sing.....	347
My Shepherd will supply my need.....	928	O! for that tenderness of heart.....	576
My soul, be on thy guard.....	946	O, for the death of those.....	1201
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Athens.....	237	C. M. D.....	<i>Giardini.</i>
Austria.....	419	8s & 7s.....	<i>Haydn.</i>
Autumn.....	113, 138	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>G. F. Root, arr.</i>
Ava.....	159	P. M.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Avon.....	98, 161	C. M.....	<i>Hugh Wilson.</i>
Avondale.....	9	C. M.....	<i>Harp of Judah.</i>
Ayrshire.....	89	L. M. D.....	<i>Scotch Air.</i>
Balerma.....	144	C. M.....	<i>Scottish.</i>
Barby.....	371	C. M.....	<i>Wm. Tansur.</i>
Barnes.....	333	P. M.....	<i>Hymns An. and Mod.</i>
Bartimeus.....	379	8s & 7s.....	<i>Daniel Read.</i>
Bavaria.....	324, 418	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>German.</i>
Baxter.....	375	10s.....	<i>F. Sley.</i>
Bayley.....	234	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>
Beethoven.....	299	L. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>
Belmont.....	155	8s, 7s & 4s.....	<i>Anon.</i>
Bemerton.....	11, 73	C. M.....	<i>H. W. Greatorex.</i>
Benevento.....	184, 420	7s, D.....	<i>Samuel Webbe.</i>
Benjamin.....	110	S. M.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury, arr.</i>
Bennington.....	104	L. M. D.....	<i>Percival.</i>
Bera.....	142, 271	L. M.....	<i>John E. Gould.</i>
Bernard.....	407	7s & 6s, D.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Bethany.....	240	6s & 4s.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Beulah.....	405	7s, D.....	<i>E. Ives.</i>
Bishop.....	290	L. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Blake.....	170	L. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Blendon.....	273	L. M.....	<i>Giardini.</i>
Blumenthal.....	313	7s.....	<i>Blumenthal.</i>
Boardman.....	264, 233	C. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>
Bonar.....	224	S. M. D.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Bond.....	301	C. M.....	<i>Root & Sweetser's Coll.</i>
Boylston.....	263, 323	S. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Bradén.....	48	S. M.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Bradford.....	109	C. M.....	<i>Handel.</i>
Brannan.....	189	7s, 6s & 8s.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Brattle Street.....	65	C. M. D.....	<i>Peyel.</i>
Brest.....	388	8s, 7s & 4s.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Bridgman.....	219	C. M.....	<i>Templi Carmina.</i>
Bridgewater.....	449	L. M.....	<i>Edson.</i>
Brown.....	231	C. M.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Brownell.....	27	L. M., 61.....	<i>Haydn.</i>
Byefield.....	267	C. M.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Cambridge.....	251	C. M.....	<i>John Randall.</i>
Caná.....	411	11s.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>
Capello.....	135, 176	S. M.....	<i>Cantica Laudis.</i>
Carey.....	177	S. M.....	<i>W. B. Bradbury.</i>
Carthage.....	114	8s & 7s.....	<i>G. F. Root, arr.</i>
Cephass.....	80	L. M. D.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Chesterfield.....	71, 175	C. M.....	<i>Thos. Haves.</i>
China.....	370	C. M.....	<i>Timothy Sean.</i>
Christmas.....	86, 195	C. M.....	<i>Handel.</i>
Church.....	7, 214	C. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Claremont.....	83	H. M.....	<i>Boston Academy.</i>
Clarendon.....	292	C. M.....	<i>Isaac Tucker.</i>
Clinton.....	280	C. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Come, ye Disconsol.....	152	P. M.....	<i>Samuel Webbe.</i>
Comfort.....	311	7s, D.....	<i>English Air.</i>
Concord.....	447	S. M.....	<i>Holten.</i>
Cooling.....	172, 282	C. M.....	<i>A. J. Abbey.</i>
Coronation.....	105	C. M.....	<i>Oliver Holden.</i>
Cowper.....	138	C. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Crawford.....	95	L. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>
Crusaders' Hymn.....	232	P. M.....	<i>R. S. Willis.</i>
Dalston.....	17	S. P. M.....	<i>Aaron Williams.</i>
Dawn.....	383	S. M.....	<i>E. P. Parker.</i>
Dedham.....	330	C. M.....	<i>Wm. Gardiner.</i>
Denfield.....	107, 324	C. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
Dennis.....	199, 255, 305	S. M.....	<i>H. G. Nageli.</i>
Desire.....	143	L. M.....	<i>Eclectic Tune Book.</i>
Detroit.....	352	S. M.....	<i>E. P. Hastings.</i>
Dirge.....	358	L. M.....	<i>Handel.</i>
Dodge.....	422	L. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Dorranance.....	326, 378	8s & 7s.....	<i>I. B. Woodbury.</i>
Downs.....	72, 123	C. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Duke St.....	105, 248, 415	L. M.....	<i>J. Hatton.</i>
Dundee.....	69, 331	C. M.....	<i>Scottish.</i>
Dwight.....	211	L. M.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>
Easton.....	159	L. M.....	<i>Mozart.</i>
Effingham.....	127	L. M.....	<i>English Air.</i>
Ein' feste Burg.....	425	P. M.....	<i>M. Luther.</i>
Ellesdie.....	235	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>
Ellever.....	79	C. M.....	<i>New Carminum Sacra.</i>
Ely.....	241	6s & 4s.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Evan.....	173, 265	C. M.....	<i>W. H. Havergal.</i>
Evening Hymn.....	47	L. M.....	<i>Thos. Tallis.</i>
Eventide.....	244	10s.....	<i>W. H. Monk.</i>
Exhortation.....	448	C. M.....	<i>Hibbard.</i>
Expostulation.....	151	11s.....	<i>Josiah Hopkins.</i>
Faben.....	81	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>Dr. J. H. Wilcox.</i>
Fatherland.....	403	6s & 4s.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>
Favorite Chant.....	75	L. M.....	<i>Chas. Zeuner.</i>
Federal St.....	212, 328, 369	L. M.....	<i>H. K. Oliver.</i>
Ferguson.....	111	S. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>
Flemming.....	245	8s & 6s.....	<i>Flemming.</i>
Folsom.....	88	11s & 10s.....	<i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
Frederick.....	374	11s.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley.</i>
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Gaylord.....	187	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook, arr.</i>
Geer.....	216	C. M.....	<i>H. W. Greatorex.</i>
Gerhardt.....	338	7s & 6s, D.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Glasgow.....	159, 416	C. M.....	<i>G. F. Root.</i>
Golden Hill.....	342	S. M.....	<i>Aaron Chapin.</i>
Goshen.....	341	11s.....	<i>German.</i>
Gratitude.....	249, 262	L. M.....	<i>Dr. Hastings.</i>
Greenville.....	52	8s, 7s & 4s.....	<i>J. J. Rousseau.</i>
Greenwood.....	222, 373	S. M.....	<i>J. E. Sweetser.</i>
Greenport.....	247	C. M. D.....	<i>arr. Thalberg.</i>
Guidance.....	419	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>J. N. Pattison, arr.</i>
Guide.....	312	7s, D.....	<i>American Songster.</i>
Haddam.....	76	H. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
Halle.....	20, 181	7s, 61.....	<i>Dr. Hastings, arr.</i>
Hamburg.....	97, 158, 327	L. M.....	<i>Dr. Mason, arr.</i>
Handy.....	307	L. M., 61.....	<i>J. P. Holbrook.</i>
Harwell.....	112	8s & 7s, D.....	<i>Dr. Mason.</i>
Haydn.....	124	S. M.....	<i>Geo. Kingsley, arr.</i>

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APPENDIX.

HURSLEY. L. M. (See Hy. 691.)

Arr. W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav-our dear, It is not night if thou be near:

Last verse.
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes. A-men.

DORMAN. 7s. (See Hy. 415.)

E. P. PARKER.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it! gen-tly come, Raise us from our fall-en state;

Fix thy ev-er-last-ing home In the hearts thou didst cre-ate.

WILSON. 8s & 7s. (See Hy. 270.)

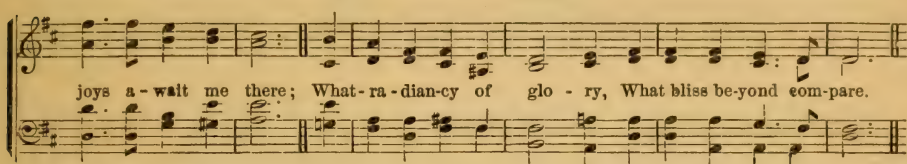
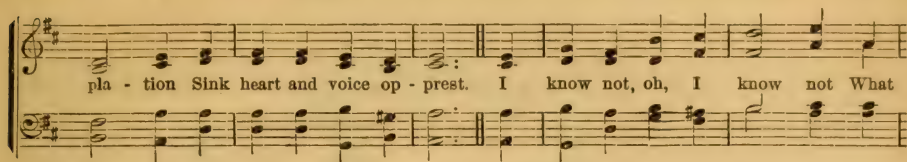
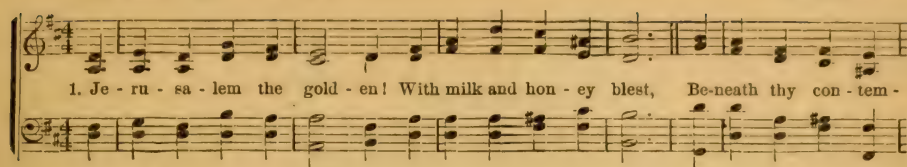
MEINDELSSOHN.

1. God is love; his mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss he wakes and woe he light-ens; God is wis-dom, God... is love.

GOLDEN. 7s & 6s. D.

A. EWING.

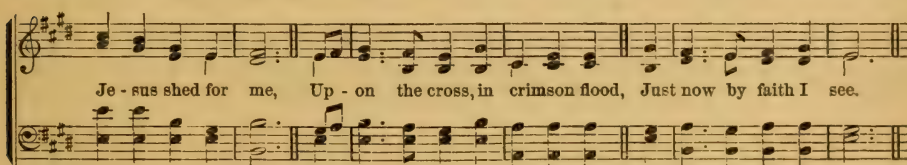
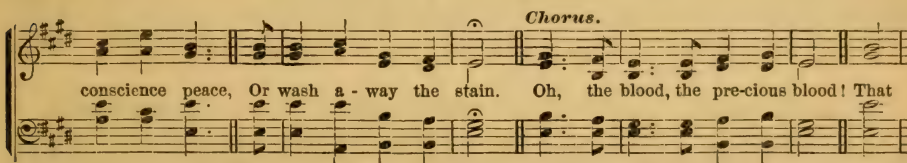
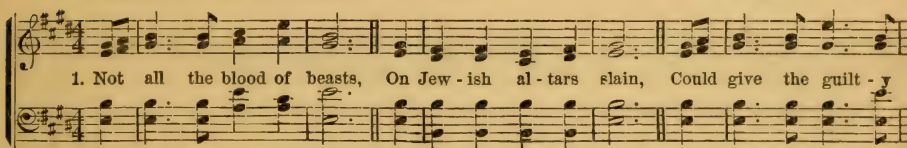


2 O sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

PRECIOUS BLOOD. S. M.

J. H. STOCKTON.



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.—*Cho.*
3 My faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,

While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.—*Cho.*
4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.—*Cho.*

MUNICH. 7s & 6s. (See Hy. 554.)

Oratorio of "Elijah."

1. We stand in deep repentance, O God of grace, forgive us;
Before thy throne of love; The stain of guilt remove;

Behold us while with weeping We lift our eyes to thee; And all our sins subdu-ing, Our Father, set us free!

ERNAN. 10s. (See Hy. 1117.)

DR. MASON.

1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and han-dle things unseen;

Here grasp with firm-er hand the e-ter-nal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up-on thee lean.

COMFORT. 11s & 10s. (See Hy. 789.)

E. P. PARKER.

1. We would see Je-sus—for the shad-ows lengthen A-cross this lit-tle land-scape of our life;

We would see Je-sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wear-i-ness—the fi-nal strife.

MARY. L. M. (See Hy. 327.)

Arr. E. P. PARKER.

1. He dies!—the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daugh - ters weep a - round!

A sol - emn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud - den trembling shakes the ground.

HERMON. C. M. (See Hy. 384.)

DR. MASON.

1. The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are op - - - ened wide,

The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to his Fa - ther's side.

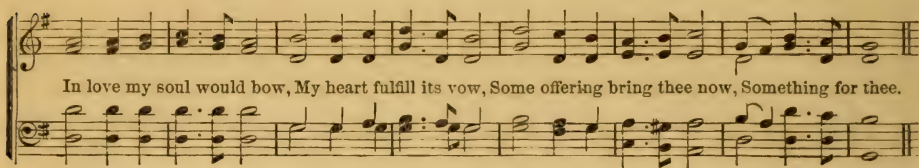
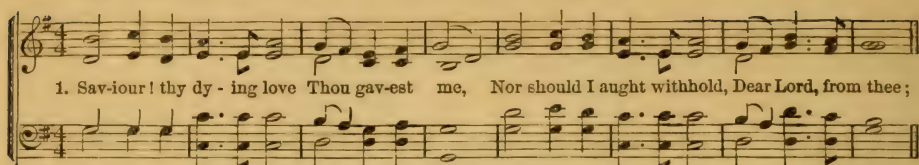
INVITATION. C. M. (See Hy. 269.)

Arr. from WALLACE.

1. Lord, when my rap - tured thought sur - veys Cre - a - tion's beau - ties o'er,

All na - ture joins to teach thy praise, And bid my soul a - dore.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s.

*Acts. 9 : 6.*

S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR! thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

1 Pet. 1 : 8.

HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

- 2 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,

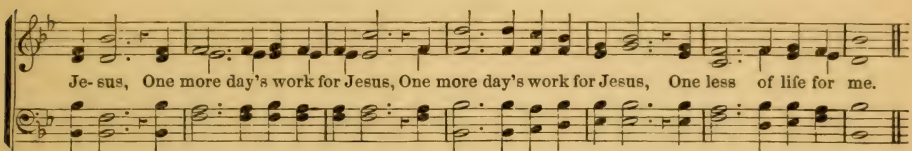
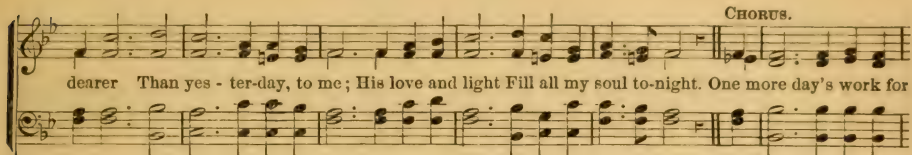
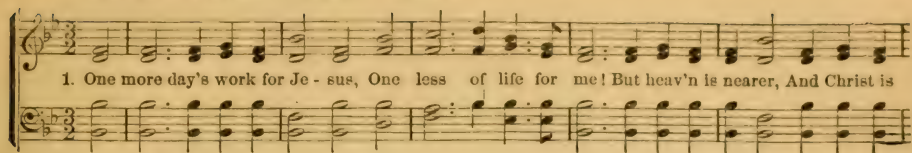
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restore,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

John 21 : 17.

MRS. PRENTISS.

- MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

ONE MORE DAY. P. M.



Rom. 13 : 11.

ANON.

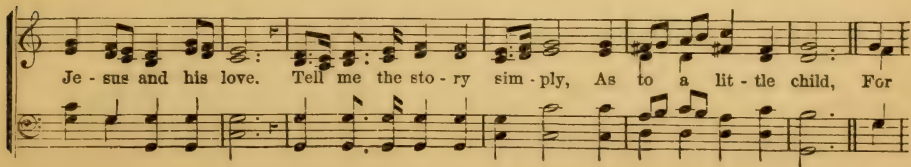
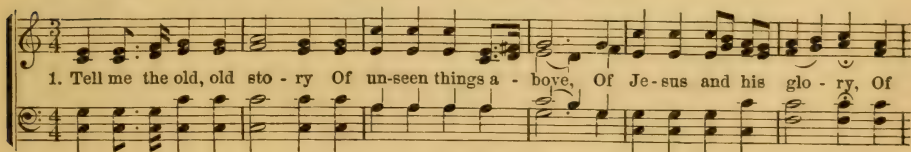
ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.—*Cho.*

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—*Cho.*

3 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!—*Cho.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7s & 6s. D.



THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I am weak and wea-ry, And help-less and de-filed. Tell me the old, old sto-ry,

Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

John 3 : 16.

ANON.

- TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.—*Cho.*
- 2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—*Cho.*

- 3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—*Cho.*

TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the sto-ry, Because I know 'tis true; It satisfies my longings, As nothing else can do;

CHORUS.
I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

1 Tim. 1 : 15.

ANON.

- 2 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

- 3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

TRUSTING. 7s.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 Cho. - I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear... Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Hum - bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

1 John 1 : 7.

McDONALD.

John 21 : 16.

NEWTON.

- I am coming to the cross;
 I am poor and weak and blind;
 I am counting all but dross;
 I shall full salvation find.—*Cho.*
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
 Long has evil dwelt within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,—
 Friends and time and earthly store;
 Soul and body thine to be—
 Wholly thine forevermore.—*Cho.*
- 4 In the promises I trust;
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust;
 I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*
- 'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Every trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
- 4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
 Thou who art thy people's Sun;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,

Fine. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
D. S.

Zech. 13 : 1.

COWPER.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God,
 Are saved, to sin no more.

NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.

1. Weeping will not save me— Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al - lay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years, Weeping will not save me. Je - sus wept and died for me;
Je - sus suffered on the tree; Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

Acts 4 : 12.

LOWRY.

WEeping will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years,

Weeping will not save me.—*Cho.*

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Honest thought and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew,

Working will not save me.—*Cho.*

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—

Waiting will not save me.—*Cho.*

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—

Faith in Christ will save me.—*Cho.*

NEAR THE CROSS. 7s & 6s.

1. Jesus, keep me near the Cross, There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's ^{mountain.}
CHORUS.
In the Cross, In the Cross Be my glory ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

John 19 : 25.

CROSBY.

JESUS, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.—*Cho.*

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;

There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—*Cho.*

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—*Cho.*

VALLEY OF BLESSING. P. M.

1. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-bides with me there;

And his Spir-it and blood make my cleansing complete, And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear.

Chorus.

Oh, come to this val-ley of blessing so sweet, Where Je-sus will full-ness be-stow—

And be-lieve, and re-ceive, and con-fess him,..... That all his sal-va-tion may know.

*Ezek. 34 : 26. MRS. WITTEMEYER.**Cant. 1 : 7, 8.*

ANON.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing
so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn travel-
er's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Cho.*

3 There is love in the valley of blessing
so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed
may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed
spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Cho.*

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing,
so sweet
That angels would fain join the
strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at
his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was
slain."—*Cho.*

O thou, in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in
the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
Where dost thou, at noon-tide, resort
with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should
I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

2 Oh, why should I wander an alien from
thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow
thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my
And in thee I will ever rejoice. [all,

BEAUTEOUS DAY. 8s & 7s. D

1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows From the world shall roll [Omit...] a-way. We are waiting

for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawn-ing; We are wait-ing for the morning,

For the gold-en spires of day. Lo! he comes! see the King draw near; Zi-on, shout! the Lord is here.

Luke 13 : 37.

ANON.

- WE are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.—*Cho.*
- 2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day:

When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away.—*Cho.*

- 3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten-thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—*Cho.*

MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
D. S. Who will answer, glad-ly saying,

Fine. Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich reward he of-fers free;
“Here am I, O Lord, send me.” *D. S.*

Matt. 9 : 37.

VAN ARSDALE.

- HARK! the voice of Jesus calling.—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
“Here am I, O Lord, send me.”
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

- 3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
“There is nothing I can do!”
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
“Here am I, O Lord, send me.”

